

Elizabeth Fry
1840-1841

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To grandfather

from

Bill.

Christmas 1935.



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ELIZABETH FRY'S JOURNEYS
ON THE CONTINENT, 1840-1841



MADAME DE BUNSEN

The Diarist

ELIZABETH FRY'S JOURNEYS ON THE CONTINENT 1840-1841

FROM A DIARY KEPT BY HER NIECE
ELIZABETH GURNEY EDITED, WITH AN
INTRODUCTION, BY R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON
AND A FOREWORD BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN, BART., G.C.M.G.
ILLUSTRATED FROM THE DIARIST'S ORIGINAL
SKETCHES AND FROM PORTRAITS ✧ ✧ ✧

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FOREWORD

BY THE

RT. HON. SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN, BART., G.C.M.G.

FORTUNATELY for us it was the habit of the period which has come to be called Early Victorian, when letters still were letters and not mere notes dashed off in a hurry, to preserve and eventually bind up much of the correspondence in which the details of family life from day to day were recorded, and thus to enable a later age to refer to the faded sheets and to catch a breath of the actual atmosphere of the past.

I have lately been looking through some old family papers which have come down to me. An early batch from 1827 onwards consists mostly of letters from my mother's parents, Samuel and Elizabeth Gurney, to their daughter (my mother), Elizabeth Sheppard Gurney, later known as Madame de Bunsen, who was eleven years old when she received the first of these letters. In 1845, in her twenty-eighth year, she married my father, Ernest, second son of the diplomat and statesman later known as Baron Bunsen, Prussian Minister to England from 1842 to 1854. My grandfather had married in 1817, at Rome, Frances Waddington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Waddington of Llanover.¹ My mother used to say, as she pointed to the portraits of my Bunsen and Gurney grandfathers, that I ought to be proud of both of them. So indeed I have been.

¹ Great-niece of the famous Mrs. Delany.

Though my birth and education in England, and the prevailingly English blood in my veins, allowed no doubt to exist as to my nationality, I have not ceased to admire increasingly, as I come to study them, the life and character of my German grandfather.

During the twenty-one years of his married life in Rome, where all his sons and daughters were born, the German Legation at the Vatican, with its English mistress, became an international centre to which were drawn many of the visitors best worth knowing, whether artists, musicians, historians, theologians or simply travellers, who visited Italy in those years. Thus when Bunsen came with his wife to England for the first time in 1838, he already had many friends in this country. The circle rapidly increased, as he entered eagerly into the political and religious movements of the time following upon his nomination as Prussian Minister. Such names as Arnold, Gladstone, Palmerston, Pusey, Newman and Harrowby are often mentioned in the list of his friends. He came into early contact with Lord Shaftesbury, whose great-niece it was my good fortune to marry on May 2, 1899. My wife, Berta Lowry-Corry, was grand-daughter to the late Right Hon. Henry Lowry-Corry, sometime First Lord of the Admiralty, who married Lady Harriet Ashley. My grandfather, Samuel Gurney, had also been discovered as a kindred spirit by Lord Shaftesbury, who used to address him familiarly as "Uncle Sam." Hare (*Gurneys of Earls-ham*, II. 102) quotes Bunsen's journal regarding his first meeting with Elizabeth Fry:

"Lady Raffles took me to Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street to see Mrs. Fry, who was assisting there

at a bazaar for the benefit of female prisoners and convicts. I think of all moments spent in London, the time passed here was the most impressive and striking to me. In the middle, near the front stall, stood a tall large figure, about sixty years of age, with eyes small, but of sweet and commanding expression—a striking appearance, not plain, but grand rather than handsome. This was Mrs. Fry.”

They had a conversation afterwards in a gallery overlooking Crosby Hall. A close friendship ensued with Mrs. Fry’s brother, Samuel Gurney, Bunsen being a frequent visitor at Ham House, West Ham, from this time onwards, and especially after the year 1842, when he took up his post as Prussian Minister at 9 Carlton House Terrace.

The two elder of Baron Bunsen’s sons and one daughter settled definitely in England, namely, the Rev. Henry Bunsen (married Mary Louisa Harford Battersby in 1847), Ernest Bunsen, my father (married Elizabeth Sheppard Gurney in 1845), and Mary Bunsen (married John Battersby Harford in 1849). At the close of his diplomatic career in 1854, his remaining sons and daughters settled in Germany, including my uncle, George Bunsen, married to one of the Norfolk Birkbecks. He was later a member of the Reichstag, and continued to be well known in England. His eldest surviving son went into business in this country and is a member of the English branch of the Bunsen family.

These brief pages do not pretend to give even a sketch of the life of my mother or of her relations in either the Bunsen or the Gurney family; they are intended merely as an introduction to a record of two journeys on the Continent which she took with her aunt Elizabeth Fry

in the years 1840 and 1841, and of which she was deputed to keep the record in the form of a journal.

Mrs. Fry was, of course, at that time already well known as a Minister of the Society of Friends who was devoting her life whole-heartedly to the relief of suffering wherever she found it, and to preaching, with an earnestness, dignity and conviction peculiarly her own, the simple but deeply felt faith of the Society. Born in 1780, the daughter of John Gurney of Earlham (died 1809), and married in 1800 to Mr. Joseph Fry, it was not till seventeen years later that her most notable work of prison reform was first undertaken in real earnest. She had indeed paid some previous visits to Newgate from 1813 onwards, but for some years was too much absorbed in family cares to devote herself to prison work systematically. It became her chief preoccupation from 1817 onwards, though forming only one of the many objects she kept constantly in view, such as the anti-Slave Trade movement, convict ships, work among the coast-guards and other similar interests.

In 1836 she went to Normandy, where her husband and a daughter had met with an accident. She there visited for the first time a number of French prisoners and Roman Catholic charities, being struck by the self-devoted labours of the Sisters of Charity (Hare, II. 88). A religious tour in France followed in 1838, in the course of which she made acquaintance with King Louis Philippe and his Queen, Marie Amelie, and family, being particularly attracted by the Duchesse d'Orleans, later to be left a widow by the death of the heir to the French throne in a carriage accident in 1842. Hare (II. 101) reproduces her commentary on the French people, a passage characteristic indeed of the narrower



EARLHAM, 1811 (see p. xvii)

From drawing by Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, the diarist's aunt



View in the Garden of Ham House near Stratford Upon-Avon.

HAM HOUSE, WEST HAM; DIARIST'S BIRTHPLACE (see p. xvii)

Quaker outlook, but showing also her desire to note the good as well as the bad points which she believed she had observed among the French :

“ Such a nation ! Such a numerous and superior people ! Filling such a place in the world ! And Satan appearing in no common degree to be seeking to destroy them ; first by infidelity and so-called philosophy ; secondly by superstition and the priesthood rising with fresh power ; thirdly, by an extreme love of the world and its pleasures ; fourthly, by an unsettled, restless and warlike spirit. Yet, under all this, there is a hidden power of good amongst them ; very many extraordinary Christian characters ; bright, sober, zealous Roman Catholics and Protestants ; education increasing ; the Holy Scriptures more read and valued ; a general stirring to improve the prisons of France.”

She paid a much longer visit to France in 1839, preaching and visiting prisons in that country and later at Geneva and Lausanne.

In the two following years, 1840 and 1841, Mrs. Fry was again on the Continent, these being the two visits related in my mother's journal, which is the special occasion of the present volume. In the first (1840), besides my mother, then in her twenty-fourth year, she was accompanied by her brother, Samuel Gurney (my grandfather), and by Mr. Josiah Forster, Mr. Allen and his niece, Miss Lucy Bradshaw. Hare (II. 108) calls it “ a crusade amongst the prisons and Institutions of Belgium, Holland and Germany.”

All accounts agree that the impression she left in the various Courts as well as among the people generally was vivid and profound. Her influence flowed from the obvious sincerity with which she spoke, from the

renown attaching to the work she had already accomplished, and from the impressive dignity and earnestness of her demeanour.

Soon after her return to England, Mrs. Fry was beset by numerous appeals for her return to the Continent. Amongst the petitioners were the Queen of Prussia, presumably the wife of King Frederick William IV, who succeeded to the crown in 1840, and Princess William his sister-in-law, later known as the Empress Augusta, wife of the first German Emperor. She accordingly crossed the Channel once more in 1841, her niece Elizabeth Gurney again accompanying her, as well as Mrs. Fry's brother, Joseph John Gurney, and his daughter Anna, who married, in 1843, John Church Backhouse.

These may be truly described as missionary journeys, though Mrs. Fry strove hard to avoid in her addresses points of religious controversy. She emphasised the doctrine of the Friends, that religion must be of the Spirit, not needing the support of outward signs, such as were conspicuous especially in the Roman Catholic services. Elizabeth Gurney could not persuade her father to stay for High Mass in a Cathedral, and she was mildly reproached by her Mother for having attended an Oratorio. Kneeling crowds as the Host was borne down the street appeared to her almost as a superstitious survival from the Middle Ages. The continental Sunday lacked seriousness, with its military displays and holiday-making. Yet they met many "good" Catholics, with souls dwelling far above the religious emblems which crowded their rooms and churches. In Protestant Prussia they embraced the cause of the "persecuted" Old Lutherans, Moravians and such-like. Whatever may have been

felt about the special tenets of the Quakers, there was everywhere equal readiness, and even eagerness, to learn from the experience of Elizabeth Fry and her little band. The patience and courtesy, surely not unmingled with real friendship, so freely extended at the Courts of Europe to the English party, so quaintly attired, so persistent in their ministrations, but so unmistakably in earnest, are truly remarkable. The renown of Mrs. Fry's activities in England had indeed already spread far and wide. Bunsen, too, much under her charm, had from England prepared the Prussian Royal Family for the visit. It was also no doubt quickly perceived that the English visitors made up, quite apart from the special purpose of their journey, a very attractive group.

Though lists of the Prussian and Dutch Royal Families are included in the Journal, a few words of explanation are perhaps needed. At the date of the first journey (1840), King Frederick William III was sinking rapidly and was only once seen by the visitors standing at a window. Within three months of their departure he died, being succeeded by the Crown Prince (June 1840) as King Frederick William IV, who is the King so often mentioned in the record of the second journey in 1841. The latter's next brother, William, became Prince of Prussia, and succeeded in 1860 as King William I, future German Emperor. There were two other brothers, Prince Charles, father of Field-Marshal Prince Frederick Charles, and Prince Albert, married to Princess Marianne of the Netherlands. The brother of this Princess, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, had married his sister-in-law, Princess Louise, Sister of Frederick William IV, whose other sister, Charlotte, married Nicholas I of Russia.

The remarkable gatherings in Silesia in September 1841 were attended by King Frederick William IV, and his brothers, William, Charles (grandfather of the Duchess of Connaught) and Albert, and their respective wives, as also by the King's sister Louisa and her husband Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. It will be understood how close was the connection between the Royal Families of Prussia and the Netherlands, a brother and sister of the King of Prussia having married respectively a sister and brother of the Dutch King William II. The English visitors were particularly attracted by Prince and Princess Frederick of the Netherlands, whose daughter Louisa, later wife of King Charles XV of Sweden, continued to correspond with Elizabeth Gurney for many years.

There is sometimes a doubt which of the two Princes William whose names repeatedly occur is referred to in the text. The first, and indeed the one with whose family the closest intimacy was formed, was brother to King Frederick William III, and father of the charming Princess Marie often affectionately mentioned by Elizabeth Gurney. She became Queen of Bavaria, and this early attachment continued through life. The other and better known Prince William, afterwards German Emperor, was nephew to the first named, and with him and his wife Augusta the Quaker party also made pleasant acquaintance. Further details are given in the lists included in the text, and the Journal itself sufficiently describes the members of the Hanoverian, Danish and other ruling families with which Elizabeth Fry's party came in contact.

The volume in which the Journal and letters are bound up contains at the end translations and copies of letters

to Mrs. Fry from the Queen of Prussia, from King Frederick William IV to Mrs. Fry, William Allen and Samuel Gurney, sending three gold medals as a memorial of their visit, and several from the Princess Mary of Prussia so often mentioned in the Diary, and from others in Berlin, to Elizabeth Gurney. They are all dated between May and November 1840, and they are full of reflections on the illness and death of King Frederick William III and the accession of his son to the throne. They contain many affectionate messages to all the members of the visiting group, with hopes for another visit later on.

My mother, Elizabeth Gurney, was born at Ham House, West Ham, in 1817. Her father, Samuel Gurney, Elizabeth Fry's brother, made this place his home by purchase shortly after his marriage with Elizabeth Sheppard in 1808. On the death of his father John Gurney in 1809 he would naturally have become the ruling spirit of Earlham as the eldest surviving son. He preferred, however, to settle in the neighbourhood of London, where the large bill-broking business associated with his name was already beginning to strike root. Thus it was that his next brother, Joseph John Gurney, took the first place at Earlham in 1809 and kept it till he died in 1847. The youngest brother, Daniel Gurney, had made his home at Runciton near Lynn. Earlham passed some years after the death of Joseph John to his nephew John, eldest son of Samuel Gurney. After John's death in 1856, his widow became its lovely presiding genius until her death in 1899. She took as her second husband the Rev. W. N. Ripley. Her grandson, Percy Lubbock, son of her daughter Catherine Gurney who married Mr. Frederick Lubbock, has made his descrip-

tion of the old family home and its inhabitants an acknowledged gem of English literature, under the title of *Earlham*. On pages 37-41 of this enchanting work is recorded, in terms which make the picture unmistakable although no name is mentioned, the author's impressions of my mother as seen by him during one of the visits she paid in her later life to Earlham. I quote the following lines :

“ Her head should have been tired and plumed ; but she needed no plumes—they seemed to sweep the lintel, whatever she wore. She was old, as I remember her, grey-haired, her face nobly marked with age ; but her figure was slender and upright, there was youth in her flowing movement. I have seen no one to match her, to approach her, for perfect and natural grandeur—it is the only word.”

My mother was married in West Ham Parish Church on August 5th, 1845. The Bunsen parents with ten sons and daughters, including the bridegroom, were present at the marriage. My father's uncle by marriage, Mr. Benjamin Hall, later Lord Llanover, was also there, with Miss Hall. His grandson is the present Lord Treowen. In 1855 Mr., then Sir Benjamin, Hall became Chief Commissioner of Works, and I believe it was after him that “ Big Ben,” the great clock at Westminster, received its name. The marriage service in West Ham Church was read by my uncle, Henry Bunsen, then already in Holy Orders of the Church of England. The strict tenets of the Quakers were severely tried by the wedding taking place not in a Friends' Meeting House, but in an Anglican church. It was only at the entreaty of the bride that some of her sisters were allowed to enter the church. Her parents appear not to have



Arrival at Aunerre.
Sep. 27 '45 -



ABBEY LODGE, HANOVER GATE, REGENT'S PARK
Home of the diarist (Madame Bunsen) 1850-1903. Now replaced by large block of flat.

attended the service, according to such records as remain. In other respects the greatest harmony prevailed. At the wedding breakfast Samuel Gurney and Bunsen made moving speeches expressing the happiness which both of them undoubtedly felt in the close link which thenceforth united the two families.

My parents started on their honeymoon journey in September 1845, returning to England in July 1846. It took them through France and Italy to Rome and Naples, and home through Germany, Holland and Belgium. Soon after leaving England they heard of the death of Elizabeth Fry which occurred on October 12th, 1845. I still possess the careful notes kept by my mother of the whole journey.

My parents soon after settled down at Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, on a Crown lease then having some seventy years to run, where I was born in 1852. They both died there in 1903. During all these years it was a family centre and a meeting-place for a remarkable circle of friends. In 1895 it was the scene of their Golden Wedding festivity, a notable demonstration of the affection in which they were held by all who knew them. I myself was far away at my diplomatic post as British Representative in Siam. The occasion was marked by the presentation, among many other gifts, of a silver tray inscribed with the names of three hundred and nineteen nephews, nieces, great-nephews and great-nieces, with their husbands and wives.

Abbey Lodge and the life associated with it is described in *Impressions and Memories* by my sister, Baroness Deichmann. A charming account of the lives of the four brothers and six sisters of Elizabeth Fry known as the Gurneys of Earlham is to be found in the careful

pages of Hare, already more than once referred to above. I personally remember two of them in my boyhood, "Old Aunt Buxton" (Hannah, widow of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, first Baronet, who was closely associated with Wilberforce in securing the abolition of the slave trade), and Daniel Gurney of Runcton, Lynn, from whom, and his wife Lady Harriet Hay (d. 1843), are descended a numerous group of cousins, scattered broadcast over Norfolk, and bearing besides the name of Gurney those of Troubridge, Orde, and other families into which his daughters married. The generation following that of Elizabeth Fry, and to which my mother belonged—they may be designated as the Gurneys of Ham House, West Ham—has hitherto lacked an historian. The six sisters and three brothers were all married. They and my cousins their descendants have been my best friends through life. They were a united family, never quite abandoning the old Quaker "thee" and "thou" in speech and writing among themselves, although, with almost all of them, the Meeting House was replaced as time passed by the services of the Church. I spent much of my younger life in their comfortable homes, in Norfolk, Essex, Surrey, Yorkshire and Cumberland, and I hold them all in warm and affectionate remembrance. There is no space for enumeration, but I append two tables, far from exhaustive, which may help to explain some of the family relationships to which reference has been made.

Most of the Journal takes the form of letters from Elizabeth Gurney to her mother, brothers and sisters, who can be identified by reference to these Tables. The letters were often written in a hurry and lack revision of spelling and punctuation. To preserve their character



THE DIARISTS' CHILDREN. ABOUT 1855

F. C. E. de Bunsen, about 9, d. 1870; M. W. E., about 3 (now Sir Maurice) de B.; H. E. de B., about 7 (later (1) Frau von Krause (2) Baroness Deichmann); on cushion, Marie de B., about 12 months, d. 1925.

they have been left much as written. Some of the names are those of couriers, interpreters and servants—thus Rodolph, Mundheuch, Bergendthal (called Little John) and Beyerhaus. There are two Chendas, one a much younger sister, the other Chenda Buxton, a cousin and intimate friend who later married Mr. Philip Hamond.

TABLE I

GURNEYS OF EARLHAM

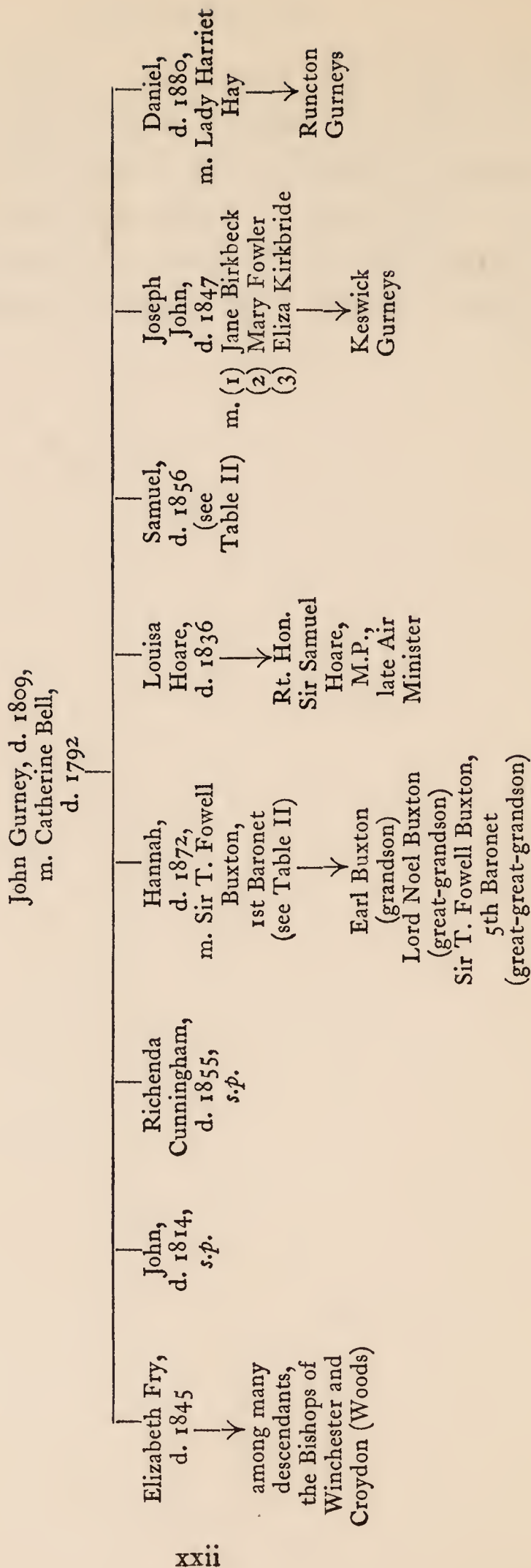
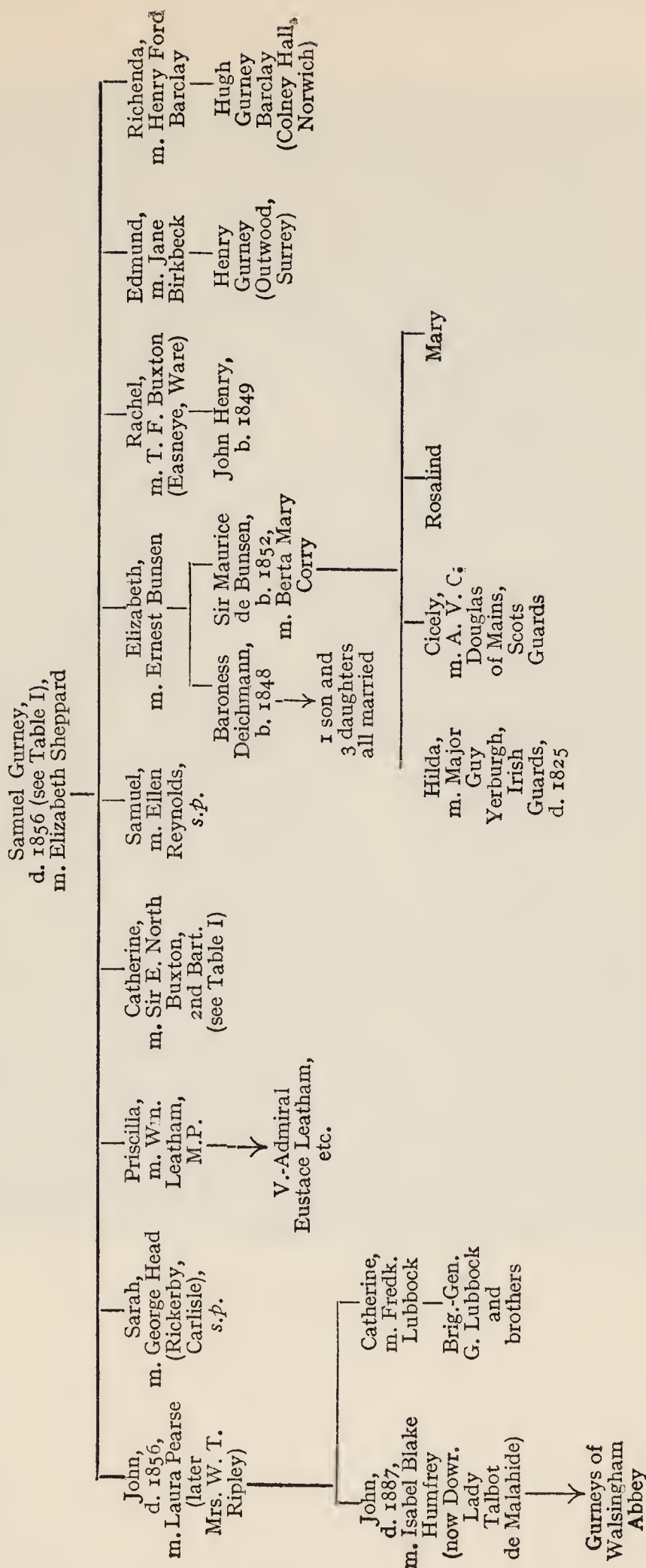


TABLE II

GURNEYS OF HAM HOUSE, WEST HAM





ERNEST DE BUNSEN. ABOUT 1845

Diarist's Husband



MADAME DE BUNSEN (ELIZABETH GURNEY). ABOUT 1845

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

WRITING, the record of thoughts and events, becomes Literature when it reflects and reveals Personality; such as none can miss in these Journals of an age in many respects so entirely different from our own.

Here, too, the atmosphere—of character, circumstance and place—is, in itself, attractive and interesting. From its very inception the Society of Friends has held a unique position in history, strongly marked as a sect yet with few if any of those difficult qualities we call sectarian; full of faith—sometimes reaching near the limits of narrow severity, but neither hard nor self-opinionated nor self-complacent; achieving a personal dignity—almost unknown in those days to their fellow-nonconformists—while defying more than one accepted convention and altogether eschewing ritual in the Meeting House.

The little band of comrades—so simply happy in themselves, while so conspicuously in the public eye—whose tours through Europe are here told, were at once thoroughly typical and very conspicuously themselves. The Gurneys, of many branches and since those days further extended in countless patronyms, had already become, as Friends will, men of substance and influence, at home with leaders of the State and the City, often consulted in affairs; non-party politicians of conservative instincts while intent on certain important measures of reform. Their basic impulses were religious, their

conduct naturally irreproachable while never at heart fanatical or prone to cant; they were accustomed to dealing and working with men of the world, understanding their outlook and methods.

Of the two schools at that time equally acceptable to the Society, they followed the less strict, allowing and approving—particularly for young people—a certain measure of enjoyment and luxury in social life; instinctively tolerant and broad-minded—at least in their emotions—and not in the habit of enforcing over-much Religion into the everyday, passing details of family life or social engagements.

But while in her teens, the elder Elizabeth Gurney (Mrs. Fry)—the diarist's aunt, not formerly averse even to joining in the dance—experienced what can only be described as “Conversion”—for honest Christians, no less than sinners, may be “converted” and thereby greatly changed. To her nearest and dearest, Religion now, it must be admitted, became somewhat “uncomfortable,” a little disturbing and interfering as it were; from the strain of loving, living up to, and, indeed, of ministering to this dominant personality. For, as her niece later remarked, with a freedom of speech scarcely possible to the elder generation, “it is droll to see how our Aunt makes *all* work, whoever they may be”; and it was not long before Mrs. Fry's untiring vehemence in Faith made her a world-famed Personage, accustomed to command. In the Diary we meet this great Preacher and Reformer—as she is now universally known and remembered—among her own folk. We see her through the loving and admiring, but quite keen and independent, eyes of a charming niece; with the diarist's father, her brother Samuel, at once her equal and her supporter,

like some royal Consort, and at the same time very affectionately in tune with the gay humour and need for happiness of youth.

In referring to their meetings, Elizabeth Gurney uses the words "philanthropy" and "good" in a special sense. When she tells us that "our meetings always begin with Philanthropy and end with a little good," she seems to mean that the addresses opened with an appeal for prison reform, religious toleration, the abolition of slavery, and other "philanthropic" measures, and ended with "good," that is, prayer, bible-reading, and distribution of books and tracts. The distinction is drawn more than once, and she often speaks of individuals, or groups of people, as "good" in this particular sense.

In the "eighteen-fifties"—as this loosely dated period has been quite recently set apart—to travel, even in the immediate environs of the Channel, was something of adventure, though Mrs. Fry's party had the means and the enterprise to carry things out for their own convenience. Railroads existed along a few main routes, and were occasionally used; but Mr. Gurney had his own carriage, a four-in-hand, to which were added, on occasion, two outriders; and, when more convenient, he did not hesitate to hire a similar, or more stately, equipage on the spot during his stay in some particular town, or for a visit to Court.

For as their religious mission made them friends among the poorest, business and political associations introduced them to the middle-class of commerce and the Professions; while that peculiar gift, already noticed as characteristic of the Society, for easy intimacy, without servility or embarrassment, among those of the highest rank found stiff and alarming to the generality, removed

all difficulty to the penetration of the hearts of kings, on which Mrs. Fry's zeal was firmly bent. Because she and her friends accepted, as a matter of course, the forms of Royalty, without being embarrassed by them, they also assumed that the only way to reform, the best and quickest way of improving prisons, abolishing the slave-trade, raising the standard of Education, and awakening a people to the Will of God, must be to interest and stir up the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family. There is, even as translated by the younger set, an attitude of naïve respect, childlike wonder and sentimental affection expressed—and no doubt felt—towards all royal persons; which is somewhat foreign to intelligent minds to-day; but should be accepted as part of the life-picture, perfectly in its place, merely dating the events.

The result, moreover, of so freely mingling with all classes of the various countries visited is to produce what may fairly be called a domestic impression of the period which, so far as it goes, is practically unique.

Finally, it has life, and charms us on every page, because it is written by Elizabeth Gurney and expresses, at an age when character if sufficiently individual has all the radiance of opening maturity, that gracious and vivid personality by virtue of which, in later years, Madame de Bunsen became the animated and magnetic centre of so wide a circle of diplomats, literary men, and the leading intellects of her generation.

As a young girl she is, here, continually surprising us by some vigorous apt phrase, some observant comment, some quiet hint of eager emotion in a demure setting. In 1840 there was always "Papa to look at her"—and smile or sigh, as occasion might demand. In 1841 she

can but prison the thoughts in words for those at home to share.

Again and again we read of how happy, and happily united, a party they were; and this was due in part to the individual independence and freedom mutually allowed and practised between them. "I am the hem of Aunt's garment," says young Elizabeth; and the phrase epitomises the situation. Both tours were undertaken on Mrs. Fry's account, the convenience of all must be fitted to her zealous work: to which she was herself so entirely devoted that though "she has begun *one* letter and written as far as 'My Dearest Husband,' she gave up adding another word." Whether among strangers or with her own people, there was something queenly in this great lady, with her gracious and stately air, her fascinating voice, and her arresting, eager, eyes: speaking a zeal in Christ's service that broke through all the barriers of class and language, unfamiliar surroundings, and weariness of the flesh.

But in the home circle her dignity was manifestly not in any way alarming. She is serenely undisturbed on finding her "bonnet squashed as flat as a pancake," because "her brother had been quietly studying German sitting upon it." Her niece once told her that—"with Uncle Buxton's Bottles as Carnal, and her Bible as spiritual, food she might travel over the Arabian deserts"; and when the party were agreeing that, like others who had been persecuted for distributing tracts, they hoped "they would be sent to prison also"; she adds, "It would be so entertaining; only one of us must stay out, so that we can go and plead for Aunt Fry that she may be allowed Porter and Beef." Aunt does not "*much care for* the waiter-chamber-maid, like a smartly dressed

officer, Moustache, Epaulettes, Gold Buttons"; who walks in "*sans cérémonie* to receive orders about featherbeds and rushlights," but—"I think she generally takes the opportunity of talking to some 'dear waiter' while she is dressing." Elsewhere we learn that when the language difficulty makes conversation impossible she "stands by looking sermons." When she asked her niece to accompany her to a meeting, because she didn't like being alone in a room with so many gentlemen, the girl was not expected to listen to the discourse; but was pleased at thus obtaining a quiet hour for writing letters.

It was in part, no doubt, because prayer and praise were so integral a part of their daily life, that such diversity of occupation was accepted as a matter of course. Despite the almost passionate and intense sincerity of the whole party, they knew not the self-conscious solemnity of the prig. There was an occasion when "every means of communication seemed closed," for lack of interpreters, till at last Miss Gurney's "uncle thought of the expedient of reading to the hotel people and others a few verses out of the psalm book, much to their delight"—"The worst is that both Uncle and people are so pleased at the plan that they invariably all burst out laughing at the end." Her father, too, was always amused at the strange language and costumes of the people; and in his turn rather pleased than otherwise to notice that his Quaker dress and his daughter's "coal-scuttle" should prove a source of merriment to passers-by.

For her own part, Miss Gurney does not hesitate to declare that only a few of the Dutch ladies will take Mrs. Fry's exhortations to heart—"No! they were too fat, too much of this world's love about them"; and she is quite convinced that a certain "fat Dean will not

be much the leaner " for the very excellent fish dinner imposed upon him during Lent, when none of us were invited to " fast."

There is nothing frivolous or empty-minded in such good-natured pleasantry. " The Elders " knew and trusted the fundamental piety of her heart ; as they had ample testimony to the practical and efficient help she was always ready to give them. In the second tour, particularly, it was " the peculiar office " of the younger members of the party to act as *aides-de-camp*, and " this was no light task." Elizabeth Gurney undertakes the packing, draws up Rules for local Committees formed to carry on the good work after their departure, looks out routes and studies time-tables, manages Mrs. Fry's food, medicine, and clothes, keeps off importunate visitors when well-earned rest must be contrived.

Shall we blame her that when the chance occurs of their fixing to visit any place that she particularly wants to see—" I put in a word, ' a very interesting place, a beautiful prison there, aunt.' ' I feel sure, William Allen, thee ought to see the school there,' etc., etc., which generally has the desired effect." No one, evidently, expects her to accompany " the Elders " on every visit of inspection to school, prison, or lunatic asylum. If she is tired or has a headache, if there are letters to write and, no less readily, if she prefers a picture-gallery, the Hôtel de Ville, the Cathedral, or even the Zoo, they are only anxious that she should enjoy the sights.

And these are pleasures she knows how to describe. We can follow her at every step : because she has eyes to see, wit to select, and power to describe. Wishing that *all* her own folk could be there to wonder and enjoy

with her, she paints the scene for them by simple, natural, and intimate expression of herself; and for us, too, the picture remains alive.

We have gained a friend, who has carried us into the past.

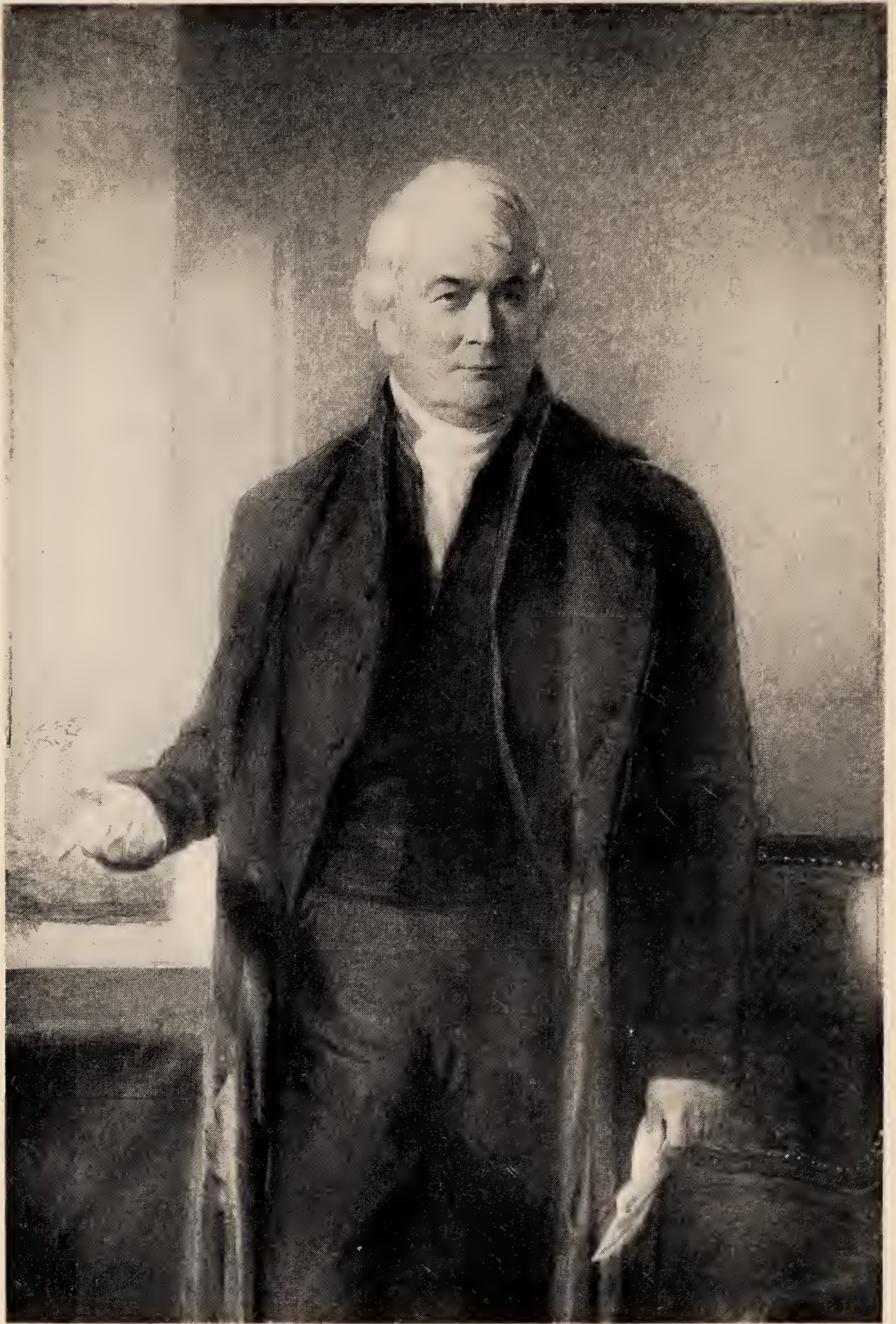
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY
TO
HOLLAND, BELGIUM AND GERMANY
BY
ELIZABETH GURNEY

IN COMPANY OF HER FATHER AND HER
AUNT, ELIZABETH FRY. ALSO JOSIAH
FORSTER, WILLIAM ALLEN AND HIS
NIECE, LUCY BRADSHAW, IN 1840.

RODOLPH AS COURIER

PRICE—OWN MAID



SAMUEL GURNEY

Diarist's Father

Ostende, *Hotel des Bains*,
Feb. 27, 1840.

. . . We arrived at this town after a rough passage of seven hours from Dover. It was late before we landed but we found very comfortable quarters at this hotel. The foreign effect of everything surrounding us left us no room to doubt that we were fairly *en route*. Everything appeared prosperous for it. We were a bright and happy party and after some of our gentlemen had had a little Brandy and water we all felt well and comfortable.

The next morning Papa and I walked along the fine Ramparts that command a beautiful view of the sea. There is nothing else worthy of attention in the town which is dull, disagreeable and dirty. English is very generally spoken. We were amused but not much enchanted by the Flemish. A harsh language. The English Clergyman called at our hotel and a few other English, all of whom appeared to receive our Aunts' loving Exhortations with much goodwill. We left many books and promised to send them some from England, as the Clergyman was anxious to commence a library in the town.

At three o'clock we left by the "Great Belgian Railroad" for Bruges. Our transit did not take long and we were entertained by a fine moustached Frenchman who kept up a spirited discourse with Josiah Forster on France, Belgium &c. and ended by a discourse on

the Religious World and his pocketing a few of our tracts.

Bruges, Feb. 28.

Our afternoon was finished in visiting the English Convent to call on Miss Nyren and afterwards an excellent Orphan school. Of the Convent we had often heard and were much interested in seeing it. A very sweet looking nun or Sœur or maid or whatever she was conducted us into a large room plainly furnished divided in half by a very strong grating. A simple table and 4 chairs were placed on each side. Our Aunt, Papa and myself were the only ones of our party who were there. We waited for some time when the Superior and Miss Nyren (Mrs. Pitchford's sister) entered at the further end of the apartment. We rose, shook hands, or rather fingers, thro' the small holes of the Great Iron Barrier between us and they bid my aunt welcome to their convent. They seated themselves on one side and we on the other of the grating and some excellent old mountain wine and cakes being brought in, we regaled ourselves on it whilst discoursing to them. On our taking leave of them they begged us to see their Chapel which is most elegant and well worth a visit. Miss Nyren met us at a side door on our way out and opening a small hole in one of the pannels held a long discourse with our Aunt which ended in her unclosing the door and giving her a loving kiss which she closed again immediately and I watched her thro' the hole walk away very quickly down the long corridor that led to the inner part of the Convent. No one is ever admitted to see anything of the Nunnery; the dark mystery that hung over these secret goings on added to the interest

of the visit. The plain Quakers in familiar discourse with the Black Nuns with their stiff white caps and white muslin drawn tightly round their faces, was a sight worthy to be remembered.

The visit to the Orphan House was rather of a different nature. Here we could not see enough to please the devoted looking Sœurs de Charité who took us thro' one room after another till the whole worldly property of each child consisting of its bed and clothes had been looked at and the cleanliness of each admired. All the children were in school; they were delighted to show off their learning to us and sang twice as loud as before when the Mistress interpreted to them into Flemish that Papa had given them 4 sous apiece for which she had the money (104 children).

Perhaps Bruges is one of the finest of the "Constellation of fine old Cities" as Mrs. Trollope denominates Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels and Liege. It was growing dark and we had but just time to drive round the town and see the exterior of the Churches &c. without visiting any of those highly interesting tombs that are to be seen here or the noted cheminée in the Palais de Justice carved in wood and containing some beautiful figures of Charles the Bold &c.

The People are much entertained at us and our appearance. The children stop in the streets and laugh outright whereat Papa and I always burst out laughing also. This they seem to think highly derogatory of his dignity as they take him for some new-fashioned Priest of Foreign Lands. We have already distributed many books. It is curious to see how eager every one appears for them. Rodolph and I are very busy in arranging and sorting them. They travel in two wells under the

carriage which prevents their making any confusion. We all feel very comfortable but sadly thirsty drinking Seltzer water and Vin ordinaire enough to turn a water mill. It is bitterly cold and we find this foreign fashion of huge logs on the ground scorches our feet without warming the rest of us. Mr. Clifton the Protestant Minister called on us who gave a very low account of religion.

29th. We were off in good time to the Rail Road in the morning and waited long at the station. Tracts were earnestly received by everyone. All but the very poorest, reading French. Certainly the Flemish is not an agreeable language tho' said to be finer than the Dutch and the patois French of the 14th. Century.

We found our journey agreeable and amusing. Monsieur d'Asfeld our Rail Road friend of yesterday again joined us and entertained us much.

Ghent.

We reached Ghent to luncheon and took up our quarters at the Hotel de Poste. Here we met an old courier of Uncle Hoare's who claimed acquaintance on hearing our names. He is the brother of *Thiers* and amused us by his account how his brother had raised himself by his talents and had wholly neglected his old mother and whole family. Our first object was the Maison de Force one of the finest and most noted Prisons in Europe and has served as a model to many others. Monr. le Commandant was politeness itself and grew warmer and warmer in telling us of the beauty of his prison as he saw the interest that our Aunt showed in everything. She was on the whole pleased with the arrangements tho' anxious that some plans should be altered.



Tasting Soup.
Maison de force
Ghent. 11.29.40.

AT GHENT. TASTING THE PRISON SOUP

Left to right: E. Gurney, Samuel G., E. Fry, W. Allen, Josiah Forster, Lucy Bradshaw

Papa gave all the Prisoners a dinner which seemed to give universal satisfaction. We tasted the soup which a Prisoner was ladling out with a wooden pail at the end of a long stick à la manière that our Pigs are fed at Ham House. Monr. d'Asfeld had accompanied us and made himself generally useful in taking notes, interpreting &c. How droll it is to see how our Aunt makes *all* work whoever they may be!

We were delighted with the appearance of Ghent. The River Scheldt and its numerous branches forming canals every where. The picturesqueness of the houses; the variety of the gable ends ornamented with scrolls and figures caught our attention at every turn.

Price and I left the Elders to pursue their labours of love and putting ourselves under the protection of a valet de Place went to explore the town. The Cathedral was very fine. Belgium is famous for its carved Pulpits and its Carillons or chimes. The former we found in the Cathedral and the latter in the Beffroi or Belfry, whose high tower more than 700 years old I climbed up by the advice of the little diminutive watch-maker who lives at the bottom and whose privilege it is to clamber up and down with the visitors at the rate of 2 francs a head. Underneath is a dreadful prison happily now out of use; the room being fitted up with wooden spikes; the floor and walls are entirely made of them so that the poor wretched inhabitant had no rest lying or standing or leaning against the wall from these sharp wooden edges.

The Hotel de Ville stands close by. The façade of Moresco Gothic forming a most exquisite picture. The interior, as is usually the case, is not worth going to see. Seeing these fine buildings sets you off about drawing

and you long for time and skill to sketch them all. It is provoking to me not to have any time for it. I long much for a companion who can really enter into the pleasure of all these things with me.

The Béguinage was a singular sight. Here 600 nuns reside *each* having her separate little house and establishment and a fine large Chapel where they all assemble for service morning and evening. I much regretted that our dinner hour prevented my going to the evening service as the chanting of so many female voices is said to be very fine. I went into one of their little houses. They appeared quite accustomed to strangers' visits. The old Sœur showed me over her rooms with apparent pleasure and was very full of their laws and regulations. The Béguins are bound by no vow. They may return to the world when they please but they boast that no sister has ever yet been known to leave. They visit the sick in Private Houses or attend at the Hospitals and other Asylums. You walk thro' the streets of it like walking thro' a town. It is the effect of a small town more than anything else.

On returning to our Hotel I found they had all been visiting some of the poorer class of English who reside here in great numbers as employees in the great establishments for making steam engines to work the various cotton Mills &c. in the town. After dinner about 20 of these English artisans came to talk over the subject of instituting a school amongst them. They appeared much touched by so much interest being shown them and took up the idea very warmly. Of course Papa's liberality took away all excuse of not having funds to commence with. William Allen read a chapter before they departed and our Aunt gave them a few words of

encouragement. Mr. and Mrs. Haffner, a new married couple, staying in the hotel called in the evening. The Bride's Mother was well known to our Aunt and this was more than enough of an excuse for two English parties in a Foreign land to make acquaintance upon.

30th. 6th. day. The Governor of the Maison de Force breakfasted with us and a Mr. Pepys. Mr. and Mrs. Haffner joining us at our reading afterwards. We visited the Lunatic Asylum which is well managed by the Sœurs de Charité who appear to have gained most wonderful influence over the minds of the Patients and using as little outward restraint as possible. There were a few with their arms tied who testified their pleasure by rubbing their faces against ours. No very delicious proof of affection. Many were making lace or employed in household duties. Nearly all seemed happy and showing many little proofs of affection to their kind caretakers whose quiet ways and firm minds seemed well adapted for their situation.

Brussels, Feb. 30.

The Rail Road took us on to Brussels in the afternoon. Our visit to Ghent had been so very interesting to us all that it was agreed to return to Ghent to hold a meeting with the English. Altho' we had seen few but the poorer class of our own country men yet there seemed to be a door of usefulness opened amongst them and a good meeting with them seemed so good an ending of the labours with them. There are about 300 of them.

The Rail Road Station is some way from the town. A most genteel *fiacre* conveyed us to the Belle Vue Hotel where we were disappointed at finding our rooms small

considering that Papa had engaged them some time before. We have been much pleased with Belgium whilst flying across it. The cultivation is so beautiful, far exceeding what you ever see abroad. It is by some travellers called "the Garden of Europe" from the great care that is taken with every inch of the ground. I saw many people weeding large wheatfields *on their knees*. No country was ever better made for a Chemin de Fer. It is one universal flat but very prettily wooded in some parts. The people look poor and not well clothed as is almost always the case in Catholic Countries.

Brussels, March 1.

Today was Sunday and we found a quiet morning very acceptable. The Gentlemen called on some protestants with Mr. Boucher, a clergyman, to give notice of our arrival, and a quiet little meeting amongst ourselves seemed a good preparation in the prospect of much business. At two o'clock we went to the Prison, meeting the officers there. The Prisoners appeared grateful for the visit and the Gentlemen with us expressed great satisfaction in it. Papa and I walked in the *Parc*. A large square, well wooded. The Palaces of the King & Prince of Orange, the Chamber of Deputies and other fine Buildings round it. This is the Promenade of the town and we had a good view of the fashionables of Brussels much to our amusement and reminding us both of the Jardins at Paris. The nurses in costume and gaily dressed children took our fancy very much playing about amongst the trees while the sedater papas et mamans with their spyglasses and tiny parasols sauntered up and down the walks with a truly Parisian air. We dined at the table d'hôte which was an unwise plan not

only for the length of time it takes but our party is rather too conspicuous a one to eat in public. Mons. and Madame Panchard a delightful Minister and his wife whom both my Aunt and Papa previously knew in France were much with us. About 50 English came to our Reading in the evening. Our room was so small that we opened the large doors into our Aunt's bedroom to give more room. Papa read as usual and afterwards William Allen, Josiah Forster and our Aunt addressed them. I was with Lucy Bradshaw in the bedroom and we were astonished how quietly and attentively all the people stood. Many very gaily dressed people expressed to us their extreme interest in having heard our Aunt and anxiously enquired whether she would "preach again" before leaving Brussels.

March 2. We returned to Ghent in our coach for the purpose of holding this meeting. On our way we halted at Alost. A fine old Hotel de Ville which I sketched whilst they visited the Prison, taking refuge in a small grocers shop from a crowd of men, women and children that had gathered round. On our arrival at Ghent we found the gayest carnival going on. A strange sight for us. It appeared as tho' the whole town had turned out to see the fun. Hundreds dressed up in the most absurd fashion. All masked. All trying who could be the most foolish. Dancing, Fighting, Kissing &c. Nor was this confined to the poor alone. There really seemed no end to the long procession of elegant equipages that were walking after each [other] filled with gaily dressed ladies and children. Some of them mounted on the box to see more clearly. It looked so ridiculous to see every one uniting in such absurdities and yet I dare

say, if we had at all entered into it we should have been as foolish as any of them.

The afternoon was so cold that Papa would not allow me to go to the meeting which was held in the English Church and proved extremely interesting. Mrs. Haffner spent the evening again with us. We shewed each other our sketches and talked much together.

March 3. We returned to Brussels. Mr. Tiddy, who had come from thence, with us. He is Agent to the Bible Society and a very useful person there. I walked about the town with Price and our commissionaire. Not much worth seeing in the Cathedral. The Pulpit and painted windows fine. The shops good. The carnival going on here so that we could not venture down the principal streets. Spent the evening at the Baron Bois de Ferrierès. A "sweet man" and a pleasant party mostly English to meet us: his rooms hung round with the richest paintings of the Dutch School which were a treat to see. There are many private individuals who possess some of the first Dutch pictures which any stranger is allowed to see. I regretted not being able to enjoy any of them. At this "sweet" Baron's we met with 2 young ladies who enquired whether I knew a Mrs. William Leatham.¹ It delighted me to hear her name in this foreign land. They were the Miss Petersons from Wakefield.

March 4. I was disturbed in the night by a filthy mouse running all over my bed which frightened me so much I could not sleep. Count Arrivabene dined with us. Aunt and I called on Colonel and Mrs. Magra. A curious Irish family in the Hotel which have strangely taken to the party. Also a Mr. and Mrs. Hartley and

¹ The writer's sister. See Table II.

family. It is very amusing to see the strange variety of people we do. So totally different in every thing and yet all equally attracted by our Aunt.

Brussels, March 6, 1840.

1/2 past 10.

MY DEAREST EDMUND, RACHEL AND CHENDA,

. . . We expect to end today our very interesting visit here. I could not, had I 100 times more the power of writing than I have, let you into our life here. A great meeting is now assembling in the Table d'hôte room which Monr. Proft, our landlord has fitted up with carpets and benches for the occasion. This is to be our farewell meeting with our friends—not by any means a light opportunity. Our morning has been very full in writing and distributing books to any that liked to come for them. All earnestly pressing upon us for them. The servants of the Palace sent an entreaty that they might not be overlooked and you would have been amused to have seen us sorting them out a good variety with the King's butler in scarlet and gold. About 60 servants.

I am writing with many running in and out. Our rooms are public property which obliges me to act sentinel at our Aunt's door whilst she has a little rest for they will run in unless I keep strict watch.

Yesterday began with a full tide of business. All our party out to breakfast but myself at Monr. Panchaud's. A long letter to King Leopold¹ to be prepared. They had made arrangements to see his Majesty at 12 o'clock. It was agreed that Lucy Bradshaw and I should go with them so that we might see King Leopold,

¹ Of Belgium, Q. Victoria's uncle.

if by any good fortune we might be admitted. Our Aunt looked beautiful. Dark silk gown, light shawl and no bonnet. The whole party looked very much brushed up for the occasion. We drove to the Palace in a handsome carriage that Papa had hired for us during our stay here and entering the Square palace yard our dear party were ushered in amidst a crowd of scarlet livery servants. Lucy Bradshaw and I remained in the carriage and watched them ascend the broad flight of steps and then we were left to our own meditations. We waited half an hour when Papa came down for us and mentioned the king's permission that we should go up. At the top of the stairs stood a few Aides de Camps and servants one of which threw open the door and Papa presented us each to His Majesty. He came forward to us, asked me if I had ever been in Brussels before and whether I admired the town. He is a particularly pleasing looking man. Rather older than I expected and a figure that was much shown off by his Military dress, a profusion of 'golden Orders' on his breast. The whole of the party were standing but this was the only show of Court Etiquette as they conversed very easily together. Each one attacked him on their own subjects. Aunt presented her address on Prisons. William Allen talked about Schools and Education and Papa gave a capital concise account of the Slave Trade. King Leopold appeared much surprised at what Papa told him. His Majesty took all the books they gave him under his arm. We must have been a full hour with him before he made the move for us to go and in giving his final bow, in doing which his gold spurs clattered one against the other as he walked out of the room. He expressed his regret that the Queen (Princess Char-

lotte died in 1811 and Leopold married Louisa, daughter of the King of the French, Aug. 9 1832) was not well enough to come down and that his children were all asleep! I thought of thee, dear Mama, knowing thy love for the Princess Charlotte. Would thee not have liked to have seen her Royal Husband? The King's Librarian whom we knew before met us in the Hall and took us round the Palace. Not much worth seeing. The Duchess of Kent had written to the King¹ to say that our Aunt was likely to visit Brussels. She had also given her a letter to take herself.

Papa and I spent a pleasant hour in walking about the town. We skated in slippers about the Palace of the Prince of Orange. Heard a debate in the *Chambre des Députés*; watched the proceedings of the Carnival, bought a large box of Bonbons to send home to you &c.

But I must tell you about our dinner at Monr. le Comte de Mérode, the first Catholic family here. We knew none of the party, but our friend the Count Arrivabene took us as his friends. The party consisted of 15. Only two talking or understanding English. A fat Dean, head of the Church here under the Bishop of Malines. Being Lent our dinner was wholly fish dressed in various ways, but neither we nor *they* fasted. As for that I never wish to eat a better dinner than the old Dean did, who eat as tho' he would not be much the leaner for his Lent fast. The Count informed us before starting that Mrs. Fry "must have no preaching," but altho' there was no actual preaching still much that was very interesting passed. The Dean and our Aunt seated themselves in a corner of the room and by degrees the

¹ He was the Duchess' brother.

whole party gathered round. The Count and Josiah Forster interpreting by turns. It was a critical thing to know what to say as the conversation became more and more of a religious nature. She began on the Prisons, Prevention of crime, How much the upper class are often the cause by example &c. of the sins of the lower, related a few of her Prison tales as a proof and finally ended by saying "Will the Dean allow me to speak my mind candidly." His permission being given and that of the Count and Countess she began by expressing the sincere interest that she felt for the inhabitants of this town and how much she had been desiring for them that as a people they might each place less confidence in man and the *forms* of Religion and look to Christ with an entire and simple faith. The Priest said nothing. What could he say? and soon turned the subject and asked what the views of the Quakers were; upon which J. Forster gave them a short account in French which appeared much to interest them all. We had to leave early as we had invited a large party at eight in the table d'hôte room to talk over the Prisons in the town &c. It was late before it ended and we were sadly tired and glad to seek the retirement of our own rooms. We think we could hardly survive Brussels a week. The rush of People is so great. We have made about forty acquaintances, but we do not attempt to remember their names. The widow of Belzoni¹ called on Papa today. She is living here in much distress and appeared truly grateful for a £10 note which Papa gave her in remembrance of her Husband's name. We have not seen much of the English Legation. Sir Hamilton Seymour,² the English

¹ The Egyptian explorer.

² Afterwards Ambassador to Russia.

Minister and Mr. Waller, his Secy., were both very kind. Captain and Mrs. Loeffel were amongst our best friends and I hope some day our acquaintance may be renewed.

I will send you the newspaper containing an account of our visit to the Palace which wd. entertain you.

I am now writing after the meeting. About 120 English. All interested and taking leave of us in much love. Our Aunt was so really overdone this morning that I dreaded this meeting for her in prospect. It is a sad thing that all the good people here are so divided amongst themselves. They all seemed to unite well with us but we heard sad tales of the divisions amongst them.

Our Aunt has been much with Sir F. Burdett's daughter in law. Her Husband is dying and the poor wife has thrown herself upon our Aunt for consolation and help. We have taken leave of most of our friends amidst grievous tears and sighs. I am sorry to leave without seeing the plains of Waterloo, but they are eight miles off and I had no one to go off with me. We saw the house where Wellington was dining when he was called to the battle.

Antwerp, March 6.

Left Brussels by the three o'clock train and found a very kind welcome from the three Sisters who keep the *Grand Laboureur* Hotel. They had prepared us an elegant dinner. The quiet and rest was most agreeable to us all. Mr. Schröder called in the evening. We felt it rather cold in spite of a fire on the hearth of huge logs of wood and turf.

March 7. Our windows are open on the Market

Place so that we had a full view of the Paysannes in their gay costumes and their beautiful baskets of the finest vegetables. I was astonished to see them on a sudden all fall down on their knees towards one of the Streets. I could not understand what they were doing till I perceived a procession of Priests carrying *the Host* walking down the street with a crowd of followers walking most solemnly by their side. It is difficult to believe such *delusion* at this enlightened age! Papa walked with me to the Quai. We admired the shipping on the River Scheldt and then to the Cathedral which we admired extremely. The magnificence of the exterior is only to be exceeded by the beauty and elegance of the interior.

Rubens' splendid picture of the Descent of the Cross is placed close at the entrance and is the first thing that one notices. There are many other fine pictures but this is considered his masterpiece. I would advise all visitors not to omit seeing *Mount Calvary*—a most extraordinary congregation of Prophets, Priests and Kings carved in stone, placed in a small garden at the entrance of the Church of St. Paul. At the end of the garden is seen a Grotto in which is painted in carved wood the flames of Purgatory and the unfortunate Saints suffering in them. There is a fine picture by Teniers and another by Rubens; but Service was going on so we could not stay to look at them. Many of the lower class were there whom I observed going into the garden before leaving the cathedral and fall down on their knees before some Saint or Apostle or muttering some short prayer before the mock Purgatory.

I returned to the Hotel to write for our Aunt and to send some parcels of books and Reports back to Brussels. In the mean time our party went to see the Prisons &c.

I gave up prison visiting for today for it was Saturday afternoon and I wished to see all of Antwerp that I could as we started early on Monday. I had a fine treat of pictures in the Church of St. Jacques and the Musée de Peintures &c. ending by seeing the house where Rubens was born. I should end in writing a Guide Book if I were to tell half the things I saw. I have already been too minute and so I will say no more.

March 8. I went with Papa to the Cathedral. Being Sunday High Mass was going on. The music and singing beautiful. I could not persuade my good father to stay. I think he was afraid that William Allen should find him there! We took Josiah Forster to see the Mount Calvary. We held over our little meeting and again the party started for prison visiting. There are some most pleasant people here, Mr. & Mrs. Fraser and two children. Papa and I tho' Sunday, dined quietly with them. Mrs. F. is an Antwerp lady—Mr. F. is a Scotchman. Her mother Madme. Nottebohm is another excellent old lady. Both mother and daughter are very beautiful. They all came to us in the evening with many others that Mr. Schröder had invited. Amongst them Wappers, the first Dutch Artist. His long hair and moustaches told his trade. Much love and goodwill was expressed towards us; all received Books with great eagerness as a mark of remembrance from the party, Madme. Nottebohm went off with her arms laden and with many tears in her eyes. I regret our leaving this very interesting town so soon but having done our business it is better to go on before they become tired of us.

We had all been interested in Belgium. This was the last town in this country: we are now to enter

Holland. Altho' we have travelled fast thro' the country yet we have seen much and enough to make us all wish to see more. Knowing the King makes us more anxious about his country. We have heard much of the sad wars that separated these two countries originally known as Holland, now divided into Belgium and the Netherlands. The national Religion is Roman Catholic tho' Leopold is Protestant nominally but his marrying a papist shows himself not very decided either way. The richness of the towns in their fine architecture has delighted us. In England Gothic architecture is almost confined to Churches here we find it in all its beauty in many public buildings and even in private houses. Many people say that no where else in Europe are edifices to be found equal in grandeur and elegance to those in Belgium. This town is celebrated for the many artists that have flourished here in different ages.

March 9. Josiah Forster left us this morning to return to England. We pursued our way towards Rotterdam. William Allen and Lucy B. in a Britska that Papa had hired for them and we having now bid adieu to the Railroad, to our own old coach. Our quiet day's journey alone was a real rest. We were interested in entering Holland. Marsh land everywhere but they have lost their charm to Papa and me for all the cattle are housed this time of year. Three times we had to cross the water in ferries. The last time in the dark a truly fearful opportunity. It was a windy evening we could not see many yards before us. Not even Rodolph knew one word of Dutch so that it required some nerve to feel our *one* Postboy to 4 horses driving straight in a small ferry boat amidst a crowd of Dutch sailors. We had a long waiting on the Beach before they could *shout* the



Entering Hollande

F. B. III-18th Lo felt g^y nicks le declarer^{re}...
 Done

Our travelling coach

ENTERING HOLLANDE. "HAVE YOU NOTHING TO DECLARE?" AT THE CUSTOMS

Ferry across. We dined at Breda. Such a neat clean town! All day we have been struck with the difference of the houses and gardens. Tho' there is not much to see in the latter. The large town of Dort we wished we had more time to see. A very fine old place. It was past nine before we reached Rotterdam. Apartments had been taken for us in the Hotel des Bains by John Mollet, the only friend that Holland can boast of and who was to meet us there to act as interpreter thro' Holland. The dear old man was delighted to see us and left his pipe and chimney corner to come out to greet us. We were doomed to sit up to a thorough elegant foreign dinner course after course and a good long waiting between each, before we could go to bed which we all much needed.

Rotterdam, March 10.

Everything had been well arranged for us by Monr. Mollet and we started by his orders immediately after breakfast to see the celebrated Prison for Boys here. Very similar to the one in the Isle of Wight. The large Committee of Gentlemen were waiting for us in the Prison from whom we learnt all the Rules of the Establishment whilst they gave us hot coffee and cakes which they had prepared for us. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Suringar is called the "Howard of Holland" and I am sure Howard himself would not have been more interested in making the acquaintance of our Aunt. He talks a little English and has a remarkably fine open and benevolent countenance. The Cross or Star from his button hole in his coat denoting him to be a person respected in the country but this honor is so generally conferred that I do not think it means much now in

Holland. This Prison contains a most excellent school for the Boys and 4 clever looking masters. Our Aunt addressed them all. John Mollet interpreting but Suringar prefaced her speech, stepping forward from the many gentlemen that were with us, and spoke at some length in Dutch which they said afterwards was a high eulogium on our Aunt and how she had left England and was travelling with her Brother, Herr Gurney entirely out of love and interest to poor Prisoners. Papa took a short walk with me about the town. Barring the dirt it is a fine city of 72,000 inhabitants and situated on the banks of the Maas. The novel and picturesque combination of water, bridges, trees and shipping in the heart of a great city struck us very much. It seemed to us like a new world. All seemed Business and Bustle. The Peasants well dressed clattered along in their wooden sabots with beautiful baskets of vegetables or carrying large brass milk pans on their heads. It reminded us of the docks in London. The lading and unlading the vessels in the streets and Passengers stepping in and out of the omnibus boats that conveyed them from one street to another. All this stir and novelty just pleased us but the dirt of the streets kept us from falling in love with Rotterdam. There is nothing really worth seeing here, but a fine bronze statue of Erasmus which stands on the bridge. He is represented with a large Bible in his hand, a page of which he is said to turn over every time he hears the Cathedral Clock strike 2 o'clock. During the day we had made many acquaintances. Dr. and Mrs. Bosworth had pleased us very much. He is a friend of Anna Gurney's of Northrepps and a very learned man. Baron Mackay the Postmaster, Monr. and Madme. Dunlop,

son in law and daughter to Suringar. These and about 30 others came in the evening. The conversation turned upon Prisons and the State of Religion in the Country. Books were anxiously sought after, especially those written by Uncle Joseph and our aunt Hoare's "Hints on Education." We really *need* no other books but these. Uncle's "Love to God" we can't give away enough of. Certainly above these rank our Aunt's text Book in English and French. We should have done better I do think, if we had been furnished with these only and a few "friends" books. Many are anxious to learn all they can of our principles and peculiarities.

Some of the Tract Society books explanatory of the Bible, "Manners and Customs of the Jews" &c. we have found useful in schools and those that have anything to do with young people. Foreigners have so little idea of these books. Many are anxious to have some translated.

*The Hague, March 12, 1840.
Belle Vue Hotel.*

The Hague.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,

Whilst our dear friends are fixing plans I will begin a letter to thee. A trouble that I always feel I have nothing to do with except when there is the chance of their not fixing to visit any place that I much wish to see. *Then* I put in a word "a very interesting place" "A beautiful Prison there Aunt," "I feel sure, William Allen thee ought to see the school there" &c. &c. which generally has the desired effect. We have just returned from dining with Sir Edward and Lady Disbrowe—our English Minister. Rather worldly but half *good*, a pretty

party of children and a pleasant, easy party. It is a singular feeling going to the houses of such perfect strangers and yet feeling so easy with them all. Their great kindness forbidding anything else. Many parties were made to receive us tonight, but as we could only go to one we singled out our Minister—a wise choice. Tomorrow we go to the Protestant Clergyman to meet some of the *good* people. In the morning we meet some ladies at the Prison and to be “at home” at 3 o'clock. This is a charming place. A clean, comfortable hotel looking onto a lovely Park, a beautiful herd of deer, Landlord and waiters talking English.

Leaving *Rotterdam* this morning entailed much business but we all feel it a relief to have quite finished with each town as we travel on. We have been calling on these long named Dutchmen friends of John Mollet. The Groenvanprinsterer's &c. &c. How Papa has laughed over these names! but we are now much more apt at learning them. We find John Mollet a useful addition. He takes Josiah Forster's place in helping every body. None of us understand the language or money: we should be often nonplused if it was not for him. All polite Society talk french to us. Hearing them talk Dutch is very entertaining. Papa always looks at me and laughs when they begin. Everything about them amuses us. The very streets of the towns make us laugh. In all the towns you pass you see the canals as numerous as the streets and boats going about like Busses in Cheapside.

But I must tell thee about our sojourn at Rotterdam having first thanked you all for the letters we received there. *Ten* letters greeted us on our arrival there which John Mollet had brought from the post as tho' he knew

the *family's* love of letters. . . . Papa is so good in giving up his natural love of seeing everything to go after good objects and helping our Aunt. Always bright and cheerful and loved wherever he goes. Aunt still complains of her Chest and is not well. This atmosphere must be damp from the vast quantity of water. She finds little time for writing. She has begun one letter and written as far as "My dearest Husband" but she gives up adding another word. We each find a *place* in our party tho' at times it is rather humbling to feel how little one can do to help, but in a great house there must be Vessels of Wood and Stone as well as of Gold and Silver, and I hope I at least take the place of an Earthen Pipkin. But I am running on and wholly neglecting Rotterdam. We had a pretty good hotel looking *of course* on to a row of trees and a canal. The great barges sailing close under our windows. A vast marsh and a few windmills on the opposite bank of the River, for we were not in the heart of the town. Our soirées generally begun by looking at the books which Rodolph arranges on a table. Aunt talks about Prisons and a little tea is handed round. Before separating a Psalm is read which opens the door to any religious communication. . . . One morning whilst we were at Rotterdam we drove 14 miles to a curious old town called Gouda, pronounced *Hooda*, by these queer spoken dutch men. Our way led across as complete Dutch scenery as one could imagine. One continued succession of marsh and water; to remove this water and turn it into grass land a multitude of windmills are seen in all directions. How they act upon the water I could not exactly understand. They are used for pumping, but where they pump it to is the enigma to me. We were two

carriages full. I was with Mr. Suringar and his pretty daughter Mrs. Dunlop. Happily they both knew French so it was not difficult to hold communication. They were highly entertained at my amusement at everything. Visiting the Prison here was very interesting to our Aunt as two ladies have been visiting it for many years. Of course they were much delighted at seeing her. The Gentlemen's Committee was waiting for her. Wine, Coffee and Cakes, prepared for us. It is a fine Prison, exclusively for females, but unfortunately too small to be arranged in as good a manner as these Benevolent Ladies, Madme. Merten and Madlle. de Graves, could wish. The Prisoners were beautifully addressed by our Aunt. They seemed deeply affected by what she said and wept bitterly. . . .

We clambered up the ladder like a staircase to visit the different rooms. They wear a high muslin cap and broad black Ribbon tied on the top of their heads, some of the fiercest looking faces I ever saw. One woman had been there 20 years for wilfully murdering her son of 14 years old! Most of them appeared touched by seeing Aunt and spoke gratefully about the Ladies visiting them.

The Cathedral at Gouda is said to have the finest painted windows in Europe and truly they are splendid. The gorgeousness of the colouring and the quantity of this exquisite Glass is almost more than you can imagine. The windows are of an enormous size and no common glass in them. From the exquisite minuteness with which they are painted you can observe every ruby and pearl on the splendid dresses with which the various personages are adorned. This Cathedral is well worth an excursion from Rotterdam to see. The country is



With Mr. Suringar and Mrs. Dunlop. - Gouda.
E.C. S.C.
The previous evening

PRISON AT GOUDA. WITH MR. SURINGAR AND MRS. DUNLOP
"Perhaps I shall never see you again" (see also p. 112)
Left to right: Elizabeth Gurney, Samuel Gurney

so strange for us English people. . . . I wish thee could see the elegant nosegay of Lilies of the Valley that has been sent us this morning. We already find tulips &c. but not many as the season is too early. Yesterday I had a fine treat in visiting the Museum of paintings &c. containing also such a collection of Japanese Rarities as in England was never seen. Paul Potters' "Bull" in the Painting Rooms was what I most wished to see having heard so much of it. A fine painting but not very interesting in the subject. Much more could I tell thee but I should pity you had you to read more. . . .

Amsterdam, March 14.

MY DEAREST MOTHER

. . . Thank you over and over again for all your letters. Ellens', Rachels' Edmunds' &c. I thought I never went so slow as the last stage here, I was in such a hurry to find my letters. I have had a little cold so Papa would not allow me to go to meeting with them this morning at one o'clock. There is a meeting house here as you know. I am sorry not to be with them; I should like to go to "sit with John," as Aunt Fry says. Thee says dearest Mama thee hope that some good may arise from this journey and from the efforts in this land. I hope so also but I cannot doubt it. Not only do we hear so much expression of the interest that is excited but they have received many encouraging letters from our friends. There is one now before me to Aunt from Dr. Bosworth of Rotterdam. He says "Before I answer your questions let me discharge a
"debt of gratitude which I and my wife owe you and
"your friends for your benevolent exertions in Rotter-

“ dam. You have excited amongst us and have left I
“ trust an abiding Christian affection. We feel we are
“ brethren united in the same great cause of our adorable
“ Saviour, that of promoting peace on earth and goodwill
“ to men. How soon will the wood, hay and stubble of
“ Party be burnt up and what is built on the Rock of
“ Ages remain. What a sweet and holy constraint the
“ love of Christ is! Oh that it had as pervading an
“ influence on me and my beloved wife as it evidently
“ has on you and your dear friends. There was not a
“ heart that was not touched with your truly affectionate
“ and Christian conversation and address, I have heard
“ much since you left: many have called upon us and
“ said ‘ Why did you not tell *us* that we might have been
“ there also: we regret that we have missed so holy and
“ intellectual a feast.’ . . . We are here as in a parched
“ wilderness but your visit has brought a refreshing dew
“ and may it abide with us.” . . . We have found most
comfortable quarters here. We have had nothing to
complain of anywhere we have hitherto been. But these
rooms are peculiarly clean and warm and large. Three
essentials for us to be comfortable. We are in the Hotel
Doclens (or Target) Great barges sailing under our
windows and much going on in the streets beyond. No
work has been begun here yet. We have passed a
quiet morning till they went to meeting. I did not leave
my bed till 10. Papa is so anxious for me to get rid of
my cold. He brought me my breakfast and the dear,
kind waiter constantly running in and out attending to
my fire and anxiously enquiring what I was wishing for
in half broken french. . . . I wrote to Catherine from
the Hague so I will go on with my tale from that sweet
place. No part of our journey hitherto has been so

pleasant to me as that. I had been told how sweet a place it was and I was not disappointed. I have good reason to remember that cold, damp, gloomy prison there. It was there I caught my cold. Our visit there was interesting. Many ladies with us. Thee do not like, my precious mother, making new acquaintances or seeing many people but still thee would, I am sure, like to know many of our friends. Such very sweet dutch ladies we know, most of them talking English but our mutual knowledge of french is of great use. As to Dutch we give up attempting to understand it. Such a gabble of gibberish as it is impossible to conceive. It is indeed to a people of an hard language and a strange speech that they are sent (Ezek iii 6) as I have just been reading. Our departure from the Hague was really sad. Four of our dear ladies came to see us off yesterday morning, watching our start in floods of tears. Their kindness has been extreme to us all. No one pleased me more than Madame de Fagel and her daughters. A most delightful family. A very quiet lady but so evidently interested, and comforted and drinking in all she heard. Sir Edward and Lady Disbrowe have been amongst our kindest friends. Their governess, nurse and children came all to spend an hour with me. It seemed a high pleasure to them to find a new companion. We passed by the town of Leyden famous for its University and halting there for a short time we went to the University and presented it with Uncle Joseph's works meeting some of the professors there. . . .

You cannot think how clean the whole effect of the towns is. I saw the women scrubbing down the *streets* on their knees. Even in the poorest cottages you see the dirty sabots left at the door and I think I told you

that all the cows who remain in the stables during the winter have their tails tied with a long string from the top of the ceiling. We have seen this in many of the Post houses for Papa and I always see what's going on when we are changing horses. We generally find a house and stables and cow house opening one into another. Outside the cottages you see all the paraphernalia of Dairies and cheesemaking undergoing a scrubbing and brightening. This just suits Papa. The gardens too are so pretty and such exquisite Hyacinths, dear Rachel, in the windows, but we are too early to see them growing in the garden and also too late to see any skating which I much regret. A young lady at Rotterdam, herself a beautiful skater, gave me such glowing descriptions of the charms of the skating parties they have on these never ending canals and ponds and ditches. It is really laughable to see the quantities of water wherever you go. Papa says he is quite tired of looking at it. Windmills of 50 or 60 in a group all pumping the water away. You seldom meet any public conveyances but the smart, painted *treikschuits* or boats conveying passengers and towed by one or two good looking horses generally going at a *subdued* trot. How often I long for you to see some of the strange scenes that so often pass under our eyes. . . . The watchmen make a great noise in the night. They have the barbarous custom of using a very noisy rattle whether to wake one every half hour or to frighten the thieves away I do not know. It had the first effect with us. Here and there you see the knockers most tastefully tied up with white or red lace. The white denotes the birth of a girl and the red that of a boy. you constantly meet a man dressed in black with a cocked hat and streams of black crape. He

is called an Ansprecker and gives the news of the death of the relation or friend from one house to another. But I should tire you out were I tell you of their footstools (so very comfortable with hot embers inside and holes at the top to let out the hot air); of the looking glasses so placed outside the windows that the dutch lady may have a good view of what is passing up and down the street; of the eternal washings and scrubblings that are going on outside and inside the houses; of the carriages sliding away over the pavements on wooden skaits instead of wheels; in fact it would be useless to attempt to describe Holland. You must come and see it for yourself and you would find everything as new and novel as at the other end of the world. I find it difficult to do anything but sit on the window seat and look at what is going on. . . . I wonder what thee would do, dear Mama, with the waiters: Chamber maids don't grow in Holland except when you want your beds warmed. They come into our bedroom with the sans ceremonie that Arnold would walk into the drawingroom. Happily Mrs. Fry does not care for it but I think she generally takes the opportunity of talking to some "dear waiter" whilst she is dressing. We have found a capital parcel of books waiting for us here. There are nearly 200 all put out in Papa's room. His room opens into the sittingroom and Aunt's opens into his and mine into hers. So we are comfortable altogether. Wm. Allen and Lucy Bradshaw generally have rooms quite separately from us and we like hearing each other's tales when we meet for meals. Their objects are rather distinct from ours. They hunt up schools and learned men. But it is far better that we should separate. Papa has hired a very comfortable little carriage. Our

Aunt is still delicate, Papa looks well and enjoys himself. We have been enjoying a letter from Rome today. Sarah gives but a poor account of Aunt Buxton. How strange it must be to you to feel us at such strange places. She, in Rome and I, in Amsterdam. They seemed to have enjoyed the Carnival more than we did and really joined in the amusement. I do not think it would have done for our party to have entered into the fun.

Second day Evening. . . . Our party are all gone to spend the evening at Da Costa's the converted Jew, whose life is well known in England. We had an interesting day yesterday. Some clever agreeable people, others dull and stupid and no more expression in their faces than in a well buttered muffin. . . . I have had three little dutch boys to play with me from the next room and tho' we could not of course understand a single word yet I delighted them with the pictures and books &c. The children appear to me dull and heavy nothing like french children in charm. . . .

Zwolle, March 22.

MY DEAREST MOTHER

. . . So much has been done since I last wrote that I hardly know where to begin. You heard of us last from Amsterdam. We ended our visit very satisfactorily. Saw, as usual, a vast number of people and found plenty of work to do. On Tuesday I went with a daughter of John Mollet's, Madame Boissevaine to see the town. She had gone round to the same sights with John and Sam when they were here twelve years ago. I should like to have shown thee her neat dutch house, dearest Mother. Papa was so delighted with

her nursery. Little Lilliputian Beds ranged round the room for her three little Boys. The Baby asleep in the cradle and all the Dutch furniture about exactly like a large Baby House. The two neat servants in the costume of the country, I went all over her house *as a sight*. It would exactly suit Martha. It is painted and white-washed every where, every year, and the outside even cleaned. I have many times seen the maids in the morning pumping against the windows and walls from the streets. They have a machine on purpose for it.

We had a useful evening on third day. About fifty. Some very influential men. Slavery was to be the subject. Papa made them a capital speech. I never heard a better. He wisely entered into it not as to the *cruelty* but as the *Benefit to themselves* of Emancipation. The Gentlemen were astounded at the facts and figures, and expressed their determination of spreading the information they had heard. The meeting house was crowded on the 4th day morning. The greatest order was maintained and satisfaction expressed. Both our Aunt and William Allen gave them most powerful and plain sermons. John Mollet interpreting for them. The ladies were earnest in their entreaties that they would stay a month, and have a meeting every day! We dined at the Van der Hoops. Some of the first people at Amsterdam. Rich and grand. These smart dinners would not suit thy fancy I think, Mama, you see nothing but a very pretty array of Fruit and Bonbons on the table all dinner time. Every dish is carv'd by the Butler at a side table and then handed round. No immense joints but elegant *recherché* dishes and quantities of them. You never know when one course ends or another begins as your plates are changed every few

minutes and perhaps after you have had Soup and a little meat then you have a little interlude of Fish and Pudding and then return to meat and creams &c. The Master of the House makes a move to go and each gentleman takes his lady as they enter'd and we all return to the drawingroom where coffee and Liqueurs are immediately brought. Half past four is the fashionable dinner hour and you are expected to go away about 7 unless you are expressly asked to spend the evening. I was sorry enough to leave so soon for altho' they had no very particularly agreeable people to meet our party (which consisted of Aunt, Papa and myself) yet Myn Herr Van der Hoop has a splendid collection of old and new Dutch paintings which they are delighted to show to those that admire them. He has also a cabinet containing the prizes that he has gained by Horse Racing *on* the River Amstel. Magnificent cups, whips, china &c. &c. He gave us an entertaining account of this singular amusement and showed us a very good painting of his favorite horse, gaining the race a few years ago.

At seven o'clock we left and finished our evening at the Van Eckes. Some of the most agreeable people we knew at Amsterdam. She shewed me with great glee the preparations for her first confinement and mourned over *our* departure. I say *our*, for inasmuch as I am the Hem of Aunt's garment they are all kindness itself to me. I see that I have given you a most inadequate account of our visit neither have I told you half that we did or saw. We were much pleased with Mr. Jamieson, the English Minister. We breakfasted with him and his wife. His elegant little Church beautifully kept up opening into his study. Mr. Ingram, the Scotch Minister, was very cordial and kind. Old John Mollet

and his wife and daughters had done all they could to assist and to make our sojourn agreeable and comfortable. Then we knew also William de Clercq. A most clever man who can say impromptu poetry on any subject as long as you like to listen, in Dutch of course. The Bergendhals' also. A family that has been very kind to Daniel Wheeler when he was in Rio Janeiro but who have since settled in Amsterdam and all talk Dutch German French and English with equal fluency. And many others whose names I never learnt. Our friend Suringar and his lady had followed us on to Amsterdam and had continued their respect, I might say admiration for our admirable Aunt. Some ladies had been accustomed to visit the Prison here. They all met us one morning and a droll opportunity we had in forming them into a committee. Such a gabbling opportunity, Madame Van Iddebing was the Aaron of the party as she alone could talk English well. A few more ladies gave their names and Rules were made or rather assented to, as I had made them before the Committee began, from the British Society's Rules. The ladies were turned out to make room for the gentlemen who came for the same purpose and they were so much spirited up by our clever Aunt's address that we have since heard that they have fixed to build a new Prison on new principles! This sounds like doing something. Mr. and Mrs. Suringar lived with us at the Hotel and as they could not persuade us to go to Leuwarden in the North of Holland to see the finest prison immediately under his care they have followed us on to this place to be with us. His father showed this prison to Howard and he had wished for many years to have the honor that his father had, and show it to Mrs. Fry! They want Papa to let

me go home with them. A droll life it would be to be living with strangers up in the tip top of Holland would it not? But I must tell you of our departure from Amsterdam on the fifth day amidst the good wishes of many of our friends especially of Mons. Brock the landlord, who was delighted to see the admiration that we bestowed on the beautiful team of our four piebald horses with their long tails and manes, who became sadly impatient of their long waiting long before Mrs. Fry had said half her last words or presented half her handfull of tracts and text books to the surrounding multitude. They took us at a good round trot all their stage which brought us some way on our southward course towards Utrecht. We again found it a wonderful rest to be alone with the addition of J. Mollet in our coach. We had had a busy morning before our departure breakfasting at two different houses and many to see before leaving. Our companions had left the day before preferring to visit some very interesting country not far from this town called the Agricultural Colonies of Fredericksoord and consists of what was formerly a barren uncultivated land on which a few private individuals in 1818 settled a number of Pauper families who have gradually brought under cultivation vast, hitherto profitless land, and made it capable of supporting them and their families. The first year the expense was very great as the colonists had to be clothed and fed but they have gradually repaid the expenses of the first outlay. The women are employed in spinning and weaving and the children are instructed in schools built on the spot. Everybody receives a card at the end of the day, stating the amount of his earnings for which he receives an equivalent in food or clothing. Much discipline is

required to keep them all in order. They may leave when they choose but the industrious amongst them generally prefer remaining all their life. 800 paupers, Orphans and friendless maintain themselves by their own hands. General Van der Bosch was the originator of the scheme. He lives in a splendid house at the Hague. William Allen called on him when there to learn particulars of this very interesting institution. But I have forgotten Utrecht. Our journey there led us thro' very pleasant country. The weather fine and the pretty Gentlemen's Seats and multitudes of beautiful gardens laid out in small beds and Images and Summer-houses without end, had a very pretty effect. It was only a few hours drive and we reached Utrecht by 4, giving us time to call on a few Gentlemen to deliver what letters of introduction we had and inviting them in the evening. We returned to dine. The Town was like other Dutch towns filled with small Shipping Craft sailing close under the windows. We observed a great many swans with collars round their necks bearing the names of their owners. We had a small company of about 15. Most of them talking french. The evening came to little more than hearing what was going on in the town and talking about the colony of Moravians at Zeist, not very far from here. The account they told us of it made us fix to visit it the next morning. Our Hotel is nothing to boast of. A damp uncarpeted parlour but a famous large stove which encloses a hot invisible fire. We have become accustomed at last, to these curious and uncheerful looking inventions, but often long for a good English blaze. Our dinner was not exactly in thy style, I think, dearest Mother, Beef-stakes and Potatoes swimming in oil and our waiters not

overclean. The next day after our arrival we breakfasted at 8 o'clock and went in company with some of our evening before acquaintances to a noted Lunatic Asylum in the town, chiefly for ladies and gentlemen as well as the poorer class in a different part of the establishment. They have music, billiards, a good library, good furniture and living. It was a beautiful sight. The poorer class work in the house if they are well enough and have also their carpenters' shop and other amusements. The *Ladies* were especially pleased to see us. They could all talk french and appeared fully to understand who our benevolent Aunt was. It was really a delightful sight and pleased us all. The appearance of comfort and happiness was so pleasant to see. The Moravian Colony was our next object 5 miles off along a beautiful forest abounding with fine trees. Having taken a little refreshment at the droll little Inn we called on Monr. Raillard the head Pastor there and residing in a corner of the vast square of buildings in which the 300 brethren and Sisters live. He went round with us and shewed us the houses where the unmarried Brothers and Sisters are and the side where the Married ones reside. Also the Boys and Girls School containing many English children. The Brothers are dressed in black with silk caps and the Sisters in neat close white caps. The Married ones tied with blue ribbons and the unmarried with red. Good as they all are they waste all their lives in making little toys and embroidery. Our worthy Aunt was anxious to tell her mind on this subject to the heads of the Institution and to lay before them whether they could not devote their time to some better account. It seems so singular that their Missionaries should be so active abroad and yet that they

should live so useless a life at home. Why should they not be useful in the Hospitals or at least nurse the sick or attend to the poor in the neighbourhood? They appeared interested by what our Aunt told them of how many Institutions she had visited in Holland where women were so much needed as guardians and helpers. Papa also spoke his mind very openly. This excursion took us 4 hours and we only returned to Utrecht in time to dress for dining out at a Monr. Baumhauer who claimed acquaintance with my Aunt from having once met his wife and five sons on a steamer on the Rhine. Our dinner took *two hours* from the long waiting opportunities. They appeared agreeable people and did all they could to show their pleasure at having our party. Before our dinner was finished we had to leave as we had engaged to spend an hour at Madme. Thuyll van Leroskerkens' before receiving a party at the Hotel. She is a great friend of Madme. Mallets at Paris. This was the bond of union. This was a really grand occasion. All the fashion of the town assembled in full evening dress. Our Aunt by their request told her own early history and first visiting of Prisons most *beautifully*. They all seemed so captivated by her that they entreated for her to go on only a little more and a little more till Papa almost dragged her out of the room as it was then past the time that our company was to meet at the Hotel. Here we found a large party waiting for us. More than 80. We were all tired with our day and no wonder. but these soirées always look appalling in prospect but they invariably go off well. Our wonderful Aunt is so helped on from hour to hour that nothing seems to fail her. We begin with tea being handed round by Rodolph during which time conversation begins which ends in

all becoming interested and the topic always is Prisons and slavery and capital punishment or schools. Ending with a few verses from the Bible &c. and distributing a few books. When they are all dispersed Rodolph brings us our quiet little supper which we are always ready for.

We arrived here (Zwolle) after a journey of 9 hours from Utrecht thro' beautifully wooded country. Houses and gardens in true dutch style. We stopt at a droll out of the way little village (Harderwycke) on the *Zuyder Zee*. The first time we had seen this sea Papa and I ran down to the shore whilst dinner was preparing but found nothing different from Common Seas. Our carriage excited great bustle in the town. Evidently it was a rare and wonderful sight for the inhabitants. Rodolph locks both doors whenever it is left in the streets. A safe precaution considering the wonderful curiosity that they exhibit. We were amused at our visit. None of our party could say a word except thro' John Mollet but *signs* go very far when people are *willing* to understand. Such was the case with our pretty Dutch waiter here who threw open a door a few feet from the floor in the wall where was a comfortable bed into which our Aunt clambered. Papa and I groped about everywhere and were really pleased at being greeted by the Guinea Fowls in our Native Tongue screaming "Come back" at the height of their voices. We had a dragging journey to this town travelling till 9 o'clock and a miserable ferry to cross in the dark. In spite of the bitter cold, the snow thick on the ground we thought ourselves safer in standing outside the carriage whilst they put it on board. They were evidently not much accustomed to the work and went so clumsily about it that we felt rather nervous in going on board.

Here we met our *compagnons de voyage* who had just arrived from Frederishoord and we told our tales to one another over our supper. This morning (1st. day) we have been visiting the Prison with the Committee of Gentlemen, Suringar met us here with his son. William Allen brought a youth called John Bergundhal from Amsterdam to interpret for him. He makes himself generally useful, keeps up the fires, runs messages, Makes coffee &c. &c. Price finds them able to talk a little German here which is a great advantage. Our maid is dressed in the Costume of the *North* Country. Very light and bright colours with a *brass* cap clasped round her head under a pretty round, worked muslin one. Many of the peasants have these under caps of gold or silver which descend from one generation to another. The Governor of the Province has been very polite lending us his carriage &c. We have found many worthy people here in this out of the way place. We feel in a very strange land here. A place that we and I think *you* never heard of before. But we are comfortable here and the people stirring themselves to make us happy. . . .”

March 22. We had a beautiful congregation to our evening reading last night. No interpreting as all understood English. This morning we went to visit 2 schools one for the poorer class and one for the upper. We had had many ladies to talk over prison subjects before starting and some of them went with us in 2 carriages. Both of them interesting in their line. Not looking very different from other schools. The English teacher at the Ladies School was a Miss Harvey from Halesworth who of course was much pleased at seeing us. Her parents knowing the family.

We were obliged to move off from Zwolle at 11 o'clk. and travelled all day to Minden the first town in Germany. A strange difference between the comfortable luxury we had been in. No carpets or curtains, sandy floors, and cold rooms, but never did landlord and head waiter, the latter in the shape of a dirty capless wooden-shoed girl, exert themselves more to make things look comfortable and a really handsome supper was soon provided in Papa's bedroom in a short time.

Minden, March 23.

A very long cold journey here. The ground covered with snow. Entering Germany has been an interest to us. The postboys dressed in scarlet and wearing a horn which they occasionally play and stop halfway on the stage to feed their horses from a loaf of black bread and drink brandy &c. We ran into some of the houses but found them all dirty and the people stupid looking. Dined at the fine old town of Osnabrück and sketched the Gateway of the Church much to the curiosity of the Inhabitants who flocked round on all sides. We found the hotel rather comfortless but Mons. Bieber our Landlord was truly kind and prepared us some hot coffee and tea. August Mundheuch had met us here from Pyrmont as interpreter and guide amongst the little colony of Friends that live here and whom we had come here to visit.

March 24. We adjourned to their little meeting at 10 and found a strange congregation. Some of the friends in the costume of the country with close velvet caps and short petticoats. I regretted not to be able to talk to them for tho' very poor they seemed a very interesting set and full of love towards us. Their homely manners



Bückerberg
n. M. Minden
III 27-40

BÜCKERBURG NEAR MINDEN
"Stopping halfway to feed their horses"

and German ways were something new to us. I walked about the town with Little John¹ and admired the beautiful old buildings and architecture in the streets but so dirty and poor all the people looked that I was not much fascinated and the wind was so bitterly cold that it was almost impossible to stay out long. I climbed up a high hill called the Porte Westphalia with Little John and another youth as guide and a pretty country girl to show us the way. Beautiful views as we wound up to the hill of the Weser winding thro' the flat country and losing itself in the distant hills. The towns of Minden &c. laying below us. The snow was so deep that it was with difficulty we could mount to the top but we were amply repaid for our trouble.

Pyrmont, March 31.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE

. . . We have now reached Pyrmont and a lovely place this said Pyrmont is. An exquisite valley enclosed by hills, wooded all over, which must be beautiful in the Summer. In the Summer this town is filled with Visitors being one of the fashionable watering places in Germany. We had on the whole a pleasant visit to Minden. The friends were all in a very humble line of life, here they are in a higher rank, and really very agreeable people. We find August Mundheuch a pleasant and bright companion. He has been capital in the interpreting line. I should soon learn German were I to be here long as nobody hardly talks English. There are a great many of the Seeböhm family. The friends live at Friedenthal about 3 miles from here. We have been dining at John Seeböhm's today. These German dinners are droll

¹ That is, Bergenthal, an interpreter.

opportunities. Perhaps a Plum Pudding in the middle and then ending with a joint of meat. Friedensthal is a sweet spot. The tops of the hills which surround the little village covered with snow. I saw 4 wild Roebucks feeding in the Valley from one of their houses. John Seebohm has two daughters about my age and many other younger children. I have been riding for 3 hours on the tops of the hills with one of his sons. These elder ones all talk English quite well. Papa is quite in his element here and much liked, especially amongst the poorer friends as he enquires into their temporal necessities. I have had plenty of time to see about whilst our friends have been paying visits amongst them. I like them all very much tho' I can only talk to a few; especially August Mundheuchs' wife and her baby. But they have one fault in common with all Germans i.e. kissing and not content with one good smack they give you at least four that is two on each side, for a German kiss is never completed until both cheeks have been attacked, so that when you are in a room with a dozen ladies it is hard work to accomplish the parting. Aunt Fry bears it heroically. (I think she rather likes it.) Lucy Bradshaw also, but I generally manage to escape by shaking hands across a table or throwing my head back as much as to say "Thank thee, if it is all the same to thee I had rather not" and we part as good friends as if we had kissed for an hour. If they were all clean faced pretty ladies, it would be all pleasant enough but there is always a vast variety in a room full of Germans. None of the gentlemen have caught it yet from their own sex but as William Allen was writing the other day a lady came up, lifted up his face, put her hand under his chin and imprinted a kiss on his cheeks!

He cannot but say now that the Germans are a very affectionate race. . . . By dint of a word of German here and there I can make them understand me. I am not quite as bad as the English lady who *crowed* like a *cock* when she wanted an egg! The mineral waters here are very nasty, you have not only to drink them but in the most public promenade of the town are wells with seats across the top where you have to sit and inhale the strong vapour that arises from them like the air from Edwards' porter vats. In a cave here this air is so strong that it is said to cause instant death to those who enter it and the air is so heavy that I saw a soap bubble resting on the top of it tho' some feet from the mouth of the cave. . . .

Our Aunt complains much of her chest and is not at all strong hardly able to go out at all on account of the cold. . . . Our waiter here is one of our greatest friends. And very good. He comes into reading every morning and looks over in his German Bible. He was very anxious that there should be a reading with all the servants on Sunday evenings which our worthy Aunt promised there should be, quite forgetting that we had no interpreter as August Mundheuch only comes from Friedensthal when he is wanted on special occasions. Happily a friendly stationer and shoemaker came in and as they both knew a little English and Rodolph and Price knew about as much German, we managed a little opportunity. Droll enough it was. Our waiter giving his mind now and then and Monsieur Waldeck, the worthy owner of the Hotel "Stadt London" occasionally finishing a text or expressing their satisfaction. He and our landlady spent the eveg. with us and a few of the lower classes. A useful Sunday evening, some knew a

little English so we got on pretty well. It is amusing to think of our different parties and our various acquaintances. A strange variety of high and low and good and naughty, but they all seem equally caught and attracted by our Aunt. We have not seen so many since leaving Amsterdam and our travelling has given us many quiet days. Little John has been reading some of D'Aubignés' Reformation to us. He has made a useful interpreter as we like to talk to the people and go into their houses when changing horses which is generally a long opportunity. Sometimes the horses are out ploughing in a distant field and take some time to be caught and harnessed. Some of the Villages are really picturesque. The houses having a good deal of painting on them and verses from the Psalms "Dear David" as William Allen says "What a sweet man he was"! . . . I am writing now on the 4th day evening a large party of ladies and gentlemen busy forming a district Society but as they cannot talk English I am of no use so I have slipped away to a side table. Papa has been visiting some of the poor here and finds them so badly off that he is very warm on the subject. We have been spending a pleasant morn'g. in clambering up these high hills with the Seebohm young ladies. The meeting house is at the foot of one of the highest and a lovely view you have from the summit. The meeting house was filled this morning. Some Jews & Jewesses that abound in this town being present. Rosa Behrens is one of them and is curiously taken with our Aunt. She is constantly with us. They met first in a linendrapers shop where our Aunt was buying a shirt for John all by herself and seeing this lady, applied to her to know whether she would interpret for her on this important subject and

ended by presenting her with "*Rites and worship of the Jews.*" She was rather frightened afterwards to learn that the lady was one of the first *Jewesses* in the town but she was so far from being affronted that messages were sent from the other Jews to request some more on the same subject. I have been making a few simple Rules for their District Society to commence upon. They are all very spirited about it. . . . We have had a sad leavetaking of all the friends today and Papa and William Allen both caught a fine kiss from an old man friend. I did not see either, I am sorry to say. William Allen is glad I did not for he was sure I should have drawn it if I had. Happily the snow is all gone in the valley and the weather is much milder, we do not like these close stoves at all. We have the windows constantly open to admit a little freshness to counteract the influence of the nasty close air. I am sorry to leave all the friends here especially Matilde Seeböhm and her sister. It is strange to hear them talk German together, and to be thrown so intimately with a foreign family. They certainly are not so pleasing as an English family.

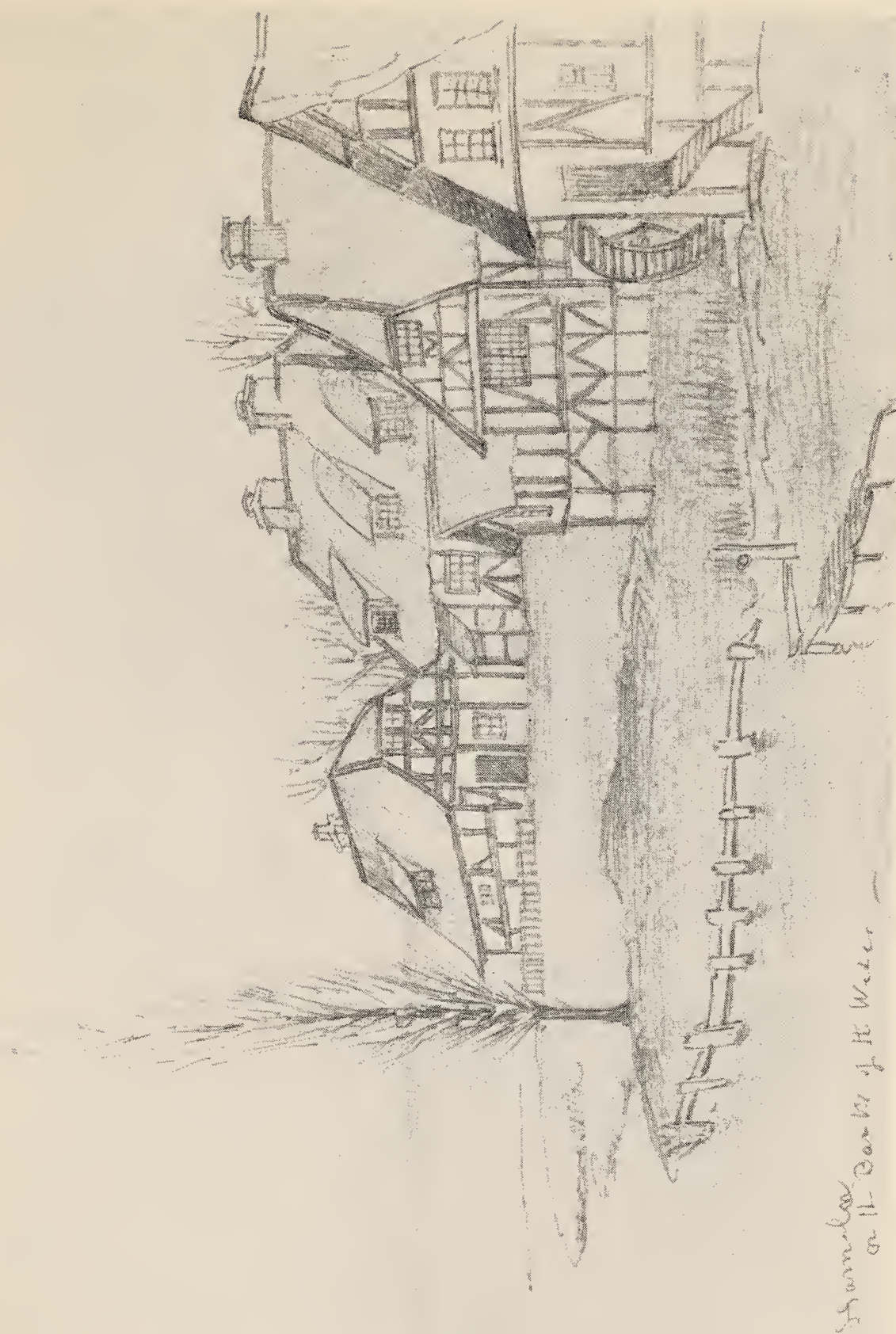
Hannover, April 2.

We made a great stir in the town of *Pyrmont* this morning on our departure. Many of our friends gathered round the hotel door for a last look. 6 horses to our coach and 4 to Wm. Allens' carriage harnessed at such a distance one horse from another that the whole street appeared occupied. This additional number of horses is necessary to climb up the tremendous hill that is on the Hannover Road outside Pyrmont. We walked up by the side of our carriages and admired the charming views looking down into the valley till we reached the

wood that grows on the top. Our whole drive today has been very fine. Travelling along the banks of the Weser some way and dining at the very old town of Hamelin. I sketched the river banks from the Bridge whilst our party visited the large military prison here which they found in a sad state. The prisoners so heavily chained and scanty provisions. The Governor of the Prison, Assessor Emfeld dined with us at the Hotel. August M. with us. We have been passing thro' various small States today each having its own Prince or Fürst, as they are called. Our map tells us the name of each as we pass. One of them lately *bought* a wife for 3,000 Thalers or Dollars of a Lieutenant. How droll the Bill must have looked when sent in "Wife 3,000 Thalers"!! We heard that the King of Hannover was alarmingly ill but we find that he is better and likely to recover I have been devouring the English Newspaper but can find no news. We have not even seen a Galignani for a long time.

Hannover, April 5.

(From Papa) . . . I have been interested in being in this kingdom, the country is very agreeable not to say beautiful. Much forest on the tops of high hills. The Valleys well cultivated, the peasants living in large Barns. The family, horses, Cows, Pigs, Dogs &c. have their rooms in them and all appear contented with each others company. No chimneys but the smoke either finds an exit at the door or a hole in the wall. The rate of wages is very low and the people about on a par with the Irish. This City is old and rather dull it has however many objects of Interest. The prisons &c. we have visited. Our feelings in them have been painfully excited. Men



“HAMELIN (OF THE PIED PIPER) ON THE BANKS OF THE WESER”

chained to the floor and confined for months with very little intercourse with their fellow men untill their faculties are evidently impaired. The king¹ has been very ill otherwise we should have seen him but it is a relief to us not to see him as our visit wd. have been of little avail considering the line he has taken as Duke of Cumberland in England and as king here. Wm. Allen and I had a long interview with the Crown Prince,² the blind Prince George. He was very kind to us and quite inclined to talk about many objects of interest but I fear not to much purpose as he is so rivetted to his own views. We met a large party of Hannoverian ladies and gentlemen at the house of a Mr. Pertz whose wife is an American, we were also invited to our English Ambassadors (Bligh) but hearing that it is to be rather a smart opportunity we have declined.

Berlin, April 11.

MY DEAREST CHENDA

. . . Since last writing we have spent a few days at Hanover and then three days journey to reach this town where we are most splendidly entertained at the Hotel de Russie. I often thought of thee at Hanover so many smart Royal horses and carriages! Papa and I visited the Kings' stables where every morning at 9 o'clock a number of smart officers exercise the horses in the Riding School. A most entertaining sight! Some of the houses here are quite pictures, Very old but beautiful carvings and statues about them. I have spent

¹ Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, King of Hanover, 1837-1851. Married Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

² Later King George of Hanover. Deposed 1866.

some time in a watch makers' shop drawing one that was quite a treat to put down in black and white. My great friends here¹ are the Miss Canitz, daughters of the Prussian Ambassador. I have many others. One of them is an old lady who had been Queen Charlotte's² Lady in Waiting for 15 years. The old Lady was full of anecdotes about her and the Royal Family. She talked English very well tho' a German by birth. But her long residence at the English Court had given her plenty of practice. Her eldest daughter, Miss Beckendorf, was very kind to us and seemed pleased at our admiring her dear old Mother. Our three dear Elders appeared at Court one morning by a special invitation from the Queen. His Majesty was too ill to see any one. It was a mistake that Lucy Bradshaw and I did not go also for her Majesty enquired why we had not come and said that she had wished to see us all together. I had had a good deal of toothache all the morning and having much to do also at the hotel we had unwisely given up the trouble of dressing on the chance of being presented. Papa sat on an ottoman with her while our Aunt talked to his Royal Highness the Prince George and his Sister the Princess Alberta de Schwarzberg. They appeared to have spent an easy time with them and Wm. Allen and Papa were much more pleased with the poor blind Prince than when they saw him alone. I have seen him riding about the town with his Aide de Camps by his side, leading his beautiful grey horse by a thin leading rein. He was galloping quite fast once when I saw him. Every one seems to unite in hating the old King Ernest. He is building a most splendid new palace. I saw all over it one morning. They have

¹ In Hanover.

² Wife of George III.

the plan abroad of painting all the ceilings in the most elegant patterns even in the poorest inns you find it. In his Palace they are beautifully done by the first Artists. Some of them light trellis work with Vines trailing over them that took my fancy very much. All the floors made of inlaid wood highly polished. We had intended bringing August Mundheuch to this town (Berlin) with us but whilst at Hanover he was called home by the sudden and alarming illness of his wife. His brother Edward came to fetch him and we took him with us instead sending our former companion John Bergundhal back to Amsterdam. Thus we find one tongue after another! We all felt the account from Friedensthal of Madme. Mundheuchs' illness. We had been much pleased with her and Edwards' description of her sufferings made us regret so much that perhaps we had been the cause of depriving her of her husbands' company in her last moments. We have passed thro' some fine bold country. The Hartz Mountains in the distance and a fine flat country between us and them. The first night we slept at Hildesheim of which Lucy Bradshaw and Papa who had explored it before breakfast gave me a fine description of as to the old buildings &c. I had had so much toothache that we could only manage a short days journey to Halverstadt and a sad night I passed there. Papa spent the whole night with me as I was too bad to be in bed and sat up with my feet on his lap. I longed for Anne's nursing and a little of thy tender care dearest Mother. But nothing could be kinder than they *all* were to me. The rough roads the next day were painful enough. Papa warded off the jolts as well as he could but I was so ill that on reaching Magdeburg Edward was hurried off to

find a dentist to draw my tooth. Then followed a droll scene. My fear was he would pull out a wrong tooth for he talked french so badly and fast that I could not get in a word. I could not resist laughing in spite of the pain I was in. The group round me was irresistible. Everybody with such long faces and so interested in the movements of the little dirty dentist. William Allen examining his instruments to see if they were right and all consoling and encouraging by turns. “Dites Arrachez kong vous etes prête”! said he, as he took my head between his arms. “Arrachez donc!” said I and in a moment he was holding up my tooth by way of triumph. “Voila, Madame, n’est-ce pas bien fait. Ce n’était qu’un seul instant” It was certainly well done and I have had no pain ever since. This all delayed us on our journey and we could not go farther than Brandenburg. A most comfortable hotel. I shall not soon forget coming down rather late and finding the dear friends enjoying a magnificent breakfast off hot fresh fish out of the River Havel whilst Monsieur Rost our Landlord was playing to them on the piano and would make us taste his Brandy before starting. No doubt all this kindness was meant to cover the Bill which Rodolph declared was “Prodige et Extravagante” We had such a gallop to Potsdam to catch the 12 o’clock train travelling what is called Extra Post for which you have to pay a third more than you generally do. Papa and I and Edward spent the rest of the afternoon in admiring Potsdam. Our three elders going on to Berlin to prepare everything for us. We visited the Palaces which abound in this fine town. All residences of Frederic the Great and full of Recollections of him, even to his writing tables splashed over with ink and his Sofa covers torn by

his favorite dogs whose burial place we were shown in a corner of his garden. Voltaire, who was his constant companion, has filled many of his books with notes in his own handwriting which are quite one of the Sights of the place. I might tell you much about him and his Palaces and the pretty little Russian Village that he built outside one of his gardens. Inhabited by Russians and their Greek Church and all perfect but I should make my letter too long, but I will leave Potsdam and you must imagine us now all comfortably settled in for a good fortnight or ten days here in a really splendid suite of rooms consisting of a dining room, then Papas' bedroom, then mine and then our Aunts', all open one into another by folding doors. We are much delighted with the town which is so different from the old towns that have hitherto pleased us so much from their age and fine architecture. This is all in the modern style but as splendid. Fine open Squares which give ample room to show off each building. . . .

Sunday, April 12. I must finish my letter now whilst waiting for our party returning from a Prison. We dine at 1/2 past five an hour hardly understood here, four being the latest time known. I have been going about with Papa delivering letters of introduction, in a beautiful carriage that he has hired for the time we are here. We see so much of the town whilst driving about and we have a brilliant little French Servant Carles by name, as Valet de Place during our sojourn here. His office is to sit outside the door and be ready to wait upon any one of us. William Allen and L. Bradshaw have beautiful apartments upstairs so that we scarcely meet except at meal times. There has been a mimic review of 2,000 soldiers going on under our windows,

they are reviewed every Sunday by the Kings' son. It seems a sad thing to our English Eyes. We have been this afternoon to visit the Princess Wilhelme, Sister to the King. A noted pious lady residing in a beautiful suite of apartments in the great Schloss or Palace. A storey above where the Crown Prince and Princess live. This good Princess had a great desire to see our noted Aunt and received us all most cordially. We three ladies went alone. We all sat down after she had shaken hands most warmly. Her sweet daughter¹ Princess Marie, about thy age, dear Chenda, was with her. The Princess was anxious to know what Mrs. Fry's object particularly was in coming and told her the state of Prisons &c. in Berlin saying how much she would like to visit one with her if the King would allow her. This Princess is extremely loved and respected by the whole Prussian Court. After the death of the beautiful Queen Louise in 1810, occasioned as is well known by the cruelties of the French in her dominions, she acted as Queen and Mother to all the Royal Family and has evidently been of essential service to them. We were out walking just now and met her in her carriage and four and she bowed most condescendingly to us and gave us such a familiar look as if she had known us for long. Tomorrow we dine at Lord William Russell's. The English Ambassador and Brother to Lord John Russell. He has just been calling here. The great traveller, Baron Humboldt is to come this evening. He is a very great man. I suppose we shall soon see many people but there has been no one here to inform any one of Mrs. Fry and suite having arrived as was the case at

¹ Afterwards Queen of Bavaria.

Brussels and other places. I hope tomorrow to go to see some of the Lions of the town but I have the prospect of much work in sorting a quantity of books that arrived from England yesterday for us and also there are many letters both foreign and English to be written. I am afraid I cannot give you a better account of our Aunt. She is so little able to bear the fatigue of travelling and still complains of her chest and yet it is wonderful to see her extraordinary power of body and mind when necessary labours of actual business for the Religious or Moral Welfare of her fellow creatures come in her way. But the weather is now much finer and signs of spring beginning and so I hope we may look forward to her being better. In spite of the cold weather we have had we do not at all regret having left England when we did; as it is we have only just caught all the gentry here and at Hanover before they leave for the country as is the plan in all these large towns as soon as the weather allows them to leave. Papa is very nicely, not at all worried by the press of business but ever cheerful and obliging. Prices' German we have found most useful as I hardly know a word. Lucy Bradshaw is however beginning to be very courageous about speaking. Chenda darling I have bought thy gold and silver beads and find them cheaper than in England as thee thought, but, Rachy darling, I have seen but very few patterns for rug work yet but I shall soon find out where they are to be bought. The shops are not so beautiful as I thought they would be, and very little of the Berlin Iron to be seen. But we have got some beautiful coloured glass, Pictures &c. It is time to end so farewell. With tenderest love &c.

Berlin, Hotel de Russie, April 13. 1/2 past 10 p.m.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,

Altho' I am so tired that when Price came in just now to ask what time I should like her to call me in the morning I said "Not till the day after tomorrow" still I cannot go to bed without congratulating thee on having thy tooth really out. I hope by this time thee will have heard that I have done the same. It is singular enough that after all our talking about it we should have managed it at last almost within a day of each other. I would not have mine back in my head for a thousand golden guineas. Would thee? . . . But I must go to bed as I hear Papa getting into bed and our Aunt has been settled some time. These German beds would often put thee into a fine passion as they do me when I wake in the morning. It is now too warm to have the feather Bed to throw over you as they do in cold weather but they give one instead a simple beautifully quilted silk counterpane and a very narrow sheet that is all. and these are so small that you cannot tuck them in at all and your toes peep out at the bottom all night against the footboard. In fact I cannot better describe the whole apparatus for sleeping (for they are more like boxes than beds) than Isaiah himself has done in the middle of the XXVIII Chapter.¹ It is almost a proof that the Prophet must have travelled in these parts. As to a curtain we should almost forget there were such things were we not reminded by those on our Aunts' bed, it is a strange sight to see Rodolphs' stratagems to nail them up for her wherever we go. The waiters

¹ "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering is narrower than he can wrap himself in it," verse 20.

lending their assistance. But here it is all done in style for her and her bed is happily very comfortable but Goodnight. In the morning I will tell thee about the Princess, the Prisons &c.

Fifth day, 10 o'clock. Whilst Aunt is in high discourse with a gentleman I will slip to a side table and finish this. We are very busy together this morning over Papers, Letters and public Documents. No office for Secretaries for Foreign Affairs ever looked more business like than Papas' bedroom. The dear man bears it so patiently and goes on quietly with his work in spite of the numbers. He is now gone out to pay calls with Edward (our young interpreter) and I am waiting for his return to take a walk with him. Now I will tell thee about yesterday. The Princess Wilhelme¹—Her Royal Highness (née Prss. of Mecklenburg Strelitz) sent one of her Gentlemen to say that His Majesty had granted her permission to accompany Mrs. Fry to a Prison and she proposed 12 o'clock to us and that we were to call for her at that hour. We three ladies accompanied by an English Lady, Miss Murray, went according to appointment in the coach our gentlemen walking and on our arrival she sent down for us. Papa, Aunt and I went up and chatted a little time with her and the Princess Marie and the Ladies in Waiting. Hot chocolate was handed round which the little Princess took into the adjoining apartment beckoning me to follow her and we sat down on the large ottoman together. She talks a little English and French so between the two I made her understand. We were in Her Mothers own Boudoir, very elegantly furnished. A beautiful

¹ Sister-in-law of Fredk. William III, and daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg; see "List" p. 69.

couch under a crimson canopy and quite a greenhouse on one side with the most brilliant Birds in foreign looking cages. Some splendid specimens of German glass and Dresden China and Busts in white marble of many of the Royal family helped to adorn this fairy like looking Room. We soon went downstairs. The princess leaning on Papas' arm. Aunt and the little Princess followed and behind came myself and the Dame d'Honneur. We were sorry to have kept our party waiting so long but if one has to do with Royalty it is necessary to wait Royalty's time. The Royal carriage was waiting at the bottom of the long dark flight of steps that leads into the open Court and if you could but have seen Her Royal Highness first handed in and then her daughter and lastly our honoured Aunt! Oh it was a sight! four Blue and Gold footmen. An immense gold crown and a W. (Prince William) worked in on the Scarlet Hammercloth and plated harness. Our Aunt looked like a Princess herself in a beautiful *full* silk cloak that Papa has given her and Price and I have managed to have made for her here and then a pair of light gloves and new cap. She looks fit for any Court in Europe. They pranced off in fine style and we followed as their humble servants in our own carriage. I made Miss Murray laugh during our drive with the minute account of all that we had been doing in the Palace. She was Maid of Honour to the Queen of Hanover as Duchess of Cumberland for many years and thoroughly understands all Court Etiquette. Neither of the Princesses had ever visited a prison before which made it all the more interesting to hear the remarks that Princess Wilhelme made to the Prisoners and to see how curious they were to learn all about it. It was not to our idea a very satisfactory

visit as the numbers of governors and officers, all in full dress made it next to impossible to move through the long narrow passages. The princess kissed our Aunt on taking leave and shaking hands with us all ordered us to be with her again on 7th day at three o'clock. Of course a vast crowd was attracted outside by Her carriage but I think our Aunt excited the most attention. How I wished that you could have seen Papa with the princess on his arm and leading the way, of course, before everybody, *hat on head* amidst all the bowing and bareheaded gentlemen that surrounded her. Papa is extremely particular here about his Quaker principles and walks into a room filled with company and creates the greatest surprise among this ceremonious people who almost take off their hat to your scraper and even the servants touch their hats to one another whilst the very dogs wag their tails as you pass. . . . I am finishing my letter at four o'clock in the afternoon and have just been driving out and paying calls with Papa and Miss Murray as interpreter. There is not much for me to do here but help to amuse company as their business is of that character that I cannot help. The persecuted Lutherans claim much of their attention and they see many people on the subject. The poor creatures come to us of an evening when everybody is gone, to talk over their wrongs and as they are narrowly watched by the police they bring either portfolios or something as tho' they were coming on some business of their own. From what we can gather about them they seem on the whole a very good set of people but rather too fond of provoking the Police by refusing to obey in little things which their religion can have nothing to do with. I have been taking a very pleasant "*stretch ones legs*" along what is called the

Unter den Linden (under the lime trees). The fashionable promenade of the town and look what a lovely spring nosegay of Hyacinths and Lilacs I have bought of one of the flower girls that line the walk. But they do not grow much out of doors at present. The trees are very backward and no signs of bursting. We are doubting very much as to our proceedings. Copenhagen seems to stick in our Aunts' throat. But I have not the least idea how it will end. If we go there we must give up yearly meeting. But it is nearly as far from London as here and it seems unwise to go till our Uncle Joseph can himself accompany us to tell his own tale of Slavery in the Danish Colonies. The Queen she is anxious to see as she knows her well and Papa understands the case thoroughly and has Uncles' letters that he could lay before the Danish Court. It would be rather against the grain to prolong our journey and I had set my mind on returning by Dresden and the Rhine &c. But then seeing Copenhagen will be a fine thing for me. But after all between thee and me and the poker I think we shall not go. Here comes in Lucy Bradshaw from the Palace of the Kings' Son Prince William¹ so I must hear her tale. . . . She says the Princess who is daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar was as easy as possible with her sending for her Husband and children. She ordered her to send Mrs. Fry and her niece at 1/2 past eleven on 7th. day so then I can tell you more about her. Tonight Madame Fry gives a Soirée in the great Ball room in this hotel. How it will end time will prove. A German Prince has just arrived at the hotel and sent up a petition to be allowed to be present. We expect a great many. It is nearly time to dress so I

¹ Later K. William I and German Emperor.

must conclude. The account of thy darling boys, my dearest Catherine is very delicious. Near love to them &c

Berlin, April 17.

MY DEAREST MOTHER

. . . As to our whole party I can say that no five people in England could be more suitable to travel together or unite better than we do. If any plan is proposed by one, all the others unite or if anything is objected to the others always agree to object also. Papa works very hard both bodily and mentally. He prefers having plenty to do and often undertakes work when he need not. His public papers are excellent. Copenhagen has continued to be a difficulty whether it was their duty to go there or not. . . . It seemed a vast undertaking and yet if any good was to be effected or any chance of interesting the court in the Slave Trade &c. it was worth any effort. But Papa has found out that it will take nearly as long to go there from here as from London and it is now decided to give it up which today we all think is a right decision. It will take some time to reach Frankfort from here perhaps a week as we cannot take very long stages for our Aunt must rest in the middle of the day. We feed her up with Porter and Ale where we can get it. As to myself I have been quite well since having my tooth out. You will find me grown much stouter. This fine weather suits us all and I hope it does suit thee also my tender Mother. We find it answers well for William Allen to have a separate suite of apartments upstairs and only to meet for meals as they have so many to come and see them which have nothing to do with our party and it keeps our room so

much quieter. We have an English lady Marianne Murray who almost lives with us. Having lost 9 brothers and sisters and all her relations in England going about with our sympathizing Aunt is exactly to her taste and her perfect knowledge of German makes her very valuable to our party. . . . We live almost too luxuriously but our Landlord Monsieur Roth and Madame His Wife will do all they can for us. So many people come to our breakfast and dinner which adds considerably to the expense but it seems impossible to avoid it. We have had a fine week amidst all the palaces which I intend to tell you about in my next but I have not time to enter on it now. I am beginning to think about home and Papa also tho' not amounting to homesick. . . .

Did Papa tell thee that thee directed thy last letter to "Poste Restante" *Germany* It found him out at last having traced us by the Newspaper we imagine. Our tenderest love to all.

COPY OF OUR AUNTS LETTER TO THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.¹

[*The visit to Denmark was postponed till the following year, 1841.*]

Berlin, April 17.

" I hope that my valued and much esteemed friend
 " the Queen of Denmark will not think that I take too
 " great a liberty in my expressing my continued interest
 " on her behalf and the desires that I have felt for herself
 " and the King, her Royal Husband, upon filling the
 " important and responsible situation of being king and

¹ Wife of King Christian VIII.

“ Queen of Denmark. I desire that the grace of God
“ may be granted to you to set a holy and christian
“ example to your people over whom you reign and
“ that wisdom from above may enlighten you to govern
“ with equity with charity and with sound discretion.
“ I feel particularly for thee, my long loved and esteemed
“ friend, that thou mayst be enabled to be a Xtian
“ helpmate to the King in his weighty and very important
“ duties. Our sex fill an influential place in the com-
“ munity and as we are ornamented with the meek and
“ quiet spirit (which is in the sight of God of great
“ price) we may be made instruments in accomplishing
“ great ends. My belief is that our Heavenly Father
“ has granted thee many talents and above all animated
“ thy heart by His love, and I cherish a bright hope
“ that thou wilt be enabled by the Holy Spirit of God to
“ prove thy love by doing much good not only in Den-
“ mark but also in the Colonies under your Dominion.
“ This desire has been afresh excited in my heart by
“ some very interesting letters that I have received from
“ my Brother Joseph John Gurney from America who
“ in the love of the Gospel is paying a religious visit to
“ the West Indies.

“ He has visited several of those under your dominion
“ as well as many belonging to Great Britain and I
“ apprehend it may be interesting to thee to know the
“ result of their observations. I will therefore forward
“ thee a statement that has been based on these letters.

“ I have been travelling for the last few weeks in
“ Belgium, Holland and Germany accompanied by my
“ Brother Samuel Gurney and his daughter and my
“ friend William Allen and his niece. Our only induce-
“ ment for leaving our homes and families is the belief

“ that Our Lord has called us to this service, that we
 “ may as ability is granted to us, promote the welfare of
 “ our fellow creatures and glorify his name.

“ I have felt a strong attraction to visit Denmark, but
 “ we think our home duties are so strong that we must
 “ not prolong our journey so far. I should like to have
 “ my Christian regards presented to the Queen Dowager,
 “ whose character I have long esteemed.

“ May Almighty God thro' his unmerited mercy in
 “ Christ Jesus our Lord, be your keeper, your guide, your
 “ light and your salvation and may he enrich you with
 “ the enduring riches of Eternity, and make the king,
 “ thyself and your Royal Mother a blessing to all around
 “ you. I remain thy attached and obliged friend

“ Elizabeth Fry

“ To the Queen of Denmark ”

(The Queen of Denmark visited our Aunt at Plashet
 as Crown Princess of Denmark.)

Berlin, April 21.

MY DEAREST PRISCILLA

. . . Thank William for his most kind and wel-
 come letter. Hearing from Brothers is such a treat.
 Thy letters also are *delicious*. I do not forget thee as I
 pass the shop windows. I only wish that we were here
 together. However, it is pretty certain we shall never
 have that pleasure. . . . I am sitting in our drawing
 room. A committee of 20 gentlemen going on, on
 Prison discipline. Our wonderful Aunt at their Head
 and I am here to take care of her as she does not like to
 be alone with so many gentlemen. It is a good oppor-
 tunity for a little writing. Don't thee think so. And

look at those grand officers in full uniform, Moustaches and swords. Scarlet and Blue Coats, cocked hats and feathers. Enough to frighten any one. But they have been here so often with their wives and daughters that we know them all quite well. I will not teaze thee with a list of their names or avocations in life but I shall leave them and turn to ourselves and a difficult subject it is to turn to. I know not where to begin at. The people, the places, the things we have seen this last week would take a day to tell you about. I only wish I could tell thee half. Lucy Bradshaw calculates that she has been presented to 15 of the Royal family during the week and all Royal ones too for there have been other Princes besides. Then we have seen no end of Barons and Lords and a Countless number of Counts and Countesses so where am I to begin with my tale. Papa says "Send a good account of us" "Alas" answers I "tender Father, its a moral impossibility." I will tell thee first about the meetings here and then turn to Princes and Palaces. The first soirée that Madame Fry held was this day week. There is a most splendid room downstairs reminding me of Mme. Tussaud's saloon; brilliant with looking glasses and lights and chandeliers and capable of containing one or two hundred. Here we have all our Réunions. At one end is raised a low Platform. On this Platform on a sofa sits Madame Fry, William Allen, Lucy Bradshaw and Papa and Professor Thöluck (a very noted scholar) as interpreter. A fine show of Berlin nobility more than 120, filled more than half the room. It would be impossible to describe the intense interest and eagerness that prevailed when our Aunt rose. Papa having beautifully and impressively introduced her to the assembly. She commenced with

the deplorable state of London Prisons when she was young. Her own first entering these horrid abodes. The clamor that was raised by all parties on her venturing to go in alone unprotected. The awful state of filth and depravity that they were in and the Prisoners, the females especially, so violent that even the turnkeys hardly dare venture in; the quiet way herself and companion was received; their taking clothing for the Children; the respect with which the prisoners treated them. And then she went on to express her own feelings about introducing Christian doctrine amongst them. "Would it be possible to touch their hearts by religious truths" "Shall I venture to read the Holy Scriptures to them" "What effect will it produce?" The whole assembly seemed completely rivetted by her address. Those that could not understand a word at least could watch her and listen to her voice. After a short pause she proceeded and told them in her own beautifully touching language how she had read the Prisoners the XV Chap. of St. Luke and the wonderful effect it had, so that afterwards kneeling down and offering up a prayer for them she could hardly "hear her own voice." A few instances of the good that had been effected by changes that she and other ladies had effected of commencing public worship amongst them, instituting matrons &c. she mentioned and then ended with a most earnest and eloquent appeal to all to come forward in the work and lend their aid. "A high calling. I consider it an honour that I am totally unworthy of to have been called to the work and I must entreat you all to seek to turn poor prisoners from the error of their ways and to take an interest in their everlasting welfare."

William Allen had previously told to them the object

of their mission and a little what they had been doing since their arrival in Berlin. Papa had tea and cakes handed round to them afterwards which gave them full opportunity to express their high interest in what they had heard. Everybody wants to know what relation to one another we are and why do we travel together as we are not relations? and how do we travel? and where have we been to? &c. Then all about our Aunts' private history. Where does she live? Is she married? Are they Quakers? and then the astonishment is vast when I tell them of five and twenty grandchildren. This seems to add to the respect paid to her.

On Good Friday at 7 o'clock we held a meeting for worship. This was no light matter to any of us and if you had seen the numbers of carriages and elegantly dressed ladies as they arrived, from our drawingroom window you would have participated in our feelings. Our Aunt had had a hard days' work and was much overdone and really seemed hardly able to cope with such an assembly. Almost all the company being our own friends made it all the more alarming to call them together. The first people came. About the same number as before. There seemed a most universal feeling of approbation and delight. Certainly our Aunts' Sermon was *grand*. The Ladies could not take their eyes off her all the time. Her voice more than filled that immense room. Tracts were most earnestly called for and especially those about *friends*. None are taken so fast from the table. Uncle Josephs' books continue to be the prime favorites after our Aunts' text books. Susanna Corder on Worship, the preaching of Women and our Uncle Joseph on Silent Worship we cannot supply fast enough. But I think the best meeting they

had was on Sunday evening, I sat down at the bottom of the room with Marianne Murray as I do not like to be stuck up on the platform. Even there however the silence and attention was extraordinary except the beloved and droll Baron Humboldt who cannot keep his tongue quiet at any price. How I wish you could have heard our Aunts' address to the young ones present. They seemed as tho' they dared hardly breathe as she entreated them "as a Mother" amongst them "to turn their back upon the world and worldly things and come to their Saviour, without any delay." Adding that there was not one present who could conceive how merciful He is, or the Infinite extent of His love to each of them. And finally in pressing on them the reading of the Bible in their families telling them how often she had found in the Prisons that the first thing that had caused the fall of many of the Women was living as servants in families where this practice was not customary. About keeping the Sabbath also (tho' she knew herself to be surrounded by the most worldly in the town and careless of everything of the sort) she told them her whole mind. How much their example would do in the town and entreated them most earnestly to hold up a standard amongst their friends. Tomorrow there is to be another philanthropic Meeting. It is quite the talk of the town and we expect to have a fine assembly. I hope it will do some good. It ought considering the room costs 5 Thalers (15/-) an hour. However it is worth anything to stir up the people about these objects. At the end of our first Meeting Papa gave them a most animated discourse about Slavery but you will find it all in the Paper that I have sent you. We tried the first evening to make their interpreter merely recapitulate the address

after it was delivered but this did not answer. But we have now found a capital interpreter in a Mr. Beyerhaus who is a most active helper to us and manages his office very well. I am sorry to see I have reached nearly the end of my paper before telling you anything about our Royal Visits but before entering upon them I will give you a short sketch of the Royal family that you may the better understand them as I shall take you so quickly thro' Princes and Princesses that you will hardly be able to follow me, I only wish I could show you the pictures I have of each.

THE KING (Fred^k William III, died June 1840)

(aged 71) married first Queen Louise (died in 1810)

(a princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz)

and secondly the Princess of Liegnitz

(daughter of Count Harrach)

The King's sons.

{	Prince Frederic William	married Princess Elizabeth Louise (d. of King of Bavaria) no child
	Prince William	married Princess Augusta (d. of Gr. Duke of Saxe Weimar)
	Prince Charles	Prince Frederic Princess Louise
		married Princess Marie (also d. of Gr. Duke of Saxe Weimar)
	Prince Albert	Prince Frederic Princess Anna Princess Louise
		married Princess Marianne (d. of Wm. I King of the Netherlands)
		Princess Charlotte Marianne Prince Albert

The Kings' daughters are the Empress of Russia
the Gr. Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin
the Princess Louisa, m. to a son of the K. of the Netherlands

Prince William, the Kings' brother married Pr. Marianne, d. of Landgrave of Hesse Homburg

Prince Adalbert	Prince Waldemar
Princess Elizabeth	Princess Marie (aged 15) afterwards Queen of Bavaria

We went to the Palace to pay our third visit to Princess William (the Kings' sister) on 7th. day according to orders. Prince William and their sons, Princes Adalbert and Waldemar being also present. We were nearly an hour with them. Beginning by standing for some time

in honour of the Prince, but they then made us sit down. The Princess Marie and I retired to our usual corner in her Royal Mothers' Boudoir and drank our chocolate there together. She was most affectionate to me and evidently longs to talk more than she does but is rather afraid of venturing her English in long sentences. Our usual attendant Mr. Beyerhaus was with us to interpret for our Aunt. Papa manages his French very well. After our Aunt had sat some time with the Princess, she rose to talk to the Princes who were standing near the window with our Gentlemen. By degrees our whole party joined them and we gradually fell into a most interesting little meeting with them. All standing. Our Aunt expressing her great love for them and her desire that in their exalted station they might shine as lights in the World. Wm. Allen then gave the Princes and Princess Marie a sweet little address. The whole party appeared quite overcome by it. The Prince holding our Aunts' hand and expressing his unity with all they had said and his desire that all our Aunts' benevolent efforts might be blessed to the country. We kissed the Princess and shook hands with the young Princes on our departure and accepting their warm invitations to come again. But now I will leave this dear Princess and turn to others telling you of our visit to the Crown Prince,¹ the heir to the Prussian throne and therefore the second grandest person in the kingdom. We received orders to go on Sunday the 19th. at 1/2 past 12. His Royal Highness lives in the same palace as Prince Wilhelme but in grander apartments. A *dame d'honneur* came to receive us at the door and after a short *tarriance*, during which our dear men took off their hats the gold

¹ About to succeed as Fred. William IV.

and mahogany doors were thrown open and we all entered and finding both Prince and Princess waiting we soon fell into conversation. The Princess talked to *me* some time whilst the others withdrew to a corner alone. She conversed about *friends*,¹ England, our Aunt, &c. We all stood about ten minutes and then we sat down. Our Aunt was chief spokesman commencing with her great interest in them and her joy at finding them so beloved by the people and upholding such a Christian standard amongst them. Our Aunt had brought my Bible and read a few verses to them from Colossians and finished with a few of her own remarks exactly to the point as tho' she had thought what was to say for a week before hand.

The Prince is a choice person. Fine and kingly in manner with a very clever look in his eyes. The Princess on the contrary tho' with much manner cannot boast *that* Royal look but is small and delicate and a little lame. Papa declares the Prince to be the best man in Prussia and he is thought so by many. He spoke beautifully to our Aunt of his pleasure at seeing her &c.

(Papa says in a letter to Mama of this visit: "Then an interesting visit to the Crown Prince and Princess with whom we had after a *good* easy chat, a favored religious time. The Prince said with much feeling 'so may it be with us. These are the Royal Garments we desire!' They are superior people and much under the influence of religion")

My great wish was for you to have seen us. It was such a sight. A splendid apartment with all their private books and letters about. Birds, flowers, pictures,

¹ That is, Quakers.

elegantly worked ottomans &c. &c. The prince most modestly dressed in undress uniform even without his gold star. The princess in her dark silk gown. Papa had seen them before and appeared to talk quite familiarly to them having ended his concern of Slavery &c. I must now beg you to follow me to the Wilhelms Platz in which the grand Palace of Prince William ¹ (the Kings' son) is situated. Here we were again very handsomely received. The Princess and her little son (about eight years old) were ready to receive us in her most elegant room. The Hall and Staircase were most beautifully painted and ornamented. Some beautiful Cockatoos and Parrots at the entrance of the drawingroom and a brilliant assortment of Plants and Flowers. The Princess, daughter of the Grand duke of Saxe Weimar, is accounted one of the cleverest ladies of her age as to her knowledge of political events. She talks English well and her son also is able to say a few sentences, she regretted the absence of Prince William who was gone to review the troops at Potsdam. . . . The Crown Prince having no children, this family are the next heirs to the throne. . . . They have only two children, the Baby was asleep. The little Prince Frederic ² read us a text out of the text book that Aunt had presented him with. I usually carry a bag of books on these occasions. Nobody ever seems more glad to receive English books especially those for children. We met this little Prince at the Crown Prince's whilst paying the visit I have just been telling about. It was Easter Sunday and he had been presenting his aunt the Crown Princess with an egg with the picture of the Ascension painted on it. It is the fashion here to

¹ Later K. William I and German Emperor.

² Later Emperor Frederick.

send these presents of eggs on this day with flowers and mottos. The shops have been full of them and a young lady was sending one to me but it broke on its passage. The following note received from *Baron Alexander Humboldt* contains the order to visit Prince Charles, the Kings' third son. "Le Prince Charles, fils du Roi qui a des
" Maisons de Travail dans son vaste commandement mili-
" taire en Thuringe, et sa femme, Madame la Princesse
" Charles, fille de l'excellente Grande Duchesse de Weimar,
" ont le plus vif desir de recevoir Madame Fry, Monsieur
" Samuel Gurney et mon ancien ami M. Allen, demain
" lundi, a midi, dans leur Palais, au Wilhelms Platz. Le
" Prince et la Peincesse voudraient leur exprimer *person-*
" *nellement* la vive reconnaissance d'un si généreux dévoue-
" ment pour la noble cause des prisonniers, des esclaves
" et de la tolérance religieuse. J'espère que vous daig-
" nerez persuader, Monsieur, votre respectable Sœur
" d'accepter l'invitation du jeune couple et que vous y
" irez *tous*. . . . Mille respects " A. Humboldt.
" A Monsieur Samuel Gurney. Hotel de Russie."

So on *lundi a midi* we arrived at the Palace. A smart crowd of officers and Ministers were with the Prince and Princess. As to Prince Charles he was very kind and condescending. His gold star alone giving one the idea of his Royal Blood. He showed me all round his greenhouse which opened into the room where we were, talked much about the Quakers and quite admired my dress and costume. Papa has given me a light fawn dress and His Royal Highness was pleased to express his opinion on the suitableness of the colour. "You have chosen the right colour. I know perfectly what you ought to wear" The princess had heard of Papas'

speech on the Slave trade and made him tell her all about it. They have three sweet children—Prince Frederic¹ about 8—Princess Louise (6 years old) and the little Princess Anna. They were delighted with some books that our Aunt gave them and crowded round her whilst she wrote in them. Prince Charles *running* off himself for a Pencil for her. Then there was the Princess's album to be written in. We must have been nearly an hour with them altogether and we left the Princess quite in tears. They have a very elegant plan in these Royal Rooms of Partitioning off one corner of the Room with a trellis work of Ivy &c. behind which is the table containing writing materials &c. &c. It gives a very light and elegant effect. . . . I am now finishing my letter in the evening after a most *curious* and deeply interesting morning beginning as I said at the beginning with a Committee of 20 Gentlemen which ended by their all promising to do what they cd.

The old Princess Wilhelme had been very desirous to give her sanction as far as possible to the Ladies Committee for visiting the Prisons that Aunt has been forming and to show her full approbation had invited the Committee to meet her at her Palace. So imagine about 20 Ladies meeting here at our hotel at 1/2 past 12 today. Beautifully dressed, Most without bonnets and further imagine us all driving off in our carriage and three others and arriving at the Palace. The Princess had also asked some of her friends and we must have been about 40. Such a party of Ladies and only our friend Count Groeben to interpret. Our sweet Princess received us most kindly and conducting us herself to the top of the room we

¹ Later Field-Marshal Prince Fred^k Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught,



PRISON COMMITTEE AT THE SCHLOSS, BERLIN

Left to Right:—Prince Wilhelm (later German Emperor); Crown Princess (wife of F. W. IV); Aunt; old Princess Wilhelme; Crown Prince (F. W. IV); Princess Marie, Count Groben; Princess Cartoriska; Countess Dernath; Countess Bohlen; Madame Roeder; Countess Schlieffen.

talked some time whilst waiting the arrival of other members of the Royal family. The Princess Marie ran across the room to meet me as I entered. The ladies daudled about the suite of rooms drinking chocolate for about 1/2 an hour and waiting for the Crown Princess who at last made her appearance. She stood talking to me some time. The Princess Charles was also there and the Crown Prince himself soon afterwards entered I could but long for Wm's¹ eye to have carried away the scene. All of us seated in that beautiful room. Aunt in the middle of the sofa. The Crown Prince and Princess and Princess Charles on her Right. The Princess Wilhelme, Princess Marie and the dear Princess Czartoriska on her left. Count Gröben sitting by her to interpret. The Countesses Bohlen, Dernath &c by her. I was sitting by the Countess Schlieffen, a delightful lady, who is much interested in all our proceedings. A table was placed before our Aunt with pens Ink and paper like a common Committee with the various Rules that our Aunt and I had drawn up and the dear Countess Bohlen had translated into German and which she read to the fine assembly. Our Aunt then gave a clever concise account of the Societies in England and advice to the ladies commencing every fresh subject with "If the Prince and Princesses will permit". I cannot attempt to tell you all. I only wish you had seen it. Our Aunt surrounded by the Royal family and the first ladies of the land all listening with the greatest interest to each word that she uttered. The Crown Prince stretching forward to catch each word. When business was over our Aunt mentioned some texts in the Bible which she would read if she had a Bible "Run, Marie

¹ Her brother-in-law, William Leatham.

and fetch one" said the Crown Prince in English to little Princess Marie. But she only brought a German one, however the dear Crown Prince took it, found the text (Isaiah lviii. 5) with Lucy Bradshaw's help and handing it to the Count Gröben to read pointed him out the verse that our ever-ready-to-do-good Aunt had chosen. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen &c." The Count read it after which our Aunt said "Will the Prince and Princesses allow a moment for Prayer" They all bowed assent and all *stood* while she knelt down and gave them one of her touching, heartfelt prayers. That a blessing might rest on the whole town from the King on his throne to the poor prisoner in the dungeon especially for the Royal family. Then for the ladies and that the works of their hands might be prospered in what they had now undertaken to perform. I wish I could remember her every syllable but I really think you can imagine us. Many of the ladies retired immediately afterwards and before long they had left the rooms leaving us alone with Royalty to spend an easy half hour. They all invited us to see them again before we left especially the Crown Prince. They were earnest in their entreaties that we should not leave Berlin before the end of the week. . . . His Royal Highness shook hands with us and retired and this being a sign for the other members of the Royal family to retire we were left alone with the Princess Wihelme and her daughter. I enjoyed acting interpreter between these august personages humbly standing behind the chair of her Royal Highness. She talks french so fast and Aunt had so much to say on her side that it was no easy task. This was to have been our fourth and last visit to these agreeable people but the Princess Marie asked me to come once more to see her



dining at Lord William Russell's
 and a waiter at Berlin. W.

DINING AT LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL'S

(Mrs. Fry and a Waiter)

(as Royalty forbids their going to see any one) and so the two dear old ladies thought they must meet also so we are to go on Thursday and to the Crown Prince also to take a final leave. I should much like to have told thee about our very dear friends here but I must leave this now. We continue in our plan of going straight from here to Frankfort. I much regret having no time to see any of the wonders of this beautiful City, very much to the distress of our Valet, Carles, who never ceases to pour a volley of french at us for seeing nothing. But our travels go out in the line of *People* not *Things*. How do I wish that my letter was better worth reading. What a letter one might write with so much subject to relate, but in all this bustle and noise it is verily impossible. There are now six of these poor persecuted Lutherans telling their tale to Papa so I am listening to them whilst I am writing to thee. It is past ten o'clock but they can only come here late at night as it would excite suspicion if they were to be seen during the day. I shall be very sorry to leave this town I have so many agreeable acquaintances here who are as sorry at our going as we are to leave *them*. The King is too ill to be seen so they are preparing a letter to send him. Papa and I saw him for a moment whilst he was looking out of the window of his palace. I also saw his wife the Princess Leignitz as I was walking in the Public Gardens outside the magnificent gates which are the principal entrance to this magnificent City. A royal carriage and four drove up and a tall lady with two female companions : as they passed us our Valet recognized her as the Princess. She is wife to the King, but being only a Countess by birth has no higher title than Princess. Yesterday we dined with Lord William Russell meeting a large party.

The English Embassy consisting of Mr. Howard and Lord Loftus,¹ son of the Marquis of Ely, and ending our evening by all going off to a noted observatory that William Allen wished to see where we gazed at the stars thro' an enormous telescope till we were nearly frozen with cold. I could tell thee *much* more but I must now go to bed and tomorrow every hour is engaged that I shall not have time to write. . . .

Berlin, April 23.

MY DEAREST EDMUND,

In this quiet corner I might send thee a few lines whilst a gentlemen's Committee is going on. . . . The Tutor of Prince Charles' children, Monsieur Heyne, has just called with some daguerotypes that the Prince had sent us. One of several members of the Royal family that he sent to me after having written all the names himself. This is the *fourth* message we have received from the Palaces this morning and we have already had four countesses and many Barons and counts today. It is hard work indeed and such as you cannot understand. Great curiosity to see our noted Aunt is the first cause I dare say of this *mob* infesting her but those who come first from curiosity continue in her train as tho' bound by some spell, and aid her in every thing. My chief business after taking care of my Aunt, is to act polite to all that come and occasionally to act as interpreter I have not had one moment to myself this day since 1/2 past 7. My bedroom (which is always considered as second drawing room) has been full of ladies and gentlemen all the morning. This may strike you as strange but it is the custom here and we may consider ourselves

¹ Lord Augustus Loftus : later Ambassador at Berlin and St. Petersburg.

happy to have any drawing room at all. There were 2 Committees of Gentlemen before my Bed was made but my bed is no more than a box and that is easily hidden by a large screen that I can draw round and hide nearly a quarter of my room and this makes a sitting room in Germany at once. How amused thee would be at the clamour and gabble of German that is going on. I do not think I could understand were they talking in English. The gabble is so great. We were going today to Potsdam but we find it impossible to go before tomorrow. This Committee will not be over till 1/2 past 11. Then till 1/2 past 12 Mrs. Fry is to be "at home" to take leave of our friends. They then go to the Minister of the Interior to talk about Prisons. Then there is *launching* the ladies in the Prison, for visiting the Prisoners. Then a large party here in the evening besides visiting an institution after dinner. Tomorrow we just take leave at the Palace and two Committees so we shall work up to the last moment. I am writing on a chest of drawers. The gentlemen's Committee still occupying the tables.

Rachel dear a "tousand tanks" as a lady said to me just now for the portraits of our Aunt Fry. They arrived all safe in the large box of books that met us here. I can't describe the *rapturous* pleasure they have given. I have delighted the hearts of a few of our friends with them. The Countess Schlieffen, the Princess Czartoriska, the Countess Arnheim, Miss Murray and Miss Röder whose father is Aide de Camp to the Crown Prince and the whole family have been much united with us. Thee would have been well rewarded for thy trouble could thee have seen their delight. How I wish you could now hear Papa's speech that he is making to the Gentlemen about their Prisons &c.

Dresden, April 27.

MY DEAREST MOTHER

It has just struck me that if I do not write this evening I shall have no other opportunity all the rest of the week we shall be travelling. We are delighted at receiving a letter here from you as it seems long since we have heard. . . . We are here only for a day and night as we could not resist the temptation of coming from Leipzig as the Railroad brings us in four hours from that city. We have left our Aunt with Price alone at Leipzig as she has plenty of writing to amuse herself with. We came off at six o'clock this morning and have been spending a delightful day here. Admiring the picture Gallery and China shops and wandering along the Banks of the Elbe with the fine mountains of Swiss Saxony in the distance. It was a warm afternoon and we have been regaling on ices before making the great effort of climbing to the top of the DomKirche. . . . When I wrote last to Woodthorpe I told much about Berlin. . . . We left Berlin on Friday but before I bring you to leaving that town I must tell you a little more about it. On the 4th day evening we had a large soirée. Above 300 people of the first gentry in Berlin. A singular mixture of old and young, good and gay, but the strangest thing in these parties is that every one seems equally pleased and interested. I counted 14 officers in one corner of the room. Then there were two princes and two princesses (not Royal ones) and a vast concourse of counts, Barons &c. Our English Ambassador Lord Wm. Russell, Lord Loftus (son of the Marquis of Ely) and Mr. Howard. Both attached to the English Legation. The evening went off most easily. More so than

we expected. There is something so formidable in asking our real friends. Numbers of them had Ices when the crowd was a little lessened and they expressed how handsomely they thought they had been entertained. William Allen gave them an excellent speech on their poor and our Aunt attacked them again on Prevention of Crime. Papa topping it up by heartily thanking the Ladies and Gentlemen for their very kind attention to us during our stay in their City and expressing how grateful he felt to the Royal family for the very gracious manner in which we had been received. This delighted them very much as they all love their Royal family more than we in England have much idea of. The day before we left we had much to do. The elders went to see the Prisons again with the ladies to show them how to visit during which I went with Price and a Valet de Place to call on some of our friends in the name of the whole party. Our kindest friends I think have been Colonel Roeder's family. He was constantly with us. Cocked hat, Moustaches, Gold Epauettes, Sword and all. His wife would just suit thee and his pretty daughter about Rachel's age. Then their Aunt the Countess Dernath, a dear good old lady who felt a sort of adoration for Aunt and acted accordingly. Then there is the Countess Schlieffen a most sweet creature and the pretty young Countess Reventlow and her mother the Countess Voss. The dear Madame Arnheim and the dearer still Princess Czartoriska ought all to be mentioned but it is useless to tell you a string of names for I might go on for a long time about Messieurs Lobeck, Boeber, Beyerhaus, Bullmann, Humboldt, Gevers, Pennyfeather, Kopff, Frankel, Knitze, Kotwitz, Horn &c. but you would be none the wiser. . . . Our last evening we had

merely our own particular friends with us and a very sweet parting we had. We took a sorrowful leave taking of them. They did really love us and I am sure we loved many of them. We were extremely busy the last day. I had a full morning packing &c. till 12 o'clock when we all started to the Palace to take a final leave taking of the Kronprinz and Prinzessin Wilhelme. None of our friends were we more sorry to part with. They had been so really kind to us. We had rather a long waiting in one of the splendid rooms at the Palace talking french to two of the Ladies in Waiting. We were some time with the Crown Princess before His Royal Highness appeared. We all wrote in her album and they both expressed their true regret at this visit being the last. The Prince spoke most cordially and made us all sit down and we had quite a familiar chat round the window for more than half an hour ending with a sweet little bit of serious from our Aunt which they received in a most feeling manner—that they might both be of their Lords Vineyard which was watered every moment &c. On going away the Prince asked for our Aunts' address Papa gave him one of her cards but the Prince would make me write it more fully. They both came with us thro' three rooms which is considered the highest mark of respect that Royalty pays to Visitors and the Princess gave us each two kisses and the Prince shook us by the Hand most warmly "Goodbye dear Gurney you must come again to Berlin" he said to Papa. It was quite touching to all of us to leave them and to ascend to the next storey of same Palace to take leave of the Princess Wilhelme. She and Princess Marie were waiting for us and the Prince and his 2 sons soon entered. We had not much time but I did not go as soon as the others as

I wished to see Mlle. d'Obstfelder, the princess' governess and to see her own little room which was as completely a child's nursery as could be and she showed me her dolls and playthings with the greatest delight. I was rather surprised that considering her Princesslike manner in the drawing room to see how much she could unbend behind the scenes and I loved her all the more for it. Her little playmate Albertine was with her whose eyes filled with tears when I took leave of her. I quite felt parting with them both. "Pray for me" said the little Princess as she ran fast across the whole suite of rooms with me, evidently wishing to add more but her English failed her. Papa had left one of the carriages for me and I drove round to Prince Charles' Palace as his governess had said she would like to show me his children again and our Aunt wanted some books sent there. Unfortunately they were at their early dinner and I could not see them. . . . We dined at three and managed to be off and join the five o'clock train to take us to Potsdam an hour's drive. Our start was droll enough, Rodolph had taken off our carriages to the station and had forgotten to order us another so William Allen brought two filthy Concerns with one horse into which we crammed Aunt, William Allen, Lucy Bradshaw and Mr. Beyerhaus (who travels with us) into one and Papa, Price Miss Murray (who was to go to Potsdam with us) into the other. It rather touched the pride of some of the party as many of our friends gathered round the door to see us pass but it was too absurd to have much more effect than to make us laugh. . . . Some of our friends had gone by the same train to spend one more evening with us. Prince Schöenberg and Lieutenant Schulz amongst the number. The former a noted

character in Berlin for poverty and idleness. The latter a crazy lieutenant whose weakness has happily taken the Religious turn. We had a spirited Committee of Ladies in the Evening. The Countess Basswitz at their head. All the Ladies seem highly interested in undertaking their labour of Love amongst the Prisons but we were all so sadly tired that it was an immense effort. The next day we were off early to reach Leipzig that night and the rest of the journey was untellably pleasant in our quiet coach. Mr. Beyerhaus was with us quite an agreeable addition. I read to them out of D'Aubignés' Reformation the account of that part of Luthers' Life which he spent at Wittemberg which town we were to pass thro'. I do not know any part of our journey that really interested us so much as the hour spent in this town. (*Wittemberg*.) Visiting the very cell in which he meditated the whole plan of the Reformation. Sitting in his chair and at his table on which he wrote his "theses" and carried on his studies. Seeing the very Beer Jug that he had drunk out of and the stove by which he had warmed himself. It was *most* interesting for we had been so full of him since reading d'Aubigné. On the wall Peter the Great's name is to be seen written with his own hand and preserved under a glass case. Of course Mrs. Fry wrote hers directly under it and ought to be preserved in the same manner. This curious University became Luthers' residence in 1508 he having been invited there by Frederic, the Elector of Saxony who was always his true friend; and no part of his life was fuller of interest than the time spent in this Convent. It was on the door of the Church in this town that his wonderful Theses were placed which was the Public Notice he boldly gave to the World of his grand Schemes

of Reformation. Our Guide showed us what he said were the very holes where the nails had been driven into. Inside this church where he was accustomed to preach he and his friend and adviser Melancthon are buried. A flat stone over each with their simple names mark the spot. A truly interesting and impressive sight. Not far from the Monastery is the house of Melancthon with a sentence in German over the door signifying "Here lived, taught, and died Melancthon". We much regretted having so little time here. I managed to take a few hasty sketches and came away with a bit of his table which an old soldier wrenched off with his teeth whilst our Guides' back was turned. The town is poor and dirty and nothing to recommend it but the interest of Luther. All the inhabitants that we saw about appeared pleased at the great interest that we shew and our knowledge of Luther and his proceedings. He is made much of still in the town and a large bronze Statue of him erected in the Market Place shows their esteem for him. This detention in our journey made it late before we reached Leipzig, we did not reach that town till nearly the Sabbath morning. But it was worth travelling on till nearly one o'clock to have had the sight we had had. Our Aunt, I fear, rather suffered from the late hour but we could not help ourselves. The heat had been very great and the clouds of dust most annoying but the evening was delicious. I imagined Mama and the Butterflies out in the garden most of the day. The trees have scarcely a tinge of green. Our Sabbath at Leipzig was really enjoyable. A delightful town with lovely gardens and Boulevards all round it which are frequented by the whole town and look most gay. Papa was delighted with it. We dined at the table d'hôte

rather against every body's judgement but neither Papa or I could resist it. The grand Leipzig fair was about to commence and people from all nations had assembled for this great event. At these fairs the streets and squares are lined with booths in which every article is exposed to sale. It is a time of great commercial interest for the whole of Central Europe. But the principal trade of Leipzig is books: the whole book trade of Germany being almost exclusively centered in this town. 120 people dined at the table d'hôte. All languages being gabbled round us. A Greek sat on one side of us and a Bohemian Jew on the other. Dinner was not over an hour and a half after we were seated and therefore we left the table. Papa and I found our way to the top of the Observatory and our Valet who had himself been there during the great Battle of Leipzig in 1813. gave us the most vivid description of the Positions of Napoleons' troops and interested us more by his detail than was right for the Sabbath afternoon. . . .

It is now third day. Papa and Wm. Allen are just gone off to see Prince John, the King of Saxony's brother and we intend to return to Leipzig this afternoon. Tomorrow to travel to Weimar, the next day to Gotha and then to Frankfort. We have been walking about the Market before breakfast full of the country people in different costumes. Their heads tied up in colored handkerchiefs and broad brimmed straw hats, sitting under the shade of large umbrellas of various bright colours. The flowers and vegetables quite beautiful. Many dead Roebucks shot in the woods and forests that cover these lovely hills and live fish of all sorts fresh from the Elbe. Dresden has interested us extremely It is a heavy dull looking town and a very gloomy Italian

effect but there is something so new in it after the new fashioned Style of Berlin that it would have been quite a loss not to have seen it. We had but poor apartments in the Hotel Stadt Rom as the hotel was very full. Our rooms looked into a fine square immediately opposite the Noted Picture Gallery. Here we spent an hour. Papa is not enough of a connoisseur to wish to stay long amongst paintings. Neither do I think he in the least admired Corregio's "Notte" or "the night," or Raphaels' Madonna di San Sisto. The Effect of the light emanating from the face of the Child in the former picture is remarkably beautiful. A female near hides her eyes with her hand as if the glory of the light from the child was too strong for her. The latter picture is considered the gem of the Dresden Gallery and is considered by many as the finest of his works. Besides a walk on the Terrace of Brühl along the Bank of the Elbe we mounted the top of the Frauenkirche or Church of our Lady and spent an hour in the Grüne Gewölbe (or green vaults) which contain the most costly treasures and an endless assortment of the Richest Jewels elegantly displayed and beautifully arranged. Here the Court of Saxony keeps all the jewels in its Possession and they take the greatest pride in making it as rich as a collection as any other town can boast of. I must not omit to mention the tempting shops of Dresden china which is made not in Dresden but at Meissen, a small town some miles from this town. Here we were captivated by the exquisite taste of the china and brought away a few of the best Specimens, notwithstanding the expensiveness of the Price and the difficulty of carriage. Our day had been so well worth while and we have seen so much in the time. We are now tired and ready for bed. . . .

COPY OF OUR AUNT FRYS' LETTER TO
THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA¹

Leipzig, April 28, 1840.

My much esteemed Christian Friend

Allow me to address thee.

. . . I feel rather fearful but in the last interview that the Princess and thyself favored us with I sufficiently expressed how kindly we were received by the Minister of the Interior at Berlin but at the same time in the Paper he sent to the Gentlemens Association he was certainly too restrictive altho' I at first advised their yielding to all his restrictions with the hope that this important path of duty, may before long be made easy to them by the Government of their Country. . . . Since we parted the welfare of Prussia, its interesting people, its King and the Royal family have dwelt much in my heart. For the king, thy father, I earnestly desire that his Sun may set in brightness and no cloud over it either in the sight of God or Man. I have a very serious fear that if something is not done to grant more liberty of conscience to the Old Lutherans that there will be a cloud. Few are sufficiently faithful to Kings and those in authority, therefore the truth is often hidden from them even when they really wish to know it. But my opinion is where we feel a deep Christian interest in the present and everlasting welfare of those under them, we are bound to speak the truth in love even if we should ourselves be brought into some reproach by it. . . .

May the Lord himself incline the heart of the King to grant this people the same liberty to worship God as they believe right, that he grants the Moravians and

¹ He succeeded as king within two months.

other Christians. . . . I will now go to what is much pleasanter to me, my satisfactory and sweet remembrance of the different times I spent with thyself and thy dear Princess. My heart is warmed towards you in much christian love and sympathy. My belief is that you have had your trials of faith and patience that for all your high position and your abundance of things of this life you have not found this world a resting place. . . .

Your attached and grateful.'

&c.

Frankfort on the Maine, May 3, 1840 (from Papa)

We arrived here last night after a very interesting journey from Leipzig. Our Sister rather overdone with the journey. We have passed a pleasant week. Last first day at Leipzig much in the quiet, having a few Christian friends in the evening to unite with us in our Scripture reading. On 2nd day morning William Allen &c. went off by Railroad to Dresden leaving our Sister at Leipsic for one night to rest, recruite and write. This excursion was very pleasant we not only were interested in the place but also met a few Christian friends. We returned the next evening feeling satisfaction in having made the effort. On fourth day morning we left the very agreeable city of Leipsic now in great bustle from one of its large fairs. It was very entertaining seeing people from many countries in their various costumes all congregated together. As I said our journey thro' from that place had been thro' a much more interesting country than we had anticipated or arranged for so that we passed thro' it quicker than we otherwise should have done had we known. The country in parts very beautiful partly thro' the Thuringian forest.

We paid an agreeable visit to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar at Weimar. The Duchess was Sister to the late Emperor Alexander of Russia and much beloved by him. She showed us a beautiful bust of him with tears in her eyes and talked to our Aunt much about him. She is mother to two of the Prussian Princesses¹ (see page 69) whom we knew at Berlin. The town of Weimar is good and beautifully situated. The fine palace on the edge of a running stream in a beautiful Park. Gotha is also a fine town. The late residence of Prince Albert.² We did not visit the family which is now rather painful to us but Lucy Bradshaw, Bessie and I took a hasty run over the Palace especially thro' Alberts' old suite of apartments. Their effect is quite royal and the Palace magnificent. He has left much more than I ever thought he had for his wife, but I cannot conceive how these little sovereigns live in such palaces and maintain so much state. Saxe Weimar had only a Population of 250.000 Saxe Gotha and Coburg about 150.000 but the Palace of the latter is nearly as large as Windsor. On the way we visited Luthers old Convent at Erfurth and the old castle of the Wartburg where he was confined for 10 months after attending the Diet at Worms one of the most interesting and finely situated ruins I have ever seen.

(Continued by Elizabeth Gurney.)

Papa's letter tells so little of our journey home from Leipzig that I shall add a few further particulars. Leipsig itself we were much interested by. The historical recollections of the town add so much to its charm. The

¹ The Princesses William and Charles.

² The Prince Consort.

very spot where Poniatowski¹ lost his life in attempting to cross a small river is shown to you. The bridge being destroyed by Napoleon after he had fled over it, to prevent the allies from following him, Poniatowski and hundreds more of his followers had no opportunity of leaving the town and thus preventing themselves from being destroyed but by attempting to cross the stream in which so many of them lost their life. A small stone monument marks the spot of this sad scene. We drove out to Rosenthal a lovely little Park surrounded with trees and a favorite resort of the inhabitants especially of the lower class in their gay costumes. It is curious to observe the various dresses now assembled in the town. None prettier than the Tyrolese with their tight green stiff dresses and high black hats trimmed with bright flowers. Our first days journey from Leipsig brought us to *Weimar*. The chief interest of the day had been passing the plains of Lützen. Memorable for the battle in 1631 where Gustavus Adolphus fell. A rough block of granite stands on the spot close to the road where he died. A large iron railing is placed round it. I sketched it from the carriage as we drew up to examine it closely. A simple G.A. 1631 is all the record of this great historical event, marked on the stone. We dined at Weissenfels and whilst our dinner was preparing visited the town house where the dead body of Gustavus was brought to after the battle. The country has been very pleasing some part of our journey along the valley of the Saale and some fine old castles seen. The town of Weimar is a sweet place. Here the grand Duke and Duchess reside

¹ He remained faithful to Napoleon, who made him a Marshal of France after Leipsig (1813). Leading the rearguard of the retreating French army and finding the bridge over the Elster blown up, he plunged into the river and died fighting.

this being the capital of the little principality of Saxe Weimar. Hearing that our Aunt was at the Erbprinz Hotel they sent for the party and we paid them a pleasant visit but much of court etiquette about it. We were received by a lady in waiting who presented us to the Duke and Duchess. The Duke had known Wm. Allen before and W. Allen had called on him early in the morning. We sat with them for some time. Their daughters, two of the Prussian Princesses, had mentioned our party to them and they were evidently curious to see us all. The Duke showed me his statues and pictures &c. There are several rooms with scenes from Schillers and Göthes' work painted on the walls. These two poets resided at Weimar and were much at the Palace. We saw their tombs close to each other in a vault under a small chapel near the town. In the same place we observed one of the dismal chambers used for placing the dead body previous to burial with the singular apparatus to guard against the accident of burial in cases of suspended animation. The fingers were placed in loops of string communicating with bells very lightly hung fixed in the apartment of an attendant who is always on the watch. Consequently the slightest movement would occasion alarm. They said some years ago a young lady had been restored to life by this means.

We found it difficult to leave Weimar in so short time. Our Aunt visited the Prison with Mademoiselle von Schwendler and some others but our time was short and as it was, we had a longer afternoons' journey than we expected as we wished to reach Gotha early to see what we could of Prince Alberts' town. I had read Luthers' early history to the party in the carriage and the account of his first entering the convent at Erfurth

(*Erfurth*, iv. 30.) so that our interest was great in passing Erfurth and spending half an hour in the old Augustine convent which is now converted into a school in which live John and Maria Luther, actual descendants of Martin Luthers'. The schoolmaster was extremely pleased at our interest in the place and showed us the old chapel in which he preached and his own apartment which is preserved as nearly as possible as it was when he died and contains his Bible, Inkstand and other relics. He entered this convent in 1505 and spent several years here. We had been reading his life with such attention that visiting this place was most interesting. We created some stir in the school. Maria Luther took me all over the convent and altho' I could not understand a word she said yet it was a strange feeling to have *her* as my guide. They showed us the Sword he wore when kept as prisoner in the old castle of the Wartburg.

Gotha, April 30.

We dawdled so long about the old convent that by the time we had reached Gotha it was almost too dusk to see much, but Papa went to the Palace with Lucy Bradshaw and myself, to see what we could. On our way we passed the Theatre and observing the Royal carriages driving up to the door we stood so that we could distinguish the people and our guide showed us both Prince Alberts father and mother and others of the family. It was a regret to the whole party not to have time to call on them in the morning but being obliged to leave early we could not attempt it. We were much interested in going thro' Alberts' rooms and to hear the high character that the old house keeper gave of him. We had found a capital dinner waiting for us at the

Hotel Der Mohr. The same place in which Napoleon had rested for some hours on his flight from Leipsig. We left early the next morning after a short walk about the town. It is a bright cheerful place. Many English reside here and a great many of great German families. Rudolph bought us the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1840. A very noted book that is printed here which gives the names, ages, and pedigrees of all the reigning princes of Europe and the Ministers attached to each Court. We observed the fine Palace in the distance long after we had left the town having much the same effect as Windsor and looking most Royal. It was quite mortifying to the whole party not to have seen its inhabitants for the old Butler who shewed us the private apartments of the Prince and to whom Papa gave his card for the Prince told us he was sure he would have had much pleasure in seeing the English people. He talked french and told us a good deal about the family of whom he spoke as highly as the housekeeper.

This mornings' drive was full of interest. After our usual Chapter in the Bible we again proceeded with D'Aubigné's "Reformation" and read the interesting tale of Luthers' Captivity in the old castle of the Wartburg. As we drove up to Eisenach we observed the Castle built on a very steep precipice above the town. Rudolph protested against the possibility of allowing us time to see it but Papa was determined that he would and leaving Aunt Fry employed in writing a few lines to the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha to apologise for not having called we went at full speed in a little caleche drawn by two beautiful strong white ponies, up to the castle. The ponies soon *scrambled* us all to the top and then a most interesting hour we spent amongst

the Ruins. Luthers' room is still carefully kept as far as possible in its original state and contains his table and stool, inkstand &c. We had read of his having attacked the Devil with his inkstand and certainly we were shown the inkspots on the wall with the greatest gravity by the woman who showed us the curiosities.

The Wartburg is splendidly situated, overlooking a wide range of beautifully wooded hills forming a part of the Thuringian forest. From the Castle walls they pointed out Luthers' road from Worms and the very spot where he was taken captive by order of his friend Frederic duke of Saxony who took him prisoner merely that he might conceal him from his ennemies who were hot against him after the wonderful Diet at Worms in which he had stood so wonderfully against the abuses in the Romish Church. D'Aubigné mentions the account of his being attacked and made prisoner and continues to say "Il était près de onze heures avant minuit lorsqu'ils arrivèrent au pied d'une montagne. Les chevaux la gravirent lentement. Sur la hauteur se trouvait une vieille forteresse entourée de tous les côtés, sauf celui par lequel on y arrivait: des bois noirs qui recouvrent les montagnes de la Thuringe. C'est dans ce château élevé et isolé, nommé la Wartburg que l'on conduit Luther. Il descend de cheval dans une cour. Un cavalier conduit le docteur (Luther) dans la chambre qui doit être sa prison, et où se trouvent disposés un vêtement de chevalier et une épée." This sword is that one that was shown to us by the Schoolmaster at Erfurth and which I mentioned before. Luther spent ten months in this abode in 1521. So secretly was he taken that no one knew for some time what had become of him. Whilst here he took the name of Junker

George (Squire George) and passed as a young nobleman. He spent his time in completing a large portion of his translation of the Bible.

We all returned to the hotel quite delighted with our excursion. The guide was delighted at the great interest we took and would not be satisfied until he had helped me down a steep precipice where I might have a good view of the Castle, and then made signs to me to sketch it which proceeding he watched most intently. Rudolph met us with rather a cross look at having been kept so long and begging us to remember that he had reminded us of the time before we started and therefore it would not be his fault if we could not reach Frankfort by Saturday evening.

We slept at Fulda. A dull looking town and the next morning started early to Frankfort.

Frankfort, May 4.

Our Aunt was so very ill on our arrival here and has continued so unwell since we arrived that our visit to this fine town has not been very agreeable to us. It has been very pleasant seeing Dr. Pinkertons' family and going about this place of which we have heard so much. The great fair was going on which was a curious and novel sight and very entertaining to our whole party. Papa and I called on Mrs. Rothschild. The mother to Nathan Rothschild. She appeared pleased in seeing papa as having been her son's friend. She prefers living in the Jews' street in a miserable house tho' from the immense wealth of the family she might reside in a palace. It was a very interesting sight. She looks very old but gaily attired with artificial flowers gay ribbons &c. We had not time to visit the usual sights of the town

but we walked about in the Public Gardens and walked round Baron Rothschild's villa and garden. On the Sunday evening we had a large company to join our evening reading who all appeared much pleased with the occasion.

Mayence, May 4.

The Rail Road brought us from Frankfort and landed us in time to take a walk thro' the public gardens from which we had a fine view of the Rhine and the town itself. The next morning we found ourselves on board a very comfortable Packet and a high treat we found it the whole day admiring the beauties of the River and seeing all those lovely towns and fine mountains of which I had heard so much all my life. Some parts exceeded my expectations and others disappointed me. We all much enjoyed our day. The weather was fine and we had a pleasant party on board. Our Aunts' books were greedily snatched up and read by everybody in the Boat. Some of the sailors forming groups and reading aloud to those that could not read. We slept at Cologne and all the party left early but Papa and myself who wished to see something of the town and intended to follow the others to Düsseldorf. We visited the beautiful Cathedral, the Tomb of the three Kings which is said to contain their bones etc. and walked thro' the principal dirty streets and after a good dinner we were just preparing to start on the Boat, when to our surprise Rodolph returned from the other party to say that they had *stuck* for 4 hours on the River, it was so shallow and they did not know when they would be able to proceed. We would not trust ourselves to a similar accident and therefore hiring the whole of the Schnellpost or Mail

we travelled along the banks of the River and crossing the River by a ferry reached Düsseldorf shortly after the others had arrived.

Düsseldorf, May 6.

Our visit here was very agreeable meeting so many agreeable people and the town itself so pleasant. Our hotel the Breitenbacher Hof was thoroughly comfortable, Monsieur Capellan our landlord doing all he could for us. The town is surrounded by most pleasant walks. The Rhine here is muddy and most unpicturesque. All fine scenery is beyond Cologne. Prince Charles of Prussia had given Papa a letter to his cousin Prince Frederic who resides here and he called on him with William Allen in consequence. The prince afterwards called at our Hotel but unfortunately we were not at home. He was invited to our hotel by our Aunt without her knowing who he was. At her visit to one of the prisons a General Barner who knew English well came forward to offer to interpret for her. He went swimmingly on till some allusion was made to Mary Magdalene. This completely puzzled him when a young man who was with him in undress military costume stepped forward, explained to the General the meaning (who appeared never to have heard of Mary Magdalene in his life) and went on interpreting himself. This scene ended by our Aunt thanking the General for his kind efforts and asking him to the hotel for the evening and begged him to bring his young friend with him. One of the ladies then told my Aunt after the gentleman had left that no other than the Prince Frederic himself had been her interpreter! Our kindest friends at Düsseldorf were the Count and Countess Groeben.

Most interesting and dear people. The Countess talking English well and the Count talking french. They are both most devoted and true Christians and well known in Prussia. They had heard much of our whole party from Berlin and the dear Countess helped our Aunt in every way she could. The Count has some great office under Government (Düsseldorf is in the King of Prussia's dominions) and is looked up to by every one. Two soldiers stand day and night outside the Entrance Gate. Here as in many other foreign houses your carriage drives into the hall and lands you at the foot of the stairs. This is the almost universal plan abroad in Gentlemen's houses and a great improvement as are many of their ways on English customs. For some years a Ladies Committee has been formed here for visiting the Prison and this had been a strong inducement to Mrs. Fry to visit Düsseldorf. We met the ladies at the house of Countess Goldstein. A very benevolent Roman Catholic lady and eminent for her good deeds. Her interest was great at seeing our Aunt and hearing her speak. She was too poorly to be present herself at the Committee but we both went up to see her in her bedroom. Her crucifix, Holy Water and Beads besides various images of the Virgin adorned her room altho' her conversation appeared to be far above such things. Another kind friend was the Count Van der Reeke and his dear countess. They have themselves established and used their whole fortune in a capital institution for destitute children. They reside in the old abbey of Düsselthal which they have fitted up for the use of the Children amongst whom they live as father and mother. They speak only German but their sweet Christian manner was enough to make us all love

them. Papas' liberal donations to their institution won their hearts immediately. Captain Wunster and Papa were great friends. He speaks English well. Is head of the large body of Cavalry that are always quartered here and enjoys Papas' knowledge of *worldly* matters. We had some difficulty in finding a suitable interpreter but our landlord found out a Mr. Langley who is professor of the English language and is an agreeable young Englishman with an agreeable wife. His external appearance is not ones' beau ideal of Mrs. Frys' companion and *Tongue* but he performs his part well and we have learnt not to be particular and fortunately it is our Aunts' talent to find "Good in every thing."

One morning we drove over to Kaiserswerth an old town on the Rhine and the residence of Pastor Fliedner. An eminently good man. He has established a small hospital close to his own house which is evidently beautifully arranged. He has also instituted Protestant Sisters of Charity whom he terms Deaconesses. These are all dressed alike in blue print gowns and neat white Caps. They wait entirely on the patients, go out to visit the poor and are sent to any parts of the Kingdom where real good Christian Nurses are required. They appeared a capital set of women and were pleased when they saw our great interest in them. Our Aunt had them assembled after dinner at the Pastors' house and he interpreted to them her beautiful address giving them excellent hints on nursing the Sick and the necessity of true quiet. Christian Manners of Gentleness and Evenness of temper to form a real Nurse. This had been *her* experience and she felt sure from their looks and manners it had been *theirs* also. A refuge for discharged prisoners and a bright little Infant School are both under

his immediate care. Whilst our Aunt rested the Pastor took us a walk to the old Castle, long the residence of the German Emperors as the name of the town implies. We had passed many of these old ruins whilst coming up the Rhine but this was the first of them that we had visited. We admired the Rhine (unpicturesque as it is here) and the distant country thro' the broken arches and Windows.

May 10. Our *meeting* at our hotel on the Sunday Evening was most solemn and a very memorable time. We had many friends both amongst the Religious and more worldly. They all met here for one purpose and it was curious to observe the surprise on some of the Good Peoples' faces at meeting many of those whom they had no idea would be present at such an occasion. Religious party feeling is very high here. But all had united on one head—viz. [surprise] that Mrs. Fry should have any intercourse with those whom they did not account as really Christians. Even the Countess Gröben good as she is expressed her astonishment at it. But on this evening it would be difficult to say whether the Religious or the Worldly were the most struck by our Aunts' and William Allens' powerful addresses to them. Our sitting room large as it was so full that we opened Papas' bedroom door which room was soon also more than half filled.

Düsseldorf has a great school for painting. Many of its first artists were there with their long hair, *A la Jeune France*. Officers in their military dress Good Pastors &c &c &c. All appeared equally interested and expressed their gratitude at being allowed to be present. Pastor Fliedner had interpreted delightfully and much pleased everyone. No one appeared more delighted

than Madme de Voss who *adores* our aunt and also the Countess de Münster and her 2 Countess daughters who are related to the Gröbens and had fortunately arrived at the Breidenbacher Hof that afternoon to pay their relations a visit. On the whole our few days at Düsseldorf have been perhaps the most interesting part of our tour. We had heard so much of the place before arriving and almost knew some of our friends by the description we had heard of them. Our Aunt had for years wished to visit this town knowing the interests of it and Elberfeld not far distant. But we were obliged to give up all idea of Elberfeld as our time was short and it is useless to visit a town containing so much without a few days of leisure.

Düsseldorf was the place that we had intended to make any halt at. This visit was to be the end of *work* and nothing was left for us but to make the best of our way home.

Our journey to Antwerp gave us the opportunity of visiting the towns of Aix la Chappelle and Liege at which latter place we again had recourse to our old Friend the Great Belgian Railroad which brought us safely to Antwerp. Here we again saw some of our old friends whom we had left on the 9th of March and who heard the accounts of our travels with much interest. Our old coach had done its duty well as far as Liege when the wheel was discovered to have been so injured by the rough roads across the beautiful Valley of the Vesdre that we could not have taken another post with it. However we had ceased to want its services at this town and we all felt happy that it had not happened any where else.

We reached London by "The Antwerp" after a really pleasant voyage on the 14th of May 1840.

ON THE RHINE.

[*Some of this has already been told in letter from Frankfort of the same date.*]

May 3, 1840.

I must tell you about our journey from Dresden from which place I wrote to you last. It has turned out so much more interesting than we all expected, and our regret is that we did not allow more time for it. I told you in my last letter, that we had left our Aunt alone at Leipsic, while we went on the rail road to Dresden. Leipsic fair was just commencing, so we saw the Town to advantage. Such a strange variety of costumes from all countries in Europe.

From *Leipsic* we had an easy days journey to *Weimar*; the chief interest of the day was passing the plains of Lützen where Gustavus Adolphus fell, the place is marked by a stone. Our quiet travelling day, was most acceptable, and we added much to the interest of it by reading D'Aubigné's account of Luther's travelling the very road, that we had been going from Wittemberg, thro' Leipsic and Frankfort, to the great Diet at Worms where he was summoned to answer for himself, before so many Princes &c. His return from the Diet was not less interesting to us, as we visited as I shall tell you about directly the very place,¹ he was put in prison. Our time at Weimar was very agreeable, quite a romantic town delightful public parks and gardens all round, the trees looking so lovely, and the weather so fine. We arrived very late, but my Father and I were up early to explore, and a ramble about the town, gave us no small appetite for breakfast, after which our

¹ Eisenach.

gentlemen went to the Palace, the residence of Charles Frederic the Grand Duke, to fix a time for an interview. They saw the Duke, who was very kind and courteous, having previously known William Allen. 12 o'clock was the hour fixed upon, this was rather late for us, but as the Duke and Duchess were parents of two of the Princesses at Berlin, who had been so kind to us they thought it necessary to stop. The Duke took me himself, through his beautiful suite of apartments, pointed out some of his finest pictures, and talked much with me about the Prussian Princesses, his daughters. The Duchess too was all courtesy, but being a little deaf, she was more difficult to talk to. She was the sister to the Emperor Alexander of Russia and had been his intimate friend all his life. As she passed a statue of him in the great hall, she looked at William Allen and then at the statue, but said nothing. W. Allen made some remark that affected her to tears. This town is celebrated as Goethes birthplace; he and Schiller lie side by side in a vault in the Burial ground. We visited their tombs. Some of the rooms in the Palace bear Goethe's name as he used to be a great friend of the Dukes, and lived much with him. The walls are beautifully painted with pictures illustrating his works. Our visit to the Palace had delayed us so long that we could not leave *Weimar* before 3 o'clock. Altho' we had only spent a morning there, we had become acquainted with many families, who all assembled to see us off. We slept at Gotha, and during our journey, we paid such an interesting visit to *Erfurth*. Luther's career first began there. In D'Aubignés "Reformation" the account of his entering this convent is beautifully described. Of course we did not pass through the town, without visiting his cell.

It is curious we should have been reading about him so much in "D'Aubigné," and now to be so completely thrown in all his beats. We were shown over the rooms, chapel, garden, etc. and saw 2 of Luther's descendants, still bearing his name, who are now at the school that is carried on in the old Convent. Maria Luther was much amused at watching me sketch the old place and altho' she could speak nothing but German, yet we rambled about together, finding out his old haunts, while the elders were visiting the School, to the delight of the old Schoolmaster, a most absurd individual; long bare neck, hair combed back from his forehead; blue dressing gown, straw hat &c. He seemed as though he could not sufficiently appreciate the honour of having Mrs. Fry on his arm, of whom he had read about for more than 20 years. We all wrote our names out of Luthers own inkstand; studied his handwriting, and the very pulpit he preached from; and the sword he wore whilst imprisoned in the Castle of the Wartburg, when they dressed him up as a young knight to avoid detection; and then ran back to the carriage almost afraid to meet Rudolph, who had given us only $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, for our expedition, and we had far exceeded the hour. His looks of despair sometimes when he cannot get us off are most amusing. "How unhappy you look Rudolph" I say sometimes to him laughing "And you will too" "Ma'am" he says "if I have not brought you to a comfortable inn by 11 o'clock at night." The country about Gotha as we approached it was most lovely, and we were glad enough in spite of Rudolphs ejaculations to the contrary, to find ourselves driving into the town, at 7 o'clock, thus giving us ample time to see a little and we immediately went off to the sight that all loyal

English hearts cannot fail to see with interest. Albert's Palace, or rather his father's the Duke of Saxe Gotha. You cannot think what a fine building it is, and how really magnificent it looks, as you drive into the Town standing on an eminence. We walked through the rooms, a beautiful suite of them that belong to our Prince; our guide shewed off with triumph his really splendid apartments. We had no idea he lived in such state. He bears the highest character here, we met his Mother and Brother on their way to the Theatre and we all very much regretted that we had not time to pay our respects to them as we had to be off at an early hour the next morning. . . .

The first Journey lasted from Feb. 26 to May 14, 1840

JOURNAL-LETTERS OF A JOURNEY
TO
HOLLAND, GERMANY AND DENMARK
BY
ELIZABETH GURNEY

IN COMPANY OF HER AUNT, ELIZABETH
FRY, HER UNCLE JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY
AND HIS DAUGHTER, ANNA, IN 1841.



ELIZABETH FRY; AFTER PORTRAIT BY GEORGE RICHMOND

Rotterdam, Hotel de Pays Bas.

Aug. 1 1841.

1st. day.

I shall follow in my betters footsteps and spend a little time with you. Our Sabbath has been rather an unsettled one as we have been too tired to attempt a meeting and reading always ends in a few minutes in a good sleep. I am by far the best of the party as I was wise and kept quite in my berth whilst the others were jumping about all night. But I must tell you a little—our day yesterday was spent very happily. None of us ill and all enjoying each others company quietly. Our little cabin was most useful—airy and a nice sofa. We made a great friendship with Lady Malet who clung to us all the way. Sir Alexander Malet¹ is Secretary of Legation under Sir E. Disbrowe at the Hague. He has just called on us to thank for our kindness to his Lady. We had one or two small adventures, such as smashing wine bottles and sitting three times on Aunt's bonnet. The first time it could not be found, everybody was set to hunt. The stewardess was in affliction—"If it is lost Mrs. Fry, you can't get another made like it all over Holland. What will you do?"—We gave up the search and settled it was lost when we heard Aunt calling us that she had found it crushed. She held it up squashed as flat as a pancake! "My bonnet! My bonnet——

Uncle has sat upon it, upon it!" The ladies put it

¹ Later British Minister to the German confederation at Frankfort, and father of Sir Edward Malet, sometime Ambassador at Berlin.

straight for her and every one congratulated her. Uncle had been quietly studying German sitting on it! "This is what I call a commencement," says Aunt, who took it most quietly.

The evening we enjoyed lazing about on the deck which all the ladies had deserted long ago. We watched the moon, thought of you and repeated hymns. We were grieved to find that on account of low tide and numerous sandbanks we should have to go 60 miles round and not reach here till eleven o'clock. This was sad news but *Patience* was the word. Now as to our night. Misery and drollery was the mixture. Not that we were ill hardly at all. The effort of unpacking our things and the close cabin was too much for Anna and me but it was a momentary *effort* and then all was over. But it would be useless to describe the scene as I saw it peeping over my Berth close to the ceiling. Aunt rolling about underneath me. Anna on the sofa. We had no window only an open Venetian Blind which separated us from the Helmsman so that we heard all the converses between the Captain and him during the night. *This*, added to the tremendous heaving, rolling, and groaning of the old ship and the uproarious voice of the Second Mate now and then sounding to see the depth of water and singing out to the Captain how many fathoms deep made us feel fairly at sea. Our door *was open* into the great cabin where a few gentlemen passed the night and with whom we held diverse talks from our *berths* (nothing is indecorous at sea)—"What is that noise?" "Canst thou tell me what time it is?" "Have we got into the River, etc.?" At last we suddenly stopt for a few minutes. A despatch was sent to the Captain to know what was the matter. "All right"

was all that he would answer but he appeared rather flurried. We then went on again and such a tremendous sea we passed thro' as I had never felt before. We had to hold tight to our berths to keep ourselves from being thrown out and I managed to keep myself in by lying a la chimney sweeper in a chimney and holding myself in by my knees (Think, Mama how sad)—Aunt turned extremely faint. Anna and I were afraid to speak to offer any assistance as we were too bad to move. Happily Uncle Joseph came up in his nightgown. He called the stewardess who soon set us to rights—the fact was we were then making a violent effort to get over one of these sandbanks which would prevent our going the 60 miles round. But it was the merest chance that we did not stick and remain there till this present moment. Uncle said afterwards that in his 10,000 miles of sea travelling he had never seen a ship in such fearful breakers before. Anna was up and on deck by two and Aunt was as good as up—talking to people in the cabin and walking about. I believe I was the only wise person on board who had fairly undressed and kept comfortably in my berth all night. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past five as everybody was up I got up also and was just finished dressing when we sailed up within 3 yards of our hotel. And here we are enjoying a magnificent saloon and good bedrooms—They are all extremely tired and it remains to be proved if I shall not be the only one to undertake the meeting entirely this evening with Francois' help—He is excellent I have had a pleasant walk with Mrs. Dunlop dear Papa, and went to see her 2 boys. Her delight at seeing us was great. She goes to Gouda with us tomorrow as Aunt seems inclined to go. Dr. Bosworth is gone. Suringar is in Germany but will perhaps meet us at

Amsterdam. J. Mollet was here to receive us. We have a meeting this evening. We go to the Boys Prison at 9 tomorrow To Gouda at 11 and a social *West Indian*¹ party to-morrow. Our party falls in delightfully. We are very happy. It has been a wet morning but is now fine.

We think much of thee dearest Papa. This town reminds us of thee so much.

6 o'clock. 2nd day. We have had a pleasant excursion to Gouda. Find the prison much improved, dearest Papa, and have much admired the Church etc.

Most lovingly and tenderly,

E. S. G.

*The Hague, Aug. 5, 1841.
Belle Vue Hotel.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Amidst all the turmoils of high life and low life between Dungeons and Palaces time flies too quick to attempt much in the writing line. The greater our interests are the less time I have to communicate them. I am sitting in this pleasant room, dearest Papa, looking onto the Park—but not in our old parlour. Anne and I have just come in, in Sir Alexander Malets' carriage. Uncle and Aunt are gone to see the Ministre des Finances and we are settled to an hours quiet writing, in spite of a fine Review that is taking place on the Green, dear Papa, but alas! We have no one to take us and like good girls we remain at home. But I really think it would be wise to go back to Rotterdam and go on with my tale from thence. Our two evenings there were well attended. A Religious Soiree on first day and Slavery

¹ Joseph John Gurney had lately returned from the West Indies.

on the second. We were amused and rested by our quiet drive here. Visiting at Delft the tomb of the Prince of Orange, again, but we were not lost, dear Papa, this time, and arriving here to a *dejeuner* at 11. Thee can't think, dear Papa, how much pleasanter Holland is now than in the Winter. The gardens are lovely and having no hedges but canals to divide them from the Road, it is like driving thro' a succession of gardens. Our arrival here was soon published thro' the town and Grochs Fagels De Vrows, Malets, etc. either sent or came to welcome us. Our tide then began and it has not ceased since. I enjoy hearing them ask after Papa and regretting his absence and publishing thy picture, tender Mother, as thy representative. The ladies are so charmed with it and think me so happy to have "sooch a Moother." We had about 20 the first evening. It was merely a social occasion. Do thee remember Mr. Elout, that agreeable "sweet man" as Aunt says. He was again delighted to meet us. The ladies seemed overpowered with joy and feasted on Aunt's face as tho' it was a pineapple. Yesterday was fourth day. We found in this hotel and made acquaintance (of course) with the King of Prussia's¹ Aide de Camp Von Below—who I guess has taken Colonel Roeder's Place. He has a charming daughter and a great friend of my Prussian Friends:—[In the remaining part of this letter, the ink has faded away so much that it is impossible to decipher.]

The Hague,
15th day. Aug. 6, 1841.

Anna and I spent a most industrious morning in arranging all the books with Francois with constant

¹ Now Frederick William IV.

interruptions of callers. Uncle and Aunt very busy in preparing Prison Documents with Mr. Hord Siccama a great Prison man. At 11 o'clock after a little refreshment they drove off to the Princess of Orange. Here they were very kindly received. She appeared so deeply interested in Aunts labours and also in Uncles West Indian Tale. She is the King of Wartemberg's daughter and an old pupil (dear Papa) of Marianne Murrays'. She has a young Prince about little Gurney Leathams' age which she brought into the room to receive Aunt's blessing. "I have two nieces with me that would so like to see this dear little Prince" says Aunt. She then begged Aunt to send us as she would so like to see us herself, and fixed four o'clock for us to go. During their visit there an order came from the Princess Frederic for Aunt to visit her at two o'clock at her Country House which Anna and I accepted for her. For the letters explaining these people I will add a *Map* of the Family.

The King, William II of Holland.

The Queen, Sister to the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia and to the Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar (whom we know); and their only daughter.

The Princess Sophie, about 8.

The Kings brothers—

Prince of Orange, married Sister to the King of Würtemberg, and 1 son aged 8 months, named William.

Prince Frederic, married to Princess Louise, sister of King Frederic William IV of Prussia. Their children are

Princess Louise, 13 years old.

Prince Frederic, about 4 years, and a baby of 5 weeks.

At 2 o'clock having adorned ourselves *in costume* we drove off to the Het Huis de Paauw, the residence of S.A.R. The Prince Frederic. A lovely spot and most elegant house. 6 White Goats tethered on the lawn and a beautiful drive up to the door. (Uncle was not

with us.) Anna and I were not invited but we went trusting to fate to get us introduced which was easily done by Aunt who told the little Princess Louise that she could not talk French to her but that she had two nieces in the carriage who could and Her Royal Highness immediately ran out of the room and gave orders to have us sent for. Following one footman in Blue, Scarlet & Gold and being followed by two others we were ushered into a beautifully furnished suite of apartments. In the end room behind a most pretty screen of trellis work of Morandria and Clematis was seated the Princess Frederic, simply draped in handsome striped silk. Aunt by her side and the little Princess and Prince Frederic at her feet. Such a very pretty picture. When Princess Louise saw us she came to meet us and our conversation immediately turned (in French) on Princess Marie and many other of our mutual friends at the Prussian Court. This was equally pleasant to both of us and forcibly reminded me, dearest Papa, of many *happy* visits paid at the Schloss at Berlin. The little Prince, too, was so very pretty, draped exactly like our picture of the Prince Frederic of Prussia.¹ His English *Bonne* came in to speak to us—and the Princess Frederic brought her little Baby of five weeks old in her arms to present him to us. The little Prince was lying on a cushion (the usual way of nursing Babies here, dear Priscilla a good hint for thee) tied on to it by muslin wrapped most elegantly trimmed with lace and Pink Satin Bows. Aunt kissed it and gave it her blessing. Then the Princess turned to the Nurse and gave her the Babe and claimed the same privilege for herself. Then two dames d'honneur came in who had been to our

¹ Later Emperor Frederick.

soiree the evening before. Again the conversation turned on Berlin, they being acquainted with the dames d'honneur of the Berlin Court. We seem to have been well talked about there by everybody. They would have kept us a much longer time but as time was progressing and we had to be at the Princess of Orange by 4, contrary to all rules of etiquette Aunt said that she feared she must go. "Don't forget your little Prince" says Prince Frederic to me as he escorted me to the carriage. He is just 4 years old but all the manners of the Court about him. The Princess Louise sent her compliments by me to Fishbach and we all parted Good Friends. The day before had been quite a fête day at The Hague (It is mentioned in the Paper I have sent to Rachel) as it was her birthday 13. On returning to the Hague we dropt Aunt at our Hotel Belle Vue and picking up Uncle drove on to the handsome palace of the Prince of Orange. This was formidable work rather to me not having Aunt Fry to take care of us and this Princess is generally considered so very high. Heaps, Shoals, droves, of Livery Servants in Cocked Hats (which always look so fierce) surrounded the door, but we were soon handed thro' and a beautifully dressed Aide de Camp met us. Uncle remained with them and we two girls, being surrounded by an escort of Servants went upstairs where the little Prince plainly dressed in white muslin was brought to us by its Dutch Nurse. It was most entertained at our Bonnets. (The Count Von Below that I mentioned our having in the Hotel was come from the King of Prussia on purpose to congratulate the King on the Birth of this child as being second heir to the Throne.) Well, in two minutes S.A.R. The Princess of Orange came in herself and took

the little Prince William in her own arms to show him to us. She was very elegantly dressed in embroidered white muslin and Pink Ribbands. She talked to us some minutes and reminded me dearest Priscilla of thee and Jack, tho' she is not like thee at all. Some ladies then coming in she retired and we took our leave of the Babe and retired. It was a curious visit and very kind and gracious of her to allow us to go.

We dined at Sir Edwards Disbrowes. Uncle going rather *weighted* not having heard any thing from the King. However we had hardly been seated to dinner when an order came for them to go with Lady D. the next morning (7th day) at $\frac{1}{2}$ past one and the Queen would also be present. Our dinner at the Disbrowes was in true Continental style. Desert *only* on the table all the time. Every thing else joints and all carved by the Butler at a side table and handed. The Disbrowes were more than kind, so very warm and agreeable, much more than last time. They could not understand why Papa did not come also. We met some old German Count Sir Edward & Lady Malet (She is Lady Brougham's daughter¹) and many others dutchys & dutchesses dropped in in the evening. Uncle had to meet the Prince of Orange at seven, so he had to leave for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. He and Aunt left us at 9 to go to a Soiree at Monsieur Groens von Prinsterer. Anna and I staid at the Disbrowes & the Malets brought us home at 11 o'clock in their carriage.

Aug. 8. Second day. Breakfasted at 9 at a most sweet Widows named de Fagel and her two daughters and Son. Aunt had a little toothache and having to write to the Queen of Denmark and Princess

¹ Should be step-daughter.

William at Fishbach remained at home. We paid a very interesting visit to this Madme. Fagel. They are evidently great people, dear Papa, portraits of the de Fagel family, of generations back being round the rooms à la Earlham Anteroom. And now the whole family ends in this one Son Francois. Uncle was extremely interested about him and his prayer for him after breakfast was very touching and his address to Madam Fagel as "the elect lady." The breakfast was very elegant. She has such sweet daughters and the whole family have quite a charm about them.

Our morning was most busily employed in despatching most important letters concerning our journey and trying in vain to arrange our plans. Various callers of interest. At 12 a deeply interesting and valuable meeting as a farewell to our friends. Disbrowes, Malets, Groens, Fagels, Elout, Siccama, Cappadoce (the converted Jew) and wife, etc. about 50. We held it in the Table D'Hote room and I never heard Aunt speak more boldly at the same time more lovingly than she did. We had made her buy a dark Satin Gown which she had on as she was going to Court immediately afterwards. Lady D. dressed for the same occasion en toilette de Matin, White Chip Hat & Feathers and beautiful new black richest silk dress. So that she and Aunt looked like two Queens seated together, Uncle looking most handsome by their side then poor old John Mollet, etc. etc. Uncle spoke first to the great interest evidently of all but when Aunt rose everybody's eye was fixed upon her and she did give them a most touching and *home* appeal. Her fear that with many of them World was first, Religion second That this *would not do*. All their profession, all their amiable manners, worldly kindness

was not enough and would avail them nothing. I need not say that this was mixed with a stream of love and tender interest so that there were few dry eyes present. It was some time before the meeting withdrew. Such love seemed to flow from everybody towards the Beloved Aunt, but she had to leave the finishing off to us two as Lady D. and her carriage were waiting. They looked truly Court-like. Her two servants behind and very handsome equipage. I am loth to make my journal so long but our Hague visit was so interesting that I think I must put down particulars and you can do as you like about reading them all. I should advise you not. But I must mention their royal visit as they told me about it. They were handed into a fine suite of rooms in the farthest of which was an Aide de Camp and 2 Dames d'honneur. Very soon the King in Military costume and the Queen in muslin very elaborately draped, and the Princess Sophia (their daughter) entered by a side door. Aunt addressed the King first and as it were introduced Uncle to him and mentioned his slavery concern, Which Uncle then laid before him. They were all standing. The King and Queen both rather leaning against the table—Aunt opposite the King and Lady D. by her and Uncle by the Queen. It was evident that the Queen wished for a good gossip with Aunt but was rather awed by the King's presence. He asked Aunt her private history, how she first came to think of these things. If she had so many children how could she leave them to attend to Prisons? The Queen said she had heard that Aunt had been to the Prison the day before and that Madame de Fagel had interpreted for her. When the King made a move to go Aunt asked permission to mention her wish for the King and Queen—"That their reign may be

marked by *three* things, that their prisons may be so improved that Punishment may tend to the Reformation of the Prisoners, that the Scriptures may be freely read in all your Schools, and that every Slave in the King's and Queen's dominion may be freed. This is my wish for the King and Queen." The King shook her again by the hand, wished it might be so and added, "God bless you Mrs. Fry and bless all your endeavours for good." Aunt gave the Princess Sophie a text book. She also gave the King and Queen some books. Uncle Buxtons. Uncle Josephs West Indies and Love. Aunt Hoares Hints on Education. All beautifully bound. The King popped them all under his arm and was running off with them when the Queen ran after him to claim hers which he positively refused to give to her until Aunt had to go and settle the quarrel. Much to Lady D's amusement who gave me the whole account of it they had not returned long to the Hotel before a message came from the Queen to beg a text book as she had seen Princess Sophie's and she wished to possess one like it. Thus ended our visit to the Hague, one of great pleasure and interest. Many of our Friends came to see us off. Poor Lady Malet was too much overcome to take leave of any of us but snatching a kiss from Aunt Fry left the room to hide her tears. Our drive from thence to Leyden where we spent an hour visiting the Museum and then to Amsterdam which we reached about 10. was most pleasant. The perfect rest and the quiet of being all four alone was so delicious. The Country too was so pretty. It was almost like driving thro' a succession of Gardens. Whole Dutch families smoking, and the ladies working and spending their time in their oderiferous stagnant Canals. Seemingly

in perfect enjoyment. Having no hedges adds so much to the pleasure of the drive. Dahlias Marigolds and Geraniums in *profusion*. And Statues even that vie with our Lions.

A good Supper of fried Sole and Meat awaited our arrival at the Hotel du Dacleus. The same sitting room as we had before, dear Papa, the stove is taken away and a greenhouse of flowers in its place. Very pretty. We were not sorry to go to bed being heartily tired but well both in mind and every one feeling relieved at having left the Hague so satisfactorily.

1st day Aug. 8. A Meeting in our Meeting house at 1 o'clock. A quiet afternoon seeing nobody. Johnny Bergendhal¹ delighted to see us. A walk after dinner over the Heeren Gracht (dear Papa) Which delighted Uncle. An interesting Scripture reading in the evening. We find nearly everybody out of town as we expected. I hope you will send this to Sam (of course I always expect they will have them) to Earlham and Woodthorp and Scotland. It can then travel back to you. Priscilla Johnston² also might like it. Send it to her, dear Rachel, on its way to Woodthorp.

And now dearest Mother and Sarah and Rachel, let me thank you for your dear letters. They were *such* a treat though damaged by the sad news of dearest Mothers headache. Do go to Wales as soon as ever *you can*. I am sure Mama wants it. We have fixed to go straight to Bremen and Hamburgh. We *may* go by the North of Holland. Reach Hamburgh by 7th day and then to Copenhagen on 2nd day. Write to Copenhagen now. Go on writing pray. You do not mention either Lord Johnny or the Monkeys or the "Monkey Gales." I

¹ An interpreter.

² Daughter of Lady (Hannah) Buxton.

hope you attend to them. Dear love to Miss Crossland who of course I always expect will see my letters.

Amsterdam.

Aug. 9, 1841.

Rain Rain all day. Rather vexatious as we so desired to go about however we made good use of our morning in writing etc. Johnny Bergendhal busy copying prison documents. Suringar, our former great prison friend sent an invitation to us “de prendre le Café avec lui à Midi” so Aunt and Uncle went. Anna and I preferred having our luncheon with John Mollet’s daughter Louisa Bouscain. She has a new baby so we had to eat the Birth Cakes. I, of course, admire the Baby—which was easy to do. Thee knows, dearest Papa, the neatness of her Nursery and to have the addition of a pretty little Dutch Baby in a Bassinet muffled up to the chin in Handkerchiefs, was most pretty. Monsieur B. himself could not resist coming up with us to show off his children. Anna and I then went to Suringars’ to meet the Uncle and Aunt. He was evidently much pleased at seeing me. He looked as dirty and clever as ever. I was sensibly relieved by his not offering a salute (Aunt Fry however caught it). We had a thoro’ wet afternoon in spite of which I sallied out with Johnny for my tongue to make an excursion to some Shops. We had a capital Slavery Evening. “Votre discours était sublime,” was Francois’ greeting to Uncle after it. About 60 People. Jamieson the English Minister—Suringar—Mollets, Bergendhals whom we have found rather forward and have not liked, except Johnny—And several ladies from the Hotel. Uncle told his tale most clearly. Many *stiff* Dutch Slave

owners present but all seemed interested and they lingered late in discoursing the matter with him. He took wholly the *Expediency* side of the Question, remembering the love of Dutchmen for the *Money* part of the Story. Aunt then rose and hoped some of their friends now assembled would take a higher ground and shew them the Christian, and Right Side. But alas! I fear there were few there that would take that to Heart. No! they were too fat, too much of this *worlds'* love about them for that. Nevertheless they were caught by what she said and deeply interested. In fact Mevrouw Fry is a very great person in Holland as well as over the Rest of the World; we were tired enough before Bed time and drank our usual portion of Eau de Seltze and Vin Ordinaire with our accustomed pleasure.

Aug. 10th. This day was a day of pleasure. A bright sunshiny morning tempted Uncle and us two to a day's play. However we began by industry, dispatched a letter to the King and other of our friends at the Hague and received a few Callers. Our plans seemed more muddled than ever—one minute we were to spend the Sabbath at Minden, the next minute at Pyrmont and the next at Bremen. I gave Uncle our route to Bremen quite clearly being convinced in my own mind that that was our wisest course. However their minds weren't easy with one thing and yet they would not decide. To ease our minds we therein made use of some excellent tickets that Suringar, with his usual generosity had sent us and went off to hear a very fine Dutch Oratorio held in the Lutheran Church. Here we heard Madame St. Bovy, Mynheer Symeter and many other of their best Dutch performers. It was the beginning of a great Annual Meeting similar to our

Society in England, of the Diffusion of helpful and Entertaining knowledge. The Church was crowded with the first Dutch clever men of the day and quite raised Holland in our minds, to see such a wonderfully fine Society sprung up out of it. In the afternoon we three again went off to visit Zaandam Well worth going to see. A curious row across the Harbour. The View of Amsterdam so curious as seen thro' a Network of Masts and rigging. Hiring a smart little carriage on the other side, an hours drive along the edge of the water brought us to the village. Cleanliness was the order of the day. Neatness personified. The houses all wood painted bright green. The neatest of Gardens before each house. Strange costumes walking about and then above all the very Hut in which Peter the Great worked as a common Ship Builder. It was most interesting seeing such a place. I began to draw it. An old Dutch Man began to beg me not, as it was not allowed. I assured him I could not understand Dutch and that I did not know what he said and finished my sketch in spite of his murmuring. I fear Aunt could lay down her head on her pillow much more satisfactorily than we could. She had been visiting prisons, bedlams, workhouses all day and sad were the tales of misery and wretchedness that she told us of on our return. The Mad house is no better, dear Papa. The lunatics chained kept in dungeons and hardly clothed. Our evening was again devoted to Philanthropy and Good. People loved us so much that we could hardly get them away at all. They seemed interested up to the highest pitch. Uncle did speak most eloquently and beautifully after which Suringar gave us a capital few words assuring them of Hollands [interest] in them (in Aunt and Uncle)

and thanking them in the name of his "compatriotes" for all the good works they had performed in his country. Then Aunts Prayer for the present company and all the inhabitants of the town ended the occasion. Professor Vorlk one of the greatest Anatomical Professors took us to see the Zoological Gardens before the Meeting. A fine sight but not equal to ours except in the Snakes which were beautiful. The Rattle Snake rattling his tail and the Boa gliding about, as tho we were in Africa. I have now finished Amsterdam and so shall end. We are yearning after letters. Aunt has not once heard from *Ramsgate*. We hope to meet letters at Hamburgh on 2nd day. We spend our Sabbath at Bremen to which place we have capital letters. We give up Minden and Pyrmont till our return from Copenhagen. We hope you are writing to Copenhagen. Good-bye my dearest Mother. With tenderest love to all. We are all perfectly well and growing as fat as pigs. I do not like not writing to thee, dear Ellen, but I have not the time. Dearest love to Sam and thee. Send this to Priscilla and Earlham. I shall imagine you starting for Wales this week. Let Louisa have this or any letters she likes.

Amsterdam, Aug. 9, 1841.

MY DEAREST EDMUND,

I have asked John Mollett to despatch to-day a box of Plaster Images directed to Lombard Street by the Rotterdam boat that leaves on fourth day. Would thee dear have the kindness to see about the box and forward it to Priscilla. It contains four plaister Images that I thought rather to her taste but I rather think a pair of them would suit Mama for the Chimney peice in her room so that if thee think it worth while to undo

the box and take a pair to Upton do, from me with my dearest love to Mama. I would certainly have sent her a pair only I think it would add too much to thy trouble and do not myself think it is worth while as the same box would not do if thee took any out. If it does not arrive on 6th day would thee go to the office and see about it. I write my journal fully to you all. I hope thee read it as I like thee to know what we are doing. Do follow us on the Map and do not forget us. A few lines from thee would be a very great pleasure and treasure. What have thee fixed about thy journey and what do thee intend to do. Our journey is most interesting and we are a very happy party. I have observed such handsome horses and become acquainted with such charming young ladies "*spicy ones*." I sometimes wish thee were here with us. Johnny Bergendhal is again enlisted in our Service. We keep him fully employed in writing and running messages. He is as full of life and cleverness as ever. We have had fine trouble to arrange all our plans. Uncle was quite nervous about it, however he has now given up the Management of it to Francois and me and trust us that we shall get him to Hamburgh by seventh day night. Tell Papa we were rather astonished this morning at receiving the following note from de Clercq

"By motives which are personal to me, and which are not fit for explanation, I am not on this occasion of assisting to any of your meetings.

Yours affectionately,

W. de Clercq."

It is very strange to us. We cannot understand what it means. It has been agreeable seeing many of our friends

here but those at the Hague ont beaucoup plus de charme. I cd. show thee some very agreeable ones there. I want an Upton gossip. Pray send me one. What have you done with the terrace is it finished? Is the Greenhouse painted? Ask Papa whether the Pillars by the Stone Hall door may not be painted they are so shabby and pray see that the new saddle and Bridle are not hurt and that the fancy chair cover is always kept on. Keep a little eye over the Monkeys and see that now and then they have sponge cake and water. I have been uneasy about thy little whip. I do not remember having seen it and I fear whether the Boys have not taken it away. Do enquire about it. I hope thee will have thy room painted and papered whilst I am from home. Tell me if the Doctor is sold yet. Keep Princess well in exercise. It is so important for us.

I wish I could get you one peep at this window where I am writing. Such a concourse of Boats People Bridges and Streets. There are now four men with Francois at their head arranging the room for a Soiree on the subject of Slavery. Besides Francois we always have a Commissionaire in every town to do all our business and run messages. Also a neat carriage so then we are well provided for. Nothing can exceed Uncles *extravagance* almost it amounts [to,] about these and all sorts of luxuries. In fact we are living *en Prince* and Anna and I are both growing quite fat on eating so much and walking so little. We have plenty of running about tho' we seldom catch a walk. We are craving after more letters. Pray write fully to Copenhagen and if you go to Wales tell me all about your journey. I have not forgotten thy orders about casts etc. Anything pretty that I see I intend to buy. There is nothing in the Box sent but 4

casts if thee should be asked the Question. They are not exactly in thy line or I would have sent them to thee. There are a pair of pretty ones in the box but they are only Plaister of Paris. Goodbye my dearest Ted. With much and constant love.

ELIZTH. S. GURNEY.

Tell Sam I hope to write in a day or two but business abounds and my journal is as much writing as I can do and I consider that quite Pro bono publico.

Hazloonge or somewhere at the Worlds End.

Aug. 12. 1841.

10 o'clock.

MY DEAREST CHENDA,¹

I am expecting a daily letter from thee addressed to "The Executors of the late E.S.G." for thee must have imagined that I had quietly left this world or I should certainly have written ere this. Well so I intended—Most fully I did and nothing but a torrent of neccessitous writing and plenty of that article of Furniture called Business has prevented my doing so. Thousand pardons for writing so close but I had to take my choice between a large sheet of thin foreign Paper and this and I find the former requires more patience than I possess. How I should like to know how much you have known of our route and how much more you wish to be told. I have begged them to forward my letters and I hope they have. I wonder which of us two dears is faring the best tonight. You having, perhaps, taken up your quarters at some desolate Inn or me just settling in, in our first night in *Deutschsland* Sandy floors Sans carpets or Curtains and having made a toilsome journey

¹ Chenda Buxton; afterwards married Philip Hamond.

with 6 horses (24 legs) to pull us over a Sandy plain a journey of "drey Stunde"—The mud up to our axle trees and our poor horses hardly able to keep up in the Sand. "Der weg ist sehr sandig" we were informed this morning and truly we found it so and Bleak enough. A few Stray flocks of Baa Baa Black Sheep were almost the sole *human* Beings we saw (All the Sheep here are almost always Black) However we consoled ourselves with Vin de Bordeaux and Robinson in German which is as far as our German Powers extend. But we do not mind *that*, tho' our knowledge does not extend far we know enough to make excellent friends. Aunt goes about the House Imagining that she makes them all understand "A Booky" "A Booky" (her dutch or German for Book) holding up a tract of course they all flock round her and a friendly nod tells more *with a book* than volumes. Would that I could in any way describe to thee *Mevrow* Fry in Holland. I can't so I won't try. Our journey has been a great interest combined with amusement. We are lothe to leave Holland and I should sing Hi diddle diddle, if I thought I was going back again tomorrow. Germany is so filthy after it and we have left so many dear people there. Now we are hustling on to *Copenhagen*. That sounds curious now don't it. I am now waking up to the reality, to the "sober certainty." But shall we ever get there? That remains to be proved and I should think was somewhat doubtful. But if I talk in this way thee will say "Peace brother" etc so I thank thee for the hint and will leave it. But as to when we reach it I am not at liberty to mention.

I might as well be writing to thee to Mount Caucasus. I have no idea where you are or any thing about you.

Since I saw thee I have seen Holland and many strange things contained therein and as agreeable as strange. I only hope I shall see it again in some future day. I do not tell much about ourselves as you will have heard all you want to know and I myself have the greatest dislike to letters that are as full of *Wes* as little Pigs going to Market. It is enough to know that we are all well and happy. I may say this with truth if a *little* laughing and a little talking is the proof. Uncle laughs as much as any one and Aunt too and so does Anna. I try to keep order. We are very industrious during the day. Uncle has been reading French to us all the morning, then we mix up with German Phrases and Sketching. We make a sweet quartet. Anna and I think we must be so much like Sarah and thee. So much so that we think we must be going to Rome sometimes. Rome and Copenhagen are both greatly curious for the family to visit. We expect to leave Copenhagen about the 30th. Do write to us. We talk so much about you. No article of furniture could bring you oftener to our mind than Aunts sketch book, and Uncle Buxtons' present of the Wine Bottles. They are constantly applied to all cases of difficulty or fatigue and a certain charm either in them or in their contents is sure to drive away the *blues* at any time. Now I must run off to bed. It is so late and what with racking my Brains to talk German and the Effort of Nature that it requires to travel over these Sandy Roads I am heartily tired. I was forcibly reminded today of the American who finding a good Hat on the Road picked it up but a voice underneath exclaimed. "I'm here so don't steal my hat for I have a good horse under me and I expect to be out in time." I write or rather send this in total

ignorance of who is of your party or anything about you. I imagine Edward & Co have not joined you so my dearest love to them when you meet as also to Mary. Pray write as good letters from Caithness. We are so anxious to hear about Uncle—more than any one. Goodbye my darling Chenda. Most lovingly. E. S. G.

*Bremen, Aug. 13—1841
6th. day Night.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER

Thee will think us stolen or strayed, so long it is since we have written but we have been rushing through Germany at such a pace that writing has been out of the question. I must just rattle you over the same ground but I will do it as fast as possible. Did I not write last from Amsterdam? Yes, surely I did. We left that magnificent town, for such it surely is, (on 4th day Aug. 11) amidst Johnny's tears and John Mollet's salutes. The same horses, dearest Papa, but they looked much knocked about and not quite so handsome, but still I admired them much and they took us in most gallant style out of the town. One of our old Amsterdam ladies was at her country house at Amersfoot and therefore we could not resist accepting her very pressing invitation to breakfast with her at 12 o'clock. Mrs. Iddeking dear Papa,—She lives on a fine estate named Raakeden. A perfect picture of a Dutch Mansion, and a most hearty welcome we received. Quite a party, two of her sisters and a Dutch Baroness from Friezeland. It is most amusing visiting people in this way and really entering into their ways and manners and they are so good and so agreeable. We felt rather melancholy at leaving Holland though at the same time we rather longed for

Germany that we might to a degree have our poor tongues let loose. Deventer, where we lodged, looked very fine and agreeable. The large lamp lights reflected on the Yssel and the old town gates being thrown open for us. What can be pleasanter than finding oneself comfortably housed and seated with a number of Dutch men in a room filled with smoke over a good, hot, table d'hôte. I answer "Nothing." We were hungry, and tired and to see six roast chickens on one dish and every thing else in the same abundance walk on the table filled us with no small pleasure. Here we heard dark and dismal tidings of our future journey. All sand. No Pavée. Bad Inns, and every thing discouraging. However we were not so easily frightened and started in good heart the next morning. *5th Day, Aug. 12*—I could tell you of many things and strange adventures that happened on that days journey but you will grow impatient and so I shall hasten you on to Lingen. "How do Mrs. Fry. I so glad to again see you," says our old landlord, dear Papa, and he certainly did put his best leg foremost. Here was our first trial of German and entertaining enough it was. We three together can quite order dinner. This we think very fine. We stand in a row and order just what we happen to know the German of so of course a strange variety presents itself afterwards. Now our perils were to begin. "Der weg ist sehr schlecht sehr sandig." and then a strange muttering about Bad Inns. So as rather to damp our courage. However we were determined to persevere and ordering six horses we were dragged rather than driven over all the mounds of sand. Sometimes across Bogs and over Heath. In fact just like the flats on Epping Forest, and reached Herzlake to the astonishment of the landlord and to his horror also.

However we were glad enough of any accomodation and found *raw* ham, Boiled Eggs, and Poor Mutton very good fare. I believe Aunt Fry did wake once during the night but even this is doubtful. "La Famille Anglaise se trouve tres confortable pendant la nuit," was what M. Vieux Bois would have said of us. As to sandy floors and no curtains we quite prefer them now to anything else!

6th Day, Aug. 13 In the morning we were rather damped by Aunt not feeling well but there was nothing to be done but persevere. We heard no better news of the Road. "Geduld" was the word for us and with that we hoped to attain, finally, this town, though we then looked to it rather in the dark distance. We did very much enjoy our morning for Aunt was better and we drank Vin de Bordeaux, eat Deventer Kock, (a nice gingerbread) Talked, I mean tried to talk to the Post boys and made ourselves very happy. We would fain have reached Bremen that night but alas! our spring broke and we were obliged to stop short half way. This was not the sole reason but we did not like to trust ourselves to these dreadful roads after dusk and Aunt was not strong enough to run any risk of carriages wholly breaking down or anything like it. Our 6 horses had helped us well over the ground. Roads there was none or at least so bad that we preferred the Sandy Heath. Wildeshausen, we found on the whole comfortable and rather clean so we took up our quarters there and spent our evening in sketching, nursing Aunt, and eating a famous supper.

We reached this town quite early and delivering our letters of introduction, of which we had some to the first people here, we soon had troops of callers but we

managed to find time to take a general view of this fine town. We visited the Church, the vaults of which are so dry that dead bodies are preserved for centuries. The woman who showed them to us opened one coffin lid after another recounting their names and histories as tho' she was describing a gallery of pictures. A most shocking sight for they are only a little more dried and shrunk than when first put there 400 years ago. Our way seems curiously to open here. So many people interested in us. We thought we should be dumb founded for want of an interpreter but we find a Mr. Shalier who has been for years amongst the friends at Newington and is in fact half a friend himself—and knew Uncle in England. He helps in every thing and seems delighted to have friends here—Aunt was but poorly all day so that she was hardly able to visit a work-house that the gentlemen wished her to see, but both the elders are well satisfied with being here.

1st. day 9 o'clock—Aug. 15—The post goes out this morning and so this must be finished. Aunt is still poorly which is a drawback but the door seems open for good service here. We hold a meeting in the afternoon and a soiree in a great room in the town $\frac{1}{2}$ for Philanthropy at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. This is pretty well considering that there is a law against any meetings being held—but breaking laws must be put aside when a meeting stands in the way. We spent last evening at some very agreeable people, who all talk English well, and were very kind. It is a treat to get a little English or at least good French which we have not heard for so long. We feel today quite a rest before entering into the bustle of Hamburgh and Denmark. We propose going to Hamburgh tomorrow and then from Kiel to Copenhagen.

Thou will be glad to hear, dearest Mother that the Posting is excellent. The horses in capital condition. No bearing reins or collars. No cut tails. They seem much better than our own post horses and well up to their work. I have been thinking so much of you today, and doubting whether you really are at Chester or not. I do so *long* for letters. I don't allow myself to think too much about meeting some at Hamburgh where we have ordered our Pymont letters to be sent to. The length of time since I have heard from you all makes me sometimes to a degree, homesick, or at least a very great longing to know that you are all safe and well. I should think you might safely go on writing to Copenhagen as we intend to be there 10 days. Do not burden yourselves about the length of letters but a few lines is all I want. I wish thee were enjoying the luxuries of this beautiful Hotel with us. Alas! for the Sabbath tho! A Military Band is now commencing under our windows—and the whole town wears the aspect of a general holiday. Still we have found some really good people here and those have most cordially welcomed our whole party. I said thee would like this hotel, so thee would, but I do not know how far exactly thee would like a smartly dressed officer as a *Chamber Maid*. Moustache, Epaulettes, Gold Buttons he to receive orders about Feather Beds and Rushlights. “Honi soit qui mal y pense” thee know dear Mama and the less you ring your room bell the better. The whole party is gone off to see the prison. I have staid for a little quiet as I felt it more likely to conduce to good. Farewell all of you.

Perhaps this day six weeks we shall again be together. This will indeed be delightful. We hope nothing will

prevent our having time to go into Silesia to see King, etc. We are all quite well except Aunt. I do not think she is much amiss but she is so unwise about eating and drinking. I am perfectly well and growing very fat. Once more adieu.

Most affectionately,
E. S. G.

Bremen, Aug. 14. 1st day.
'41

MY DEAREST CATH^E.

The Elders set me the example of writing today so I think I may for I have not sent thee a line since I left England and now I have only a few minutes but I will make the best use of them I can. It seems odd to fancy ourselves both so very distant from home flying off at right angles. I should think we were each enjoying each journey extremely. Rather different certainly, but both agreeable in their way. I seem to know nothing whatsoever about you but I hope to hear from some of our party at Hamburg. I have only heard once from home and I do crave after letters. I have expressly enjoined that all my letters should be forwarded to thee. I hope thee have had them all. I should hope you have had as fine weather as we have had. Thee will have learnt from my letters how pleasant and agreeable our journey has hitherto been. We are a bright, cheerful party—and all entering into the *pleasure* as well as the *interest* of the tour. Aunt Fry has not been well the last few days. This has been a drawback to us as it has made her rather low. Added to which she has had *no* letters from her home party but from Louisa written the day after she left and one from Chenda. It is so

odd of them. Here we are most delightfully off. A pleasant hotel and plenty of the kindest friends round us. It was quite Annas' and my concern that they should give this day here. We have had a strange journey here as to desert country and Poor Inns, but we are a party amongst ourselves and we are always happy together.

Hamburg—Tuesday. I could not finish this by the last post so I shall finish this from this large dirty town. It is odd to feel ourselves here. We had a pleasant sail down the Elbe yesterday to reach here and here we intend to remain untill the end of the week and then take a steamer to Copenhagen. We have already found many friends here and shall find still more. Lord W^m. Russell whom we knew at Berlin is occupying the next room, and some of Aunt Fry's friends live here. We hear pleasant reports of the Sail from Kiel to Copenhagen. We shall spend our Sunday *at Sea* on the Baltic which will be pleasant, at least so we intend but we are rather uncertain. I have very much valued, tell Edward, having Mamas' picture. I wish you could have sometimes seen the groups round it of admirers. It quite raises *me* in their ideas and I do so enjoy to show it to my *own* particulars. I take the very greatest care of it. The bag too, is duly valued and is only used for very best occasions. It is a very good size and contains exactly the right number of Books that are required to make a King good and teach him how to reform his Subjects and that is something. We are also constantly applying to Uncle Buxtons' Bottles. I tell Aunt that with them as Carnal and her Bible as spiritual Food She might travel over the Arabian deserts. We are very anxious to learn how Uncle¹ is, and whether he

¹ Sir T. F. Buxton. 1st. Bart.

is really improved and what sort of a house have you found and how does your party act. I should like to see you settled there. I suppose you can not boast of Carpets and Curtains any more than ourselves. As to German we blunder on Amusing ourselves and the People. When we arrive at a perfect stickage we and they burst out laughing. We have invented a good way of communication by Uncle reading to them out of the Psalm book. They are all delighted at this and will read themselves also. Aunt stands by and *looks* sermons to them. I often and often long for you all in our various droll adventures. I do not tell you about plans, people, or things as I know you would find it dull. We have seen a strange variety. Enough to amuse many stupider people than us. The newspapers here are very full of our being in here and therefor we are known wherever we go. There's no such thing as travelling *Incog.* for us. How does thy precious son like travelling. I suppose the others are at Halesworth, but I feel myself entirely ignorant of family affairs. Remember, dear, if I see any thing out of the common as to handsomeness or beauty I intend to buy it for the boys at thy expense unless thee write *directly* to tell me I may not. Many people here are and have been in prison for distributing tracts. We hope that we shall be also. It would be so entertaining only one of us must stay out so that we may go and plead for Aunt Fry that she may be allowed Porter and Beef. This we have quite fixed and shall be vexed if we are not at least threatened. This town is a little Kingdom of its own and is ruled by a number of Senates. On Thursday we go to one of the principal Senators' houses to meet the other Senates and the chief people of Hamburgh. We

like this sort of visiting very much. We dine in the country with one of them tomorrow. Farewell my dearest Cath^e. Dear love to Edward and to all your party if you have already joined them. Most affectionately,

E. S. G.

I know my letter is passing dull but I have not had five minutes quiet. Darling Fowell,¹ my love to thee.

I wrote to Chenda. I hope my letter reached her.

Bremen, Aug. 14. first day. 1841.

MY DEAREST PRISCILLA,

I feel lothe to intrude any more on today by writing but yet I feel almost compelled to write to thee to tell thee how much I have thought of thee since leaving England. Our callings in life are certainly very different but that is no reason why we should not be *constantly* interested in each other. I want much to know how thee are going on. Whether thee feels well and able to go about as usual and what preparations thee are making? I hope to meet with some pretty things abroad that will all help on. I hope thee feels on the whole, well and comfortable. Thee cannot fail to be pleased, I think, tho' it is natural thee should feel it a good deal but I want to know from thyself all about thyself—as to thy own darling son. I wish I had him here. I do not like his growing so out of the Baby before seeing him. I cannot fancy him now and that is disagreeable. I hope if it is possible you will arrange your visit so that I may at least catch the last bit of it. If you do not I know not when I shall see you as they will not like my stirring from home for some time after

¹ Mr. T. Fowell Buxton married her sister Rachel. 1845.

I return to England. I imagine we shall return the end of next month. But when once in Silesia it would be such a pity to hurry tho' of course Uncle takes the side of not dawdling. We intend to be a fortnight nearly in Denmark and perhaps a week at Hamburgh on our return, from thence to the Friends at Minden and Pyrmont and then to Silesia. This sounds, as it is, an immense distance from home and from you all. Further than I at times like. Our party seems the right one. Sometimes I think that I am but of little use but on the whole I think I can be of service perhaps more in travelling than at other times. Uncle does not like much trouble about it and leaves it almost entirely to Francois and me. Having no interpreter is a good thing for our German. We know next to none but even that is of great use. Uncle is the boldest, he actually addressed the prisoners yesterday. We did not the least know what we should do for an interpreter here for the Meetings etc. but we have found one who has lived sometime with his wife, with the friends at Newington and knew Uncle well. And is more than half a friend himself. It is curious how the door is opened sometimes for us. When every means of communication seemed closed. We regretted not being able to do any good as we travelled here for we had not even tracts but at last Uncle thought of the expedient of reading to the hotel people and others that surround our carriage a few verses out of the Psalm book much to the delight of the people who flock round with the greatest attention. The worst is that both Uncle and people are so pleased at the plan that they invariably all burst out laughing at the end. Still it gets a little good in and very interesting are the scenes in some of the poor kitchens at the *Post-*

house of Uncle surrounded by the Postmasters and their families each being allowed to read a few verses to him. Their expressions of pleasure mark how pleased they are "Sehr Schöne" "Sehr Gut" etc. Aunt stands by *looking* Sermons and we invariably part the best of friends. Shaking hands with every inmate of the house. Uncle is a most delightful travelling companion. So alive to every thing. Stopping the carriages to sketch and passing nothing that there is to be seen on the road. His generosity, which at times amounts to sheer extravagance quite surprises me. He does not care the smallest about cost so long as we are all comfortable. We are reading D'Aubigné (of course) whilst travelling and study German very hard. Anna and he and I together. I highly enjoy being thus thrown with him. Then he is so wise with people putting so much good into people and not puzzling them with the friendly¹ part of the story which they would not the least understand. He is *extremely* liked and admired. He is well worthy of the latter for he does look most lovely in his black silk velvet cap, rather a la militaire. We are most merry and easy together and full of love for one another. People are surprised to hear that our party consists of three different families. I always *take it for granted* that thee have my journal letters. I wish when thee think they would interest her thee would send them to Priscilla Johnston.² I promised that she should hear now and then of us.

Well then, my darling, my nearest and dearest love to thyself and spouse. Thy most truly affectionate and *interested* Sister.

E. S. G.

¹ That is, Quaker.

² Daughter of Hannah, Lady Buxton.

Our party I imagine in Wales. I wish I knew. How we are all scattered. This makes one feel more than when all together. the many blessings with which we are EACH surrounded and how, tho' far distant we have all the same Fatherly Care Taker to watch, guide, and Protect us, who tho' we forget him days without number "does still protect and watch over us. May we *each* feel him near to us today! Once more adieu.

A kiss for darling Jack. Let them hear about us at the Heath whenever they like but I feel my letters so very poor having so very little time and no *quiet*.

Bremen, Aug. 15. 1st day.
1841.

MY DEAREST SAM AND ELLEN,

Your sweet challenge to write to you appears to have been sadly neglected. I mourn that this should be the case but we are too full of travelling etc to attempt much writing, and I always consider that my letters home are public property. From them you will learn how prosperously we have proceeded so far. We find ourselves today in a very fine town—like Frankfort, a little Kingdom of its own. We had not intended to have come here at all but to have gone round by Hanover but we were afraid that the King of Denmark would be unkind enough to get well too soon and that they would quite miss him as he leaves Copenhagen as soon as he is well enough. So many speak English here that we feel ourselves quite at home. I am sure People abroad are much kinder than People in England. We are received so very hospitably wherever we go. Mrs. Fry is such a passport. It is marvellous, to be sure, to

think how she is known *every where*. We were changing horses the day before yesterday at Lönigen and a rabble as usual surrounded our *Wagen* and Mary saw one Poor Man hold up both his hands and exclaim "Madame Fry!!" as tho' she had been Gabriel himself posting thro' Germany. It is first day morning so I do not like to write much. In fact I don't like writing at all but the elders set us the example, and I really did not like that this post should go out without one line of love from me. I imagine you ruling in Upton now. Every one out, am I right? I am thirsting after home news. I have only heard once and poor Aunt has not had a single line except from Chenda and Louisa. It is rather hard upon her I do think. Do make every body write to her. When thee honours us dear Ellen send us particulars about Louisa. I think so very much of her in her own sweet home again with those two darling Boys. As to the Buxtons, they may all be at Johnny Groats House for aught we know and hear. We feel ourselves, I should think, about as much at the end of the World as you do. If all our party are out my dearest Ellen, *might* I ask thee to see a little after poor West, our Gardener. He lives next door to Bentons' at Plaistow and a little something dainty now and then, I know is such a pleasure to him. His poor wife claims all ones sympathy and care. This would be most kind. I have not forgotten, dearest Sam, all thy orders. I quite long to buy thee some foreign things—but hitherto we have not been in the line of Shops. I would not go with them to the Prison this morning that I might have a little quiet to my self but this I find is impossible as a fine military Band under the Window is wholly incongruous with the Bible. My letter home will tell you all

about us. This is only a letter of love to you two. We find thy Tumblers most useful, but sad to relate one of them fell out of the window out of Annas' hand and was bruised but we intend to have it mended at Hamburgh. The black bag also, Ellen, is for ever in use. I must not add more but my dearest love. We hope we are gradually progressing in German. But we are *Sehr* stupid. Anna is best. Uncle is the boldest. He actually addressed the Prisoners yesterday! By this post comes a long letter from me to Ham House if they are all out perhaps you would like to send them for it.

Most lovingly,

E. S. G.

Hambourg, Aug. 18—1841.

I should be very happy indeed if I could despatch a letter to you by the post that leaves for England tonight. I will at least try what I can do.

Our visit to Bremen answered well certainly. No place that we have visited appeared more thankful for our visit and no town that we have visited, pleased us more. We held our Meeting on first day at the hotel with about a dozen of our friends at which some of them assisted by way of most sweet little addresses. Our interpreter Mr. Chalier doing his part well. In the afternoon we went a little way into the country and were delighted in observing the gay groups of beautiful costumes walking about the public gardens that run along the banks of the Weser and collected in little parties in the tea gardens in the neighbourhood. Their large hats and smart shawls hanging on the shrubs and adding to the beauty of the Scene. In the evening we had a very large meeting held in the Museum. It was adver-

tised in the Bremen Paper (as I have sent to Rachel) between 3 and 400 people. Our Soirées always begin with Philanthropy and then end with a little good. This answers better than a regular meeting which no one understands. We found some truly Xtian and interesting people. So full of *good* and *love*, that it was difficult to leave the room. I wish you had heard Pastor Mallets' address to "Leibe Mrs. Fry" and her "Herr Bruder." "Your name has long been a *word of beauty* to us" he said to Aunt and expressed his earnest desire that they might be blessed as they journeyed "from city to city, from land to land." Adding in the name of the whole company a "Welcome to the Town of Bremen." Many returned with us to the Hotel and finished the evening with us. One of the gentlemen had been at some of Aunt Frys' Soirées at Paris and said how much they had been blessed to him then.

Aug. 16. We started for Hamburgh early the next day. Many of our friends came to see us off and we parted in much love. We were much pleased by receiving a few lines afterwards from Bremen showing how timely was our visit. That three of their best Pastors, who were much with us, were very nearly being discharged from their offices on account of their being so evangelical but having been so taken up by Aunt Fry and Uncle Joseph, Peoples' hearts had been again turned to them. Our days journey to Hambourg was truly pleasant. The road was desolate enough, but we did so enjoy a little quiet together. We learnt German, read d'Aubigné etc. nearly all day. Hamburg is a very pretty town situated on the Banks of the Elbe and from whence you go in a Steamer to this town. There we dined and spent the time whilst waiting for the packet

in walking about the town. A great fair was going on and it wd. be impossible to describe the gaiety and glitter of the dress of the peasants and the Citizens. We were delighted with them. Sitting about enjoying themselves, in the greatest order. Their gold and Silver Caps and gay jewellery and beautifully neat effect forming such a contrast to the dirty Streets and tumble down houses.

Our voyage across the mouth of the Elbe to Hamburgh was, or rather would have been delightful had not the Steamer been very full of people who were all so eager after Mrs. Fry and her books that there was no bearing them and for decencys' sake we had to take refuge in the Coach at last, Francois *locking* the doors lest the crowd should even enter the carriage in their rude curiosity. There we sat amidst a fume of smoak and a crush of people admiring the fine setting sun behind the five old towers of Hamburg and Altona and eventually taking up our quarters at the dirty Hotel de Prusse and spending a quiet evening talking over Hambourg and plans with Aunts' friend Amelia Sieveking and enjoying a good splash in a warm bath or rather in *three*.

Aug. 17. Our first act the next morning was to send to the Post. But *alas!* no letters! How disappointed we were having trusted that Pymont letters wd. have been forwarded. Our second act was to change our hotel to the Alte Stadt London where we are most comfortable. Lord William Russell next door to us so that our communications were frequent. Amongst other things, dearest Ted, he told us, in talking about Lord Johns' election¹ that we had seen in the French Papers

¹ On the fall of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841, there was a General Election. Lord J. Russell just scraped in as 4th member for the City of London, assisted in the struggle by Samuel Gurney and his son Edmund ("dearest Ted").

the account of his brothers being conveyed thro' the crowd on the day of his election by two Gentlemen, the strongest and tallest that could be procured as the crowd was so great, that of course meant thee know who. I was delighted to hear that such an account of thee and Papa had reached the Continent. One of our first great interests were the Persecuted Baptists and their Minister Ricken. Happily they are now at peace but they have suffered much altho' the same thing may have been said of them as of the Lutherans in Prussia that they have brought it very much on themselves by their uncommon *obstinacy* in some points. Good enough I have no doubt they are, I am sure they look like it but they are very unwise. They will go to the River Elbe to be Baptized that they may be thoroughly immersed. The consequence is that, *as they wish*, such crowds are collected out of mere *curiosity* that the Police has the greatest difficulty to keep order amongst the Mob. In other things also they are *unwise*. However now they are at peace and are permitted to hold their little meetings in private houses in peace and quiet. At Rickens house is a capital shop of Tract Society Books. Here we refreshed our Stock of Books and felt much interested in visiting his house altho' he is from home in England. In the afternoon (third day) we took a most delightful drive thro' Altona (which joins Hambourg) all along the banks of the Elbe. Looking down upon the River thro' beautiful trees and gardens. We finished our drive by calling on the Hanoverian Consul,¹ a Mr. Hanbury, and enjoyed a good feast of Elbe Beauties from his Verandah.

All Hamburg gentlemen have such elegant Maisons

¹ That is, the British Consul in Hanover.

de Campagne, furnished only for Summer Residence, and their principal Salon is merely a verandah Furnished with Sofas Chairs and Ottomans and either Floorcloth or elegantly inlaid floors. Here they take their meals and employments—Receive company and Smoke—and a delightful practice it is. (I don't mean the smoking but I mean the Verandahs) and no times are more refreshing to us than these visits.

Aug. 18—fourth day. The next day we visited three prisons. A Committee of 30 ladies and an Orphan Asylum—A hard days work considering that our resting times between at the Hotel were wholly engrossed in callers. I see no advantage in sending to you a mere list of names that you will not understand. As usual we have seen a strange variety of good clergymen, rich Merchants, influential Senators, worldly men and agreeable young ladies. Our great friends here are the Senator Hudtwaleker and wife and 3 daughters (who are always with us—Amelia Sieveking—and William Seebohm. Fifty others I might mention but I will not. The word *Rest* is not to be found in our dictionary at Hambourg. Happily Aunt Fry is better. Thanks to London Porter and the good living of the Alte Stadt London. We are all nicely. I have been troubled with my old friend of pain in my heart which has been very bad. I think it was merely cold as a little care on that head has nearly cured it. Fourth day evening we spent at a Mr. Donners, a Dane, at his Maison de Campagne. A most lovely spot. A merry cheerful old man and his daughter. A most entertaining, easy evening. His garden planted in the greatest taste along the Elbe, and no expense spared in it. He had called in the morning to beg us to go and tried to persuade Aunt to spend a whole

afternoon there. She was almost going into the place when I exclaimed that every hour was engaged and she could not possibly leave the hotel till 7 o'clock. The old gentleman could not forget this and kept up a mock fight with me all the evening because I had so peremptorily laid down the law for the whole party. and was asking *my* leave for every thing that was done during all the evening much to the amusement of the party. Before we went to his house we had three to dinner and a large party to Coffee afterwards. We generally manage two parties in each evening.

On the 19th. 6th day we went out early into the country and spent an interesting morning visiting a refuge for Boys and Girls called the *Ranke* House. Here about 20 ladies and gentlemen met us. The Institution consists of 4 or 5 little Houses in each of which 12 boys or girls and a *head* resides. Here the boys learn many trades and the Girls also. One of the houses was built by the boys alone without any help. They had adorned their chapel in honor of us with branches. They all assembled here when Uncle and Aunt addressed them very appropriately. The Children all met afterwards in the Garden and sang us some fine National Airs. Uncle gave them each some money. They looked so happy and altho' in fact it may be said to be a sort of a Prison yet they are so ruled by love and attention to their wants that there are no walls or nothing at all to keep them from leaving the place. The whole party afterwards adjourned to a Mr. Sievekings' beautiful house near. Here our party increased to about 30 or 40. A most elegant hot and cold dejeuner was prepared and I thought how Papa would have enjoyed seeing such a fine party of us girls seated round one of the numerous little tables

that were scattered about his beautiful suite of apartments in foreign style. A large hospital and an asylum for the poor we visited on our way back. Miss Sieveking and Marie Hudtwaleker, as usual driving with us. They are for ever about us and most kindly helping. We all were tired to the last point but an hours' sleep refreshed us all for a dinner party and then going at 7 to the Senator Hudwalekers to spend the evening. Here we expected a social evening. And had set our minds on a little easy chat but instead of this his rooms were full about 80 people all seated in a row waiting for a speech. There was nothing to be done but speak in such a case and I am sure had they had days to prepare they could not have given more elegant or good discourses. Miss Sieveking interpreting. Uncle, on Wilberforces life, Aunt stirring up the Ladies to good works. Touching up the gentlemen about Lunatic Asylums and Prisons and ending with a fine Harangue on Religion being made the first and foremost thing in every ones heart. People listened with the most breathless attention and well they might. She touched on Persecution etc. beautifully so as to *touch* but not to *wound* the feelings of any present. When she had done our kind Senator (Hamburgh is governed by 24 Senators being a Kingdom of itself) rose and in German expressed in an address to Aunt that he had intended speaking himself but that their discourses had struck him dumb he therefore would only add his hearty thanks to them and his great wish that the City of Hamburgh, those now present, His house and himself might all be remembered in her prayers. A beautiful repast of Tea Coffee Cakes Sandwiches Fruit Ice and Wine ended our entertainment not to mention Uncle and all of us paying a visit to the Nursery to see 4 or 5

children sound asleep and here I shall conclude as you must be tired.

I hope to write next from Copenhagen. I suppose all letters now must be addressed to Pyrmont but Papa would know. We return here on the fifth day week for one night and then to Pyrmont for 1st day fortnight Perhaps you might write here. Do try. I am most patient about letters or rather I am beyond impatience. Remember I have only heard once. Oh! how I do long to hear. One line would be most precious. Dearest love.

E. S. G.

I would copy my letter again as it is so shabby dear Mama but I am really too tired. I should think I had written it at 10 different times which must be my excuse.

Hambourgh—Aug. 20—6th day.
1841.

We began by a large party to breakfast consisting principally of our young lady acquaintances and good clergymen. This being our last day we were pretty full of business. We spent the morning (at least Anna and I) in taking a drive by the Elbe with the Miss Hudtwalekers. They have been so kind to us. We only regret that they talk English so well that we have no practice in German. They took us first to call on William Seebohms' lady as she was too poorly to come out and as she had just arrived from Friedensthal I thought I had better call on her. And then to see some views of the Elbe. Such a party of girls we looked (as they found two of their friends there) sitting sketching from a lovely little summer house. We had many documents to write and copy during the afternoon. I staid at home and finished them whilst the

others went to meet the poor Baptists who had undergone so much trouble. They held a little meeting with them which they appeared to value. In the evening an immense party congregated. I believe we were all equally alarmed as we walked into that immense Saloon. Elegantly lighted amidst hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, and all the more so from knowing that it had previously been advertised in the Paper and this made it beyond a mere *soirée*. However every one afterwards, I believe, was more than satisfied. Uncle first introduced Aunt Fry to the Meeting being interpreted for by a Hamburg gentleman. Then Aunt rose with Miss Sieveking who interpreted for her most beautifully. Aunt gave her own Prison experience and first introduction to Newgate to show how much *may be done* and then an Account of their Prisons. A most eloquent and capital speech. Uncle on Slavery. Short but spirited. They were both taken down by a Shorthand writer but I quite forgot to order them to send you a paper as I meant to have done. Very much interest was expressed after it. About 50 of our own friends came up with us into our own apartments and fed on Ices and Cakes. Altho' we fixed to return in a fortnight and spend the evening of fifth day week with them at 9 o'clock yet many a tear was observable and we did not get the room cleared till very late. After which we had to get every thing ready for our early start the next day. This is no light task. What with important papers and quantities of books and the elders so tired that they can do nothing but drink Vin de Bordeaux and go to bed. Anna and I find it a good hours work. However this comes under the immediate office of Aide de Camps. Which is our peculiar office. We did not expect much enjoyment at Hambourg. We

had heard so much of the *Wapping* effect about it of dirt, noise &c. that we were agreeably disappointed in its appearance altho' we have visited many pleasanter places. People have been so kind in trying to make our stay as pleasant as possible. We lived in the lap of luxury at our hotel. No expense or pains spared to make us comfortable. Uncle was shocked at the Bill but I asked him what else he could have expected considering the style we had lived in and having so many to take their meals with us sums up the bills more than any of the party but Francois and I (who eventually mourn over the extravagance) seem aware of. The costumes of the people have delighted us. Servant girls and all appearing in such gay attire and each girl (almost) carrying a splendid shawl elegantly arranged under the arm so as to conceal a basket, shaped like a child's coffin, containing various articles from the market. Our hotel overlooked the Jungferstieg. The great public bath so we had a full opportunity of observing all the passers by. The funerels too were curious. Not composed of friends of the deceased but hired mourners called Resten Diener draped in black, with plaited Ruffs round their necks curled powdered wigs and short Spanish Cloaks. The coffin laid in an open Car. The Peasants from Vierland &c are very pretty, with their broad hats, short petticoats and *Lilac* stockings. And tight boddices displaying all the colours of the Rainbow in the gayest ornaments set in them. These stand about selling flowers and Apricots. Their pretty manners and dresses generally won us over and we rarely returned from a walk without a fresh bunch of carnations or stocks. In the evening the Walk under our window was so crowded that it seemed like one mass of living beings. It was entertaining

to watch especially as some of the finest voices you ever heard sang under our window every night. The Germans really seem to have the very soul of Music in them. Uncle is so delighted when he hears them begin whilst they are walking about the public gardens and walks. They have formed the Ramparts into lovely walks and beds of flowers all round the town adorned with elegant houses and public Coffee Rooms. In fact we leave Hambourg with a pleasing impression and only wishing that the Prisons were better managed and some of the people in office were a little more alive to good.

Aug. 21—7th day. An early start is always disagreeable and having to rise at six o'clock is any thing but what one enjoys especially when there is no occasion to do it. They all got it into their heads that we should be 12 hours going 65 miles, altho' the road was excellent and horses had been ordered all the way. Almost immediately on leaving Hambourg we entered Denmark but we found that all the way to Kiel they speak German. Nothing particular occurred we were so tired and overdone by the heat that we slept and eat and eat and slept nearly all the way, now and then rousing up to see the Storks which were grand in some small field. We saw 10 stalking about and at another place 11 flying about close to us. I think we must have seen 50 all together today. Such magnificent creatures! We had never been on a better road than this and as I anticipated accomplished our arrival at Kiel by 3 o'clock. Smothered with dust and $\frac{1}{2}$ melted by the heat. Our dinner consisting of Leg of Mutton and Raw Ham—Sausages—Beans and potatoes (Third course) Bread Pudding and sweet sauce. 4th course. Perch dressed in Oil. 5th. Veal & Salad and currants and cherries boiled for Sauce. 6th. Cream and Cakes and

Crayfish. 7th. Plums, Cheese, Currants and Butter, took as you may guess, a good hour and a half. Which with a little stroll about the town and a call on a Pastor Harmes (who is called a second Luther as he has bravely attacked Rationalism with such powerful theses, and who can only talk *German* and *Danish*) occupied our time till the Steamer started. So at 7 o'clock you might have seen us stationed on board. Carriage and all. A fine steamer, beating our Rotterdam Steamers hollow. A most polite and agreeable Captain. A respectable assembly on board and a comfortable little cabin for us four ladies. However people may talk as to the Romance of a voyage and the pleasure of a night at sea certainly the sober reality is far different. Not that I felt it myself at all uncomfortable as I slept like a humming top going to bed at 9. After an excellent Supper and waking at 7 the next morning in time to dress and go on deck to see the Island of Moën as we passed under its fine Chalk cliffs. Anna had passed the night in the Carriage from choice. Aunt and Mary in tumbling about the Cabin. I was the only wise one as I went to bed and undressed like any other Christian. The heat of the day had given me a terrible headache so that a good night was more than I anticipated. Sleeping is my malady at sea. The whole morning I could hardly keep myself awake so that I gave up the idea of its being Sunday and slept on deck. As the morning advanced the ladies began to cheer up one after another. We gave each other the history of our several nights in English, French, or Bad German. The Pitching of the Baltic had been as bad as the Rolling of the North Sea and the ladies had been fearfully ill. Some of them had been much frightened by a furious thunder storm as we were leaving Kiel which lasted a little till 12 o'clock at night.

Before reaching Copenhagen Uncle assembled the company on deck and read a Chapter. All gathering round, some standing, others sitting. The gentlemen Bare headed. An interesting service and his address afterwards very good. At 12 we came in full view of the old town. Not a very striking appearance but most highly interesting to us. It seemed difficult to believe that we were really entering into that harbour. We had hardly stopped before the English Chargé d'Affaires Mr. Browne came on Board with a letter of welcome from the Queen and a message that *she* had ordered apartments for us at the Hotel D'Angleterre. We had engaged them at another Hotel but we could not but obey her kind commands. Mrs. Browne was waiting for us on the Quai having been also ordered by the Queen to meet Aunt and conduct her to the Hotel. We were all glad enough thus to find the door open and such kind helpers as the Brownes to throw ourselves upon. The Queen has arranged that Aunt is to see her at 12 o'clock on 2nd day (to-day) and on fifth day we are all to go to their country palace and be introduced to the King¹ having in the mean time visited the Prisons that Aunt may lay her story before the King. He sent her a message that whatever she wishes shall be done so my advice is to write him a note to beg him to build new prisons, to liberate his Slaves and to stop religious persecutions, as these are the three points that weigh on their minds. As to Copenhagen I cannot tell you what it is like being totally unlike any other place we have seen. It seems entirely falling into ruin. Desolate enough. It is sad to look back upon its history and to see how much England has had to do in thus destroying it. No wonder they hate the English. They

¹ Christian VIII. Died 1848.

have just cause for doing so. Here I must stop and my next must be a fuller detail of this curious town for Mr. Browne is coming to go out with us and he has promised to send our letters at once in the Ambassadors' Bag. I feel that I have too little time to enter into your delightful packet of letters received here. They had been forwarded from Pyrmont and Amsterdam. I rejoice to think of you really in Wales. May you be prospered on your way. I can hardly imagine you in the two carriages what a famous party you must be. Do write fully to me and forward your Scotch letters. The accounts *also* of them and of the L's at Scarbro' are highly interesting. How we are scattered. We intend leaving this place this day week (2nd day) and spend next 1st day week (the 5th) at Pyrmont. Could you not meet us there with letters or perhaps Hanover would be safer where we shall be till the 8th on our way to Silesia. Dearest Mother I love to think of thee enjoying Wales. I think more of John than anyone *here* as he has been here before. To him my very dear love. I wish I had a map to follow you. I must conclude. Please send this to Woodthorpe. Dear Ellen thee will forward this please to Wales. Thank dear Sam for his most acceptable letter. It was such a treat to me.

DEAREST PAPA,

I have a letter from Eliza Roeders saying the Canitzs are coming to England. I am so glad of it.

Copenhagen—Aug. 23. 1841. Second day.

I send this to thee dear Ellen, would thee let Louisa have it and forward it to Wales. E. S. G. Much love.

Our kind friend Mr. Browne. Secretary to the Legation came at nine to take us to the Royal Riding School.

Very much in the Hannover Style, dearest Papa. Here we passed an amusing half hour watching the manœuvres of these Danish horses. They are very fine animals and some of the very best cost only £20 or £25. If we had wanted one, dear Papa, I really should have been tempted to have speculated. We find Copenhagen a very odd town. I cannot describe it. The tumbledown effect is quite sad every thing appears in decadence yet there is much that remains that shows that it has been a fine town and to make us English ashamed of ourselves. The whole place and people appear about 100 years backwarder in civilization than England. The Pavement is so bad that it is all one can do to bear going over it and this under the Walls of an *immense* new palace where the Royal Family are of course constantly driving; but I must go on with my tale. At 12 o'clock Mrs. Browne came to take Aunt to Her Majesty who had come in from the country on purpose to receive us. And Anna and I settled quietly to writing. However soon our Valet de Place came running upstairs with the intelligence que "La Reine a envoyé La Voiture pour vous. Elle Veut vous voir tout de suite." In five minutes we were dressed and seated in the Royal Carriage that was as smart as Crimson Cloth, Silk cushions and a profusion of faded lace could make it. The Coachman in Bright scarlet and laced Cock Hat. A curious contrast to us in plain Silks and Coalscuttles. We found the Queen surrounded by her Maids of Honor and our party in her *Infant School*. And most curious was the sight. She shook hands with us, asked us if we had been to the West Indies with Uncle and which of us had been to Germany with Aunt. I never saw any one look more like a Queen. A fine commanding figure and carriage but



COPENHAGEN

From the Terrace at Frederiksberg
"Our plain silks and coalscuttles"

as gracious as possible and interpreting to us what the Children said. I never saw a more singular sight or a more interesting one. To see the Mistress taking hold of her hand and talking to her with such a mixture of familiarity combined with the profoundest admiration and respect. Not content with showing us the School Her Majesty took us all over the house and made us all sit down by Her Side in the Mistress' parlour saying that it wd. please the Mistress to have us all sit down.

We must have been an hour there I think and left full of admiration for the Queen. She certainly is a most extraordinary person. So extremely *good* and *gracious*. Her Majesty invited us all to dine with her as tomorrow (fifth day) and then to be introduced to his Danish Majesty, Christian VIII and begged Aunt to make use of a room in the Palace if she wished to hold any large meetings. At the same time begging her to ask for every thing that we wanted at the Hotel, as we are living here at her Expense. We drove back to the Hotel in Her Carriage. We saw a Man hold up his Hands in astonishment at what Monsters had taken possession of Her Majestys' carriage.

The afternoon was principally engrossed in writing and concocting a letter to the King on the three points of Prison, Slavery and Persecution, for the latter I extracted from III Vol of D'Aubigné Luthers' ideas on that Subject which are most strong and decided and *clear*. This ought to have some weight in a Lutheran Country. The Queen begged them to use all their influence with the King saying that she considered their coming here was a blessing to the Nation. She has not much power over this bigoted old King we hear. In fact she is far too good for the Country—and is even despised on account of her

goodness by a vast proportion of her Subjects. She is in some way connected with our Royal Family but the marriages and intermarriages are so difficult that I cannot tell you how. I think that our having been taken up so with the Queen has its advantages and disadvantages. Everybody thinks that being so taken up by her we want no more and we have found it difficult to make much access. Anybody else would have been satisfied with the numbers that we know but if People do not *flock* then they are not satisfied. The religious party here is quite sad. *Parties* I ought to say so that if you are a friend to one party you must expect to be in disrepute with the others. I never knew it so strong anywhere. The nonliberty of *conscience* and *press* being the evident cause. For a wonder we passed a quiet evening. All to ourselves. A real help by the way. We were delighted in receiving letters from England. Such an unexpected pleasure to us. From Marianne Crossland &c. to hear that you are really started is a pleasure!

Aug. 24. Nearly the whole of today was spent in Prisons. More useful than agreeable as to dirt. In a very neglected state. The only religious book we saw all day was a Jews' prayer book. This is sad Indeed. But I think on the Whole they were better than Aunt expected tho' we saw two poor men quite lost their senses from grief. The most sad sight tho' to us was 2 Baptist Ministers such good looking men. Two Brothers, each in separate Cells. Imprisoned entirely from their religious views. However I hope that by petitioning to the King their liberty will be gained. We are all well.

I can't spare any more time now to write more as we have a busy day before us.

Please dear Ellen¹ to forward this. Read it if thee likes.

Copenhagen, Aug. 25. fifth day. 1841.

Thy letter dearest Mother yesterday was truly welcome, containing such happy reports of yourselves. What a magnificent party you must be. I should like to know when you intend returning to Upton and how you mean to end your journey. The "two Britskas" sound so charming. But pray take care of these coldish evenings. I should think that you, like us, do not regret the evenings closing in so soon as it is pleasant to spend shut up evenings together. And we find that we become tired enough when dusk begins. May you be enjoying as pleasant weather as we are, My blessed Mother. Thee asks to know "intimately" about us. I think I may give thee a most satisfactory report. We are on the happiest terms one with another. No 4 could be more so. And I am sure no father or mother could be more affectionate and kind than Uncle and Aunt are. In fact we play in perfectly with one another and are very happy. Uncle now and then gets a little nervous because the fleas bite him, or Aunt has poor nights because the Blankets & Sheets are not wide enough to cover her. But this is the extent of our miserys. We live in rather too much luxury, I think, as to eating & drinking, there seems no end of it. Francois feeds us like princes and will allow nothing but the finest luxuries on our table &c. Both he and Mary are capital. In fact we are all being quite spoiled by their attentions. Not that we shall be so when we return home but we find it very pleasant now. And this added to Uncles' unbounded generosity makes us travel *en prince*. Francois' ideas of the party "Altho'

¹ Wife of Mr. Samuel Gurney, Junr.

they are only called *Mrs.* Fry and *Mr.* Gurney yet they are of the first English family and expect to be treated like Dukes ” This is always his song at the hotels. I am *quite well*. We all are indeed. We are very tired of a night but this is what might be expected. And we sleep sound enough to be well rested by the morning. I was entertained by your fright about the great gaiety of hearing sacred Music¹ at Amsterdam. I suppose it was naughty of us but our heads were so full of prisons and philanthropy that I don't think it did us very much harm. And tho' we heard some of the first Dutch Musicians yet I think by this time we have forgotten all about it. We find it a great difficulty to keep ourselves as neat as Aunt likes. Anna declares she will go shabby. I make a certain effort and then stop. We often wear our Coal-scuttles but the extreme attention it attracts is almost too much and hardly amounts to proper for Anna and me but we are most good about it in general. And we like to give people the entertainment if it pleases them so much. Our travelling equipments are becoming rather shabby. Anna has ordered herself a new bonnet. Mine is still neat with the help of my White one. I have written all this about ourselves merely for dearest Mother. We do not find your imperial too large on the whole. Today we dine with the King and Queen. Quite an event! And have a large party here on 7th day. Aunt can give a very good report of us both. This is a comfort. We both are amused how good we both look when company is here. In fact we are quite patterns and are *very much liked*. We think people like the party all the more for having two young ones here. I must run away. I have to pack some books.

¹ See Amsterdam letter of Aug. 10, p. 123.

Thank dearest Papa & Edmund for their most kind additions to my letter. Pray write when you can. I can so well imagine you at Tintern Chepstow &c, &c. Farewell my dearest Mother. I enjoy to think of you enjoying yourselves.

Most lovingly,

E. S. G.

[*Here is a gap from Aug. 25 to Sep. 17. 1841. There is no account of the journey from Copenhagen to Silesia.*]

MY DEAREST SAM & ELLEN,

*Berlin.*¹

I have only time for a very few lines but I want to put before you a most (*to us*) delightful plan. My only fear is that it is now too late and that I ought to have written days ago. We hope to return by Frankfort and the Rhine and then spend a day or two at Düsseldorf if we have time and we have all united in the idea of the *delightfulness* that it would be to us if you could possibly meet us at either of these places. You will want a journey somewhere and I doubt any journey being pleasanter than this. You surely will not want more than a day to prepare—and even if you could not meet us no further than Düsseldorf why should you not come there and then go for a little journey by yourselves from thence. I cannot say to thee what a delightful plan it would be nor to us all. Uncle was *charmed* at the idea and they all desire me to say how most pleasant it wd be. I am not sure whether I have left you time to meet us by writing so late but do try. Our plans are fixed to leave Hirschberg on 2nd day (the 20th). After that we have not yet quite fixed but according to my idea we shall spend our next Sabbath (26th) at Cassel

¹ Undated. Written before the letters from Silesia.

(I do not think we can get beyond that) Reach Frankfort by third day (28th). This is my idea but I think Papa will unite with me as to times & distances. We must be home by 7th day (the 2nd) so perhaps we must give up Frankfort & go *straight* to Düsseldorf from Cassel. I will write to you by next post to confirm my letter as to plans but now we all do hope that you will at least meet us at *Düsseldorf* but Frankfort would be far better to enjoy the Rhine together. Surely that would be delicious. *Do* come. There is no reason why you should not & we all should so *heartily* enjoy it. I have now been consulting the Map with Francois and we rather doubt whether we can manage Frankfort as it takes us so much out of the way. but I will write by next post. But do let me press you at least to consider the matter. Even to Düsseldorf. I feel sure you will feel it worth while. It is such an interest after all, even to partake of a small bit of a journey with Aunt Fry. At Düsseldorf we have so many delightful friends so I am afraid Papa will not like you to come and will persuade you that it is not worth while but you will find Düsseldorf so extremely pleasant even if we spend but one day there. I must not stay to write more but you may be sure of another line. Only do prepare for a start. I can assure you you would find it most pleasant. There is ample room in the Coach for us to travel together from Düsseldorf to Liege where we meet the rail road. It will be so delicious if you will come.

Written in three minutes.

E. S. G.

[*Added by Joseph John Gurney.*]

Dears. Bessy says add a line and if it is to say pray meet us on the Rhine I do it most willingly it would

be very charming—only for you who are not in so great hurry as we shall be. I do not know how you would like it.

Hirschberg. Sep. 17. fifth day. 1841.

MY DEAREST SAM & ELLEN,

Hoping that my last letter may in some degree have awakened your minds as to our plans and hoping still more than you have entered into my view of the subject as to joining us. I shall tell you that I think I may say for certain that we have given up going to Frankfort on account of the shortness of our time and our present plan is to spend, as planned, our Sabbath after next (the 26th) at Cassel which we hear is a most delightful place and travelling thro' 2nd & 3rd day reach Elberfeld Spend our 4th day Morning there in seeing Krummacker & other delightful Pastors & Institutions and go on to Düsseldorf that afternoon. Now would it not be possible for you to meet us at Elberfeld a most interesting place filled with good people, good Institutions & good Manufactories. I am going to write to Miss Murray (a friend of ours) to meet us there as Interpreter and I have little doubt that our visit there and at Düsseldorf you will find most fully worth while joining us in. You may never have the opportunity again of travelling with Uncle & Aunt, in this way and I really grudge none of our party should unite with them when it can be so easily accomplished. They are all so very warm about it, Aunt especially as she thinks that if she really wants more time Uncle might go home & thee dear Sam would take care of her. The journey from Düsseldorf to Liège is so pleasant thro' the Valley of the Vesdre & both Aix and Liège are well worth seeing and then if you do not like to return with us so soon you could not find anything

better than visiting Brussels, Antwerp &c Making use of Aunts' capital Introductions. Do really, pray think seriously of it. It would be so delicious and we shall all be so dissappointed if you do not. It would be a *pity not*. Don't let anyone discourage you, *pray* meet us at Elberfeld if you can.

I don't think we shall stop more than one day at Düsseldorf I must not add more. We are now going off to Fishbach, to dine there. Oh! that you were here in this exquisite spot—Like Switzerland in Miniature. I who never saw a Mountain before can not *admire* enough. It far exceeds our expectations. I cannot enter into particulars. We are living at the foot of the most lovely rich Mountains.

Adieu my dearest Sam & Ellen. Hoping most entirely to see you on 4th day the 29th at Elberfeld.

Most lovingly

E. S. G.

The whole party send dearest love. Tell People to visit to Düsseldorf please.

Hirschberg,¹ Sep. 20. 1841.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

My life here in the Mountains shall be told to thee & oh that I could in any way do it justice or that it was in my power to transplant thee in imagination for a few moments to these Palaces of Beauty Fishbach, Erdmannsdorf, and Schildau. That would be impossible but I will do my best and a most pleasant task it is as today we have taken leave of them all and it is delightful to talk of all the dears in a little gossip to thee my dearest Miss G. I wrote to our dearest Mother, giving an

¹ Hirschberg in Silesia. In full view of the Riesengebirge on the Bohemian frontier. It was the centre of several Royal country seats.

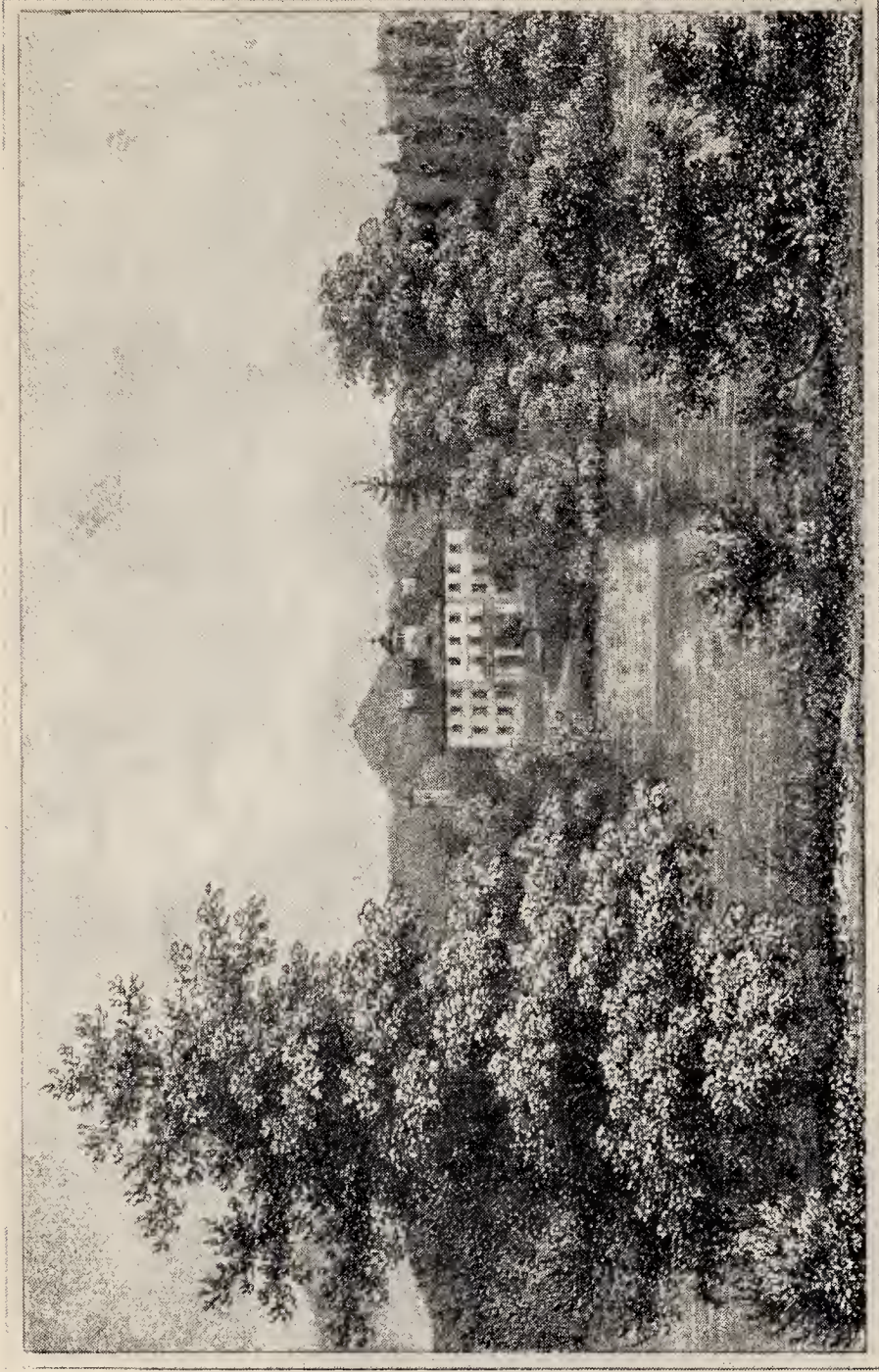
account of our life up to 6th day night and telling you of our happy afternoon at Fishbach and some of the pleasing acquaintances we made there. The Chief of our *new* ones was the Countess Redern. One of the most extraordinary and best people I ever met. Beaming with Goodness. The perfect lady and one of the first people in the Land. So that altho' this country here is swarming with Counts and Countesses, our answer was on inquiring to whom some of the lovely Mountains belonged "to die *Grafin*" That is sufficient. She is a complete "Mother in Israel" which is especially testified by her being the Counsellor and Protectress of 3 or 400 poor Tyrolese who on account of a religious persecution fled from their country in 1838 and under the protection of the Late King¹ settled in a lovely vale close by Erdmannsdorf in the most sweet little Swiss Cottages built for them by the King who sent his chief Chaplain Strauss to the Tyrol before he would allow them to come to enquire into their religion. We had before heard of these poor creatures and dare say you have also. Well, this dear Countess, who was the near friend of the late King and is now of all the royal family, did all she could for them. Established a school amongst them and is considered as the very life of the party. She lives in the most lovely Chateau of Buchwald. The land for 6 miles round belonging to her, the most beautiful composition of Lake, Wood and Mountain Scenery. Her husband died many years ago and she lives with a duck of an old Sister who does not understand much of English but enough French to make herself well understood. Now I think I have introduced "Her Excellency" as she is termed thoroughly to your acquaintance—so to my tale.

¹ Frederick William III.

It was arranged with the Queen¹ and the Princess Frederic Des Pays Bas (Sister of the King of Prussia) that we should be at their Palaces in the morning. So at 11 o'clock having despatched a few business letters, to make arrangements ahead (which always falls to my lot) we started for Erdmannsdorf, the Kings Palace. The King had not arrived from Warsaw & was not expected till the next day (1st day). Erdmannsdorf is a truly lovely spot. The same tale may be told of each Palace and Chateau and by these pictures,² that a dear Bookseller has just had the goodness to send, a faint idea may be formed. Thee see that Balcony in the front of the house on the other sheet. That is most luxuriously adorned with flowers & commands a glorious view. The King has cleared the valley from a sort of desert state into a highly adorned and ornamented garden. Waterfalls, fountains, lakes and walks kept up in the first style. The prettiest Gondolas—and Statues. This contrasted with the rich mountains is more lovely than I can tell. In the Balcony that commands this view we sat waiting for our Queen with a Lady in Waiting & our Countess and her Sister whom we happened to meet, till the Queen appeared and leading Aunt & the Countess & Uncle into the next room Anna and I staid modestly behind and had an amusing French gossip with the Lady. Our costume excites the most vivid interest & those who are a little bolder than the rest enjoy to have a gossip on our plans and samples. Those discussed in French excites the deepest interest. The Queen kept them some time and then came back to us to say that she was sorry we

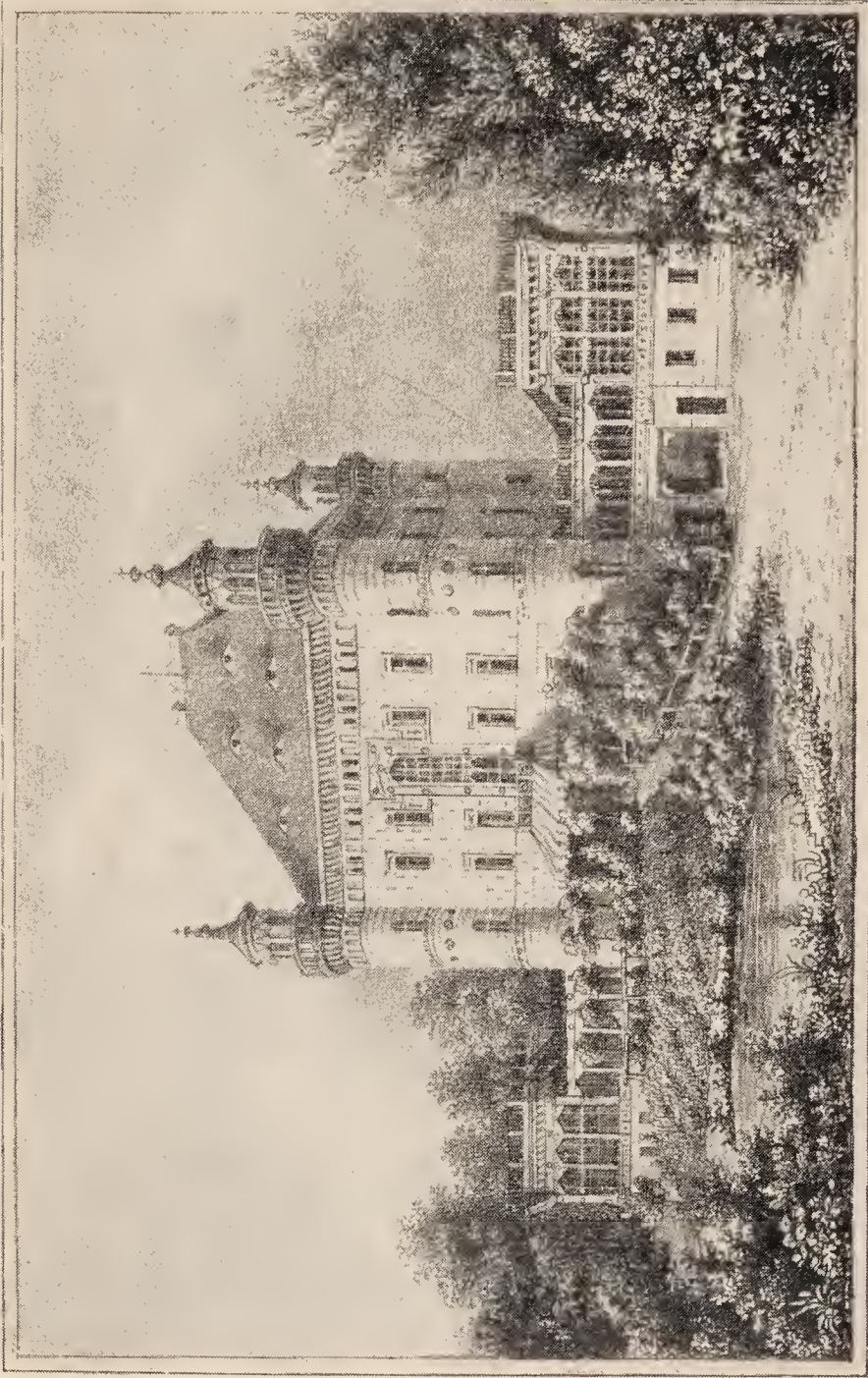
¹ Queen of Prussia. A Bavarian Princess who married K. Frederick William IV.

² There is a "picture" at the head of all three sheets on which this letter is written—of Fischbach, Schildau, and Erdmannsdorf.



ERDMANNSDORF

“Thee see that Balcony”



SCHILDAU
"The Verandah thee sees"

staid. Asked as a matter of course where Papa was and when would he come again to Berlin. Uncle and Aunts' part of the Visit went off most satisfactorily. The dear Queen looked so pleased and gracious and spoke with such heart of the wish of joining the Countess' reunion the next evening. You must know that the Countess was determined that Uncle & Aunt should have a meeting with "her Tyrolese" and had sent 60 miles for an Interpreter to be at her Residence, Buchwald, for 1st day night, the time appointed for the meeting & to which the Princess Wilhelme¹ was to come. On leaving Erdmannsdorf we went direct to Schildau, perhaps the prettiest of all the Royal residences. It was the gift of the late King to his daughter The Princess Frederic of the Pays Bas. We found here Prince Frederic Brother to the King of the Netherlands, and Prince Charles² just finished lunch or breakfast as they call it. And we all stood about for some time chatting in the Verandah thee sees at the entrance and which looks onto the garden bright with dahlias &c and the fine mountain called Schneekoppe just in front. The Princess' had much felt returning here. It brought her father³ so much to her mind and she had not been here since his death. She poured out her heart to Aunt, her eyes filled with tears. A walk round the garden was soon proposed. Aunt and the Princess arm in arm. Anna & I & Prince Charles and then Prince Frederic & Uncle. Anna & Prince Charles are the greatest of friends. They talk and laugh together in the most absurd way. He doing all he can to make himself ridiculous & his droll English expressions adding to the

¹ Sister-in-law of Frederick William III.

² Prince Charles of Prussia.

³ Frederick William III.

effect. His ideas of *friendliness*¹ are so quaint and what nobody but he would have imagined. "I find your bonnets not *fine* but *handsome*. Your father always wears his hat when he eats" &c. &c. Returning from our walk Prince Charles took his departure for Fishbach where he is staying and left us five alone. Prince F. brought us a fine plate of peaches and we seated ourselves very happily again in the Verandah. A discourse on common Philanthropic objects ensued. (They both understand English well), and then a few *good* remarks followed. "I have been thinking" says Aunt "while walking in this exquisite place and beautiful Place of that text. 'The Lord has given thee of the Fatness of the Land and the dew of Heaven' and I have applied it in my mind to our dear Prince & Princess. The Lord *has* given you of the Fatness of the Land, and may He, thro' the riches of his mercy grant you the dew of Heaven." The Royal couple rose shook hands most affectionately and parted in the greatest love with us all. "I so often think my dearest Mrs. Fry when I look at my little Baby of what you said to it at the Hague. 'May it be *blessed* and prove a *blessing* to others.' " She expressed regret that Her daughter Louise² was not at Home to have been with us two & Prince Frederic handed Aunt into the carriage. Our next point was Buchwald where we were to dine and finish our day. Our dear Countess and her Sister met us at the top of the fine flight of steps that leads into her house, and giving us a hearty kiss of welcome to Buchwald we went upstairs. Here we were introduced to her Guests. The Princess of Holstein Richthofen & her daughter. Count Stolberg and his niece the Countess

¹ That is, Quakerism.

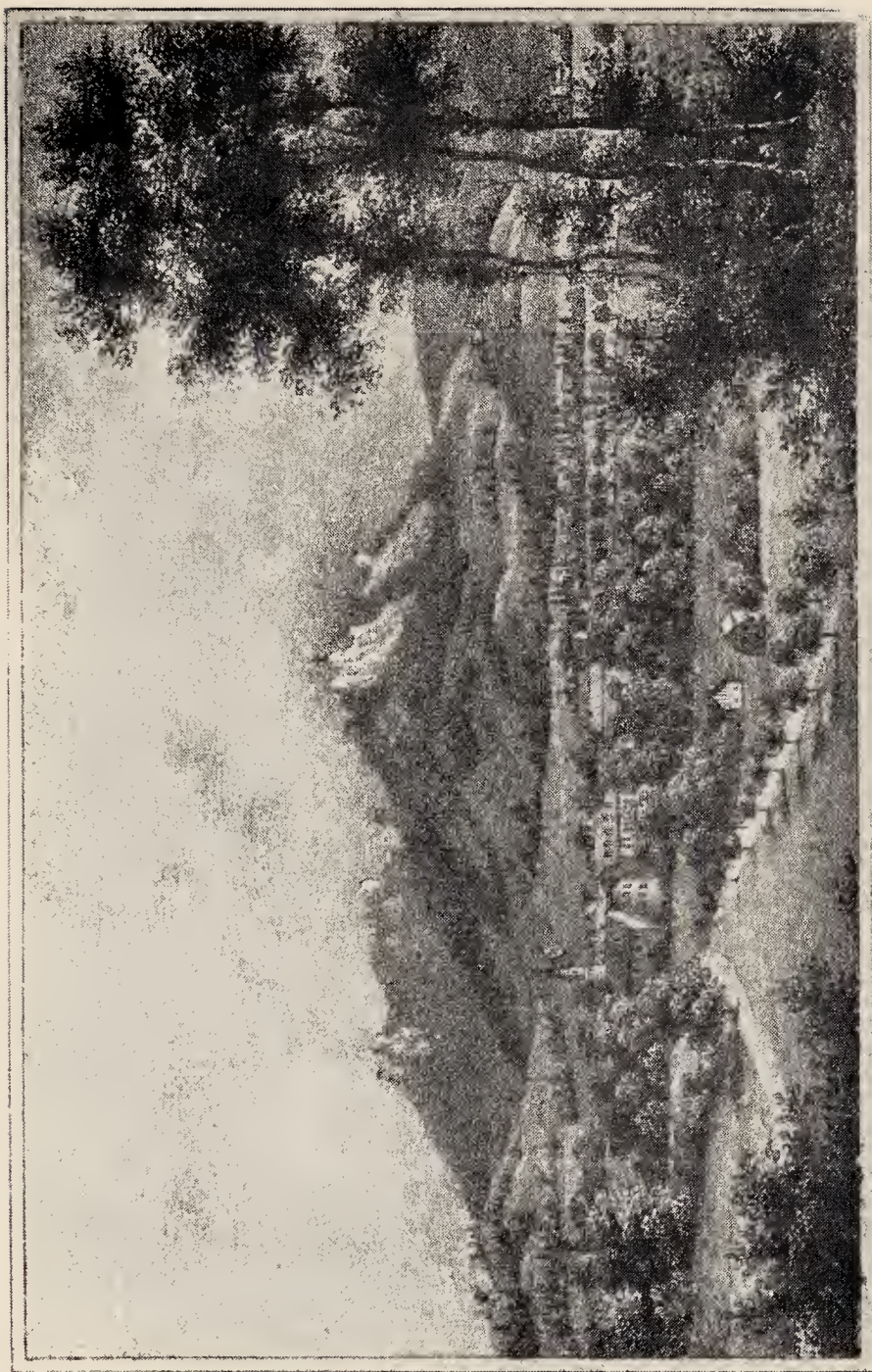
² She married Charles XV, King of Sweden, who died 1872.

Helen Stolberg. We dined at three off (the common luxury of this land) trout & Roebuck; Apple dumplings &c. A beautiful dinner and worthy the Mansion of *die Grafen*. After dinner Aunt had her rest, for this is completely Liberty Hall & the Countess Uncle Anna & I strayed about her grounds. She interested us extremely by her wonderful anecdotes & tales of her poor husband who had founded the Bible Society in Silesia and which now is such a large concern 54,000 copies having been distributed. We returned from the end of her garden by water. The boatman in a rustic striped dress rowing us across and entering into the pleasure that she had in showing off every new view of "my dear Buchwald" We found the Princesses William & Marie déjà arrivées, on our return. "I have been waiting so long a time for you, my dear Elizth." says the Princess Marie as she ran to the door to meet me. "Why were you so long in coming" and then having received a sweet kiss from the Princess William, she & I & Anna seated ourselves in a little recess in the room and enjoyed a little talk. I find her so much improved in her English and most charming. So prettily dressed in simple spotted clear muslin over white silk and her Royal star pinned on her shoulder. They were on their road to Erdmannsdorf but had come round just to see us for a minute. In the evening some of the Countess' friends came. Aunt related her early life the Countess interpreting. The ladies nodded leant forward *Cried* and did all they could to express the deepness of their interest. Our evening ended very pleasantly. Our 2nd day in this lovely spot.

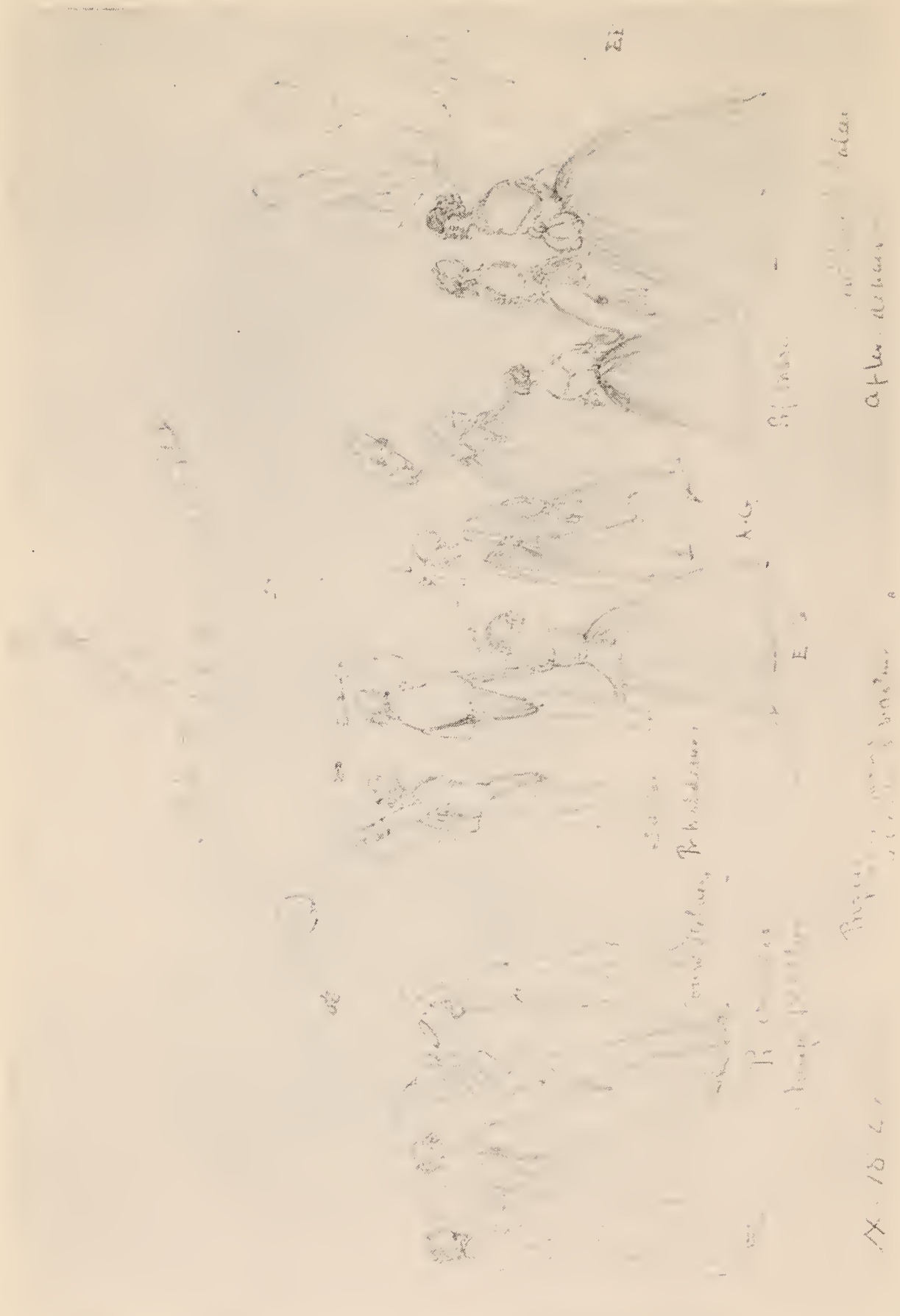
Francois had prepared us a good supper of boiled chicken, we always return so hungry from these expeditions as they only give us Coffee after an early dinner.

The last day was the Sabbath. But I forgot to tell you that returning from Buchwald in the evening we had moved from Hirshberg to Schmiedeberg, where a most comfortable clean hotel was beautifully prepared. Well, as I said the next day was the Sabbath, one of the most extraordinary I ever spent and yet a true Sabbath feeling over us all the time. Uncle preparing a good document for the King was *essentially* the mornings' occupation after our little meeting, in which thanks for past mercies and petitions for Help to assist them thro' the weighty labours of the day were offered up. At eleven we started again for Buchwald. A fresh Autumnal morning. The country looking more lovely than ever and the groups of Cattle and People about most charming. I suppose Switzerland is more beautiful but never having seen that I cannot enough admire this. On reaching Buchwald where we called for some ladies to go to Fishbach with us we found the dear Princess Czartoriska. We heard she was too ill to come but she had made this effort to see us, dear Papa, but how sad it was to see her. So thin. Such a cough & so flushed. She did not appear to think herself at all ill but was only so happy to see us both again. She went with us in the Coach to Fishbach. She was so much interested, dear Louisa, in hearing about thy illness. Enquiring thy and Raymond's names and those of thy darling boys. "Oh! What a lesson for me." she said when Aunt Fry told her of thy sufferings and patience! It was very affecting to me seeing her. We had been such friends at Berlin the year before and she spoke now with so much pleasure of it. But I am digressing. On reaching Fishbach we were all handed up to the Princess.¹ *We* were all rather disappointed at

¹ Princess Charles of Prussia, d. of Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar.



FISCHBACH



FISCHBACH PALACE, AFTER DINNER (see also p. 166)

so many going as it so spoilt the visit for us for we could not enjoy the Princess' company so much. The Princess Czartoriska & the Countess Redern being all that we thought were going. The Countess had brought two interpreters with her Moravian brethren who had arrived according to her orders or rather desire for she has only to say her wish and she gets it within fifty miles; every one is so fond of her. "What would the Princess like me to tell her about?" was Aunts' query as the Princess seated her in a beautiful arm chair richly worked with the black eagle of Prussia and the Royal Standard. It was agreed that her story had been so delightful the evening before that she should *rerelate* that. In her clever way of putting in here a little and there a little she made it into a most impressive and touching sermon. I never saw anyone listen with such profound interest as our dear Princess looking first at Aunt and then at the Interpreter to catch the meaning of the words before she lost the impression of the sound of her voice. The Princess Marie also testified her attention by an occasional look and nod at me who was seated as usual near to her. Uncle then asked the Princess to permit him to say a few words when he beautifully and feelingly expressed his interest & respect for his "dear friend the Princess and the other ladies present" and ended his sermon by a vivid description of some of his tours in the West Indies. Aunt then said "& now will the Princess permit me to add a few more words" when she went off on the subject of prevention of crime and brought in the necessity of care over servants, reading the Scriptures &c in her own sweet way so as to strike home to every one but not *hurting* anyone. I ran off with Adele the Princess Maries' Swiss attendant for a word with Miss Obstfelder—her

governess a great friend of mine and almost directly we parted fixing to meet in the evening at Buchwald. We returned to Schmiedeberg—enjoyed our dinner, caught a flea on the tablecloth—had a little reading, copied Uncle's letter to the King, dressed and at 6 started again for Buchwald. We had met the King on our way from Fishbach in the morning travelling home so knowing that he had returned so early we thought the Queen would come. The Fishbach party all but Prince Waldemar who left yesterday arrived soon after us and I enjoyed myself seated between Aunt and the Princess interpreting for Aunt the account of our Denmark visit. I had brought thy picture, my dearest Mother, to show to the Countess. She was so delighted with it that in a few moments the whole room was gathered round it and I was much risen in their estimation afterwards. Princess Wilhelme spoke to me afterwards of the pleasure of having made thy acquaintance and the beauty of the picture. I presented her with Uncle's portrait which delighted her extremely. She sat so dignified and quiet in her chair seeming so little to care for all the great respect and honor paid to her and yet by her manners and benignity there was no mistaking her to be the Princess. The party began to be assembled and the gentlemen arriving from the Court, amongst others General *Roeder*, dear Papa, gave notice that the King & Queen were both coming. Prince & Princess Frederic came and then the King and Queen. He looks much stouter & older than last year but so like his dear own self. Uncle unfortunately had a headache and Aunt deeply felt the weight of the Meeting.

It was *most weighty*, tho' at the same time exactly what they wished. The Countesse seemed quite to feel

the weight of it with Aunt and the dear Princess also expressed her great sympathy for her. The Meeting was to be in the large dining room. The Tyrolese women with their high shaped slouch hats that both women and men wear, (but now the men were bareheaded) dropped in one by one till the room was crowded. A large space being left for the company. Many of the girls had adorned their hats with flowers. Their short petticoats & tight bodices looked thoroughly *Tyrolish*. Now my dear Mrs. Fry. I will begin with Psalm singing then you shall speak & then your brother and then we will sing another Psalm. A truly *friendly*¹ way of going to work but there is nothing like being able at times to be all things to all men, a talent to which my Uncle and Aunt both possess so well.

The Royal party took their seats and then the others. Our Uncle and Aunt and their 2 Interpreters in the middle of the room before a table. The Psalm was sweetly chanted. King & all joining and then Uncle rose and introduced Aunt Fry. Aunt remained seated the interpreter (a perfect one) standing, everybody's eyes were fixed upon her the kings head a little looking down at the same time. The Queen, Princess William & Prince Frederic & Princess Marie seated in the highest seats of course looked most attentive and thro' the crack of the door for I was standing in the door way with a few ladies &c I could see Princes William, Charles, Adelbert & Frederic equally alive to the interest of the Scene.

“ I have been thinking,” she began, addressing herself entirely to the Tyrolese who stood opposite, those behind mounted on benches “ of the text I was a stranger and

¹ That is, like a Quaker.

ye took me in. Naked & ye clothed me. Sick and in prison and ye came unto me And I have applied it to your case, my friends, in remembering how the late beloved King of this country has behaved towards you."

Here she so beautifully in adding more about the loss of the King united the Peasant & the Royal family making her address equally interesting to both. Oh! it was such a relief to find her thus launched. Then I felt as tho' I could breath easily & I looked across at Anna & I thought she looked equally relieved. I then had time to examine the party before me. I was behind our Uncle & Aunt. On one side of the room at the end not occupied by the Tyrolese sat the Countess. The King next to her. Princess Wilhelme, The Queen, Princess Frederic, Princess Marie &c. On the other side the Princes both royal and unroyal. Opposite the row of Princesses Countesses (Ladies of the Courts) and nobodys like ourselves. The King in a blue coat and metal buttons—and flowered satin waistcoat. Princess Wilhelm Dark blue Silk & Muslin Pelerine. The Queen in white and lilac checked clear muslin. Princess Frederic in thin white Muslin over Satin. Princess Marie in flowered white Muslin &c. Truly it looked like a Royal party as it was. Never was such a party seen before in the Annals of History. I think the King wept when Aunt touched on her affection for the family, & expressed her "most earnest desires" for them in "their most exalted station in Europe."

Uncle's sermon was fine and full that both the King on the throne & the Peasant in his cottage must equally acknowledge Christ before men both having been equally taught, by His Holy Spirit. It ended with another Psalm, Lobet den Herrn, and then was all ended. "I



E. L.

E. E.

at Countess Redern's
Buchwald. 1912. Meeting with the Tyrolean
Moravian interpreters.

AT COUNTESS REDERN'S, BUCHWALD (see also p. 167)
Meeting with the Tyrolean. Royal family of Prussia present. Moravian Interpreters

have been so extremely interested in hearing your Aunt" said her Majesty, as she passed me in the door and then asked me if I was not tired as she had observed me standing all the time. It was pleasant to see the interest expressed for these poor people by all the party shaking hands with them and telling us which were their particular friends. It is so extremely delightful to see the union they live in with their Subjects. The Tyrolese did not strike us as looking like Christians that had been persecuted for their religion but a remarkably intelligent look particularly about the men. The King & all shook hands with our Uncle & Aunt afterwards and expressed such great satisfaction in all that had been said. The Prince Charles of course talked to Anna and offered to interpret for her if she would but speak. They all staid about half an hour & then we all dispersed.

I have now told thee about these two days. I hope thee will be able to understand. Of this day I must tell you in my next as it is *past eleven* & we have to start at 6 tomorrow. *Schlaffen sie wohl!* as people say in German the English of which is Goodnight.

My dearest love to all.

Let this go to *Priscilla*.

Cassel, Sep. 27—1841. 2nd. day.

MY DEAREST MOTHER

I shall send thee a few lines this morning before making a start for Düsseldorf as I find for a wonder I am dressed before they are all ready. It is a lovely morning just seven o'clock and Aunt has passed a good night and feels refreshed for her journey. This is a very great comfort for us as she has been in such very low spirits.

My last was from Dresden to Edmund. Since that

time we have been making the best of our way towards home. We left Dresden on sixth day Uncle and Anna by a six o'clock train to Leipsig. Aunt had been so very poorly in the night that I did not like to leave her and we followed by the nine o'clock. My heart rather failed within me when I saw her delicate state rather increased and so very stiff that she could not walk at all without a man to lean on. The rail road carriage too was very poor, like our second class ones. 14 great Germans in the same conveyance. Mostly black Jews dirty and disagreeable going to the fair at Leipsig. However she managed the journey pretty well and we were glad to meet some of our friends at Leipsig who dined with us. We only remained an hour there before the train started for Halle.

Uncle and Anna had seen the town well. Our friend Mr. Tauchnitz lionizing them over the town. I really think they were as much pleased with the lovely walks as we were, dear Papa. Halle is brought within an hour of Leipsig now. Just as we were starting we discovered to our alarm that the carriage was not put on the train, which was a great shame as Francois had arranged every thing with the men. The train would not wait as it was just starting so we had to leave all our earthly goods and Francois into the bargain to follow us posting. So behold us arrived at Halle in the bustle of a great Station, hiring a carriage and driving to the Hotel. No one understanding a word of french or English. We told our tale. Took up our abode at a most capital hotel, and made ourselves thoroughly comfortable. Aunt was but very poorly so that we were anxious about her but we could do nothing more than we were doing.

At Halle are two great Professors, Thoeluek and

Gesenius the two most eminent Hebrew scholars living. Thoenes we knew at Berlin so our first act was to call on him. Unfortunately he and his wife were out. Gesenius we were all determined to see so we drove boldly to his house, made ourselves known and invited him to our hotel in the evening. He lent us his son to show us the two great wonders of Halle. The University and the Waisen Haus or Orphan House. The latter a very interesting sight and quite famous. A most beautiful statue of Ranke the founder, by the great sculptor Rauch, ornaments the Yard and a large Printing office for Bibles alone occupies many of the Rooms. We were sadly disconcerted by the non arrival of the carriage. We were all tired but had not a wherewith to go to bed with. However the learned and sage Professor who came with his 2 daughters in the evening most kindly offered us his daughters Night caps etc which we gladly accepted and set him down as a true friend in need. I never thought I should spend a night in Gesenius' Night cap but curious facts in natural history often do happen. And as soon as they arrived we all went to bed. Uncle in Gesenius Night-gown and we in his daughters night attire. We did not dream of Greek and Hebrew as we had expected. I had not been asleep many minutes before the waiter came running in, in the joy of his heart to say that the carriage had arrived. These waiters are such attentive people dearest Mother! In a few minutes more came up a dear Porter with our carpet Bags expecting I suppose, that at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 we should get up and undress again. In spite of all interruption we slept on and were only woke the next morning by Mary coming in to say that Aunt was so very poorly, faint and weak. However we were obliged to push on and managed better

than we had anticipated. Our morning was made very interesting by passing thro' Eisleben which I suppose you readers of D'Aubigné recollect was the Birthplace of Luther, and here also he died in 1564. The house of his Birth lies close to the Post House, over the door his portrait is placed. Three minutes I stole just to immortalize it in my sketch book and I then rushed over the house to see as much as I could with one of the Boys that go to school there now, as guide. He was delighted enough to see my great interest and showed me Luthers' letters tables &c &c that are preserved there. In spite of Francois distress at our taking so much time we ran as fast as we could to look at the house where he died but I was disappointed to find that the room was destroyed and nothing but the outside of the house remaining. However it was a most interesting visit to me who had visited so many of his haunts before. At Nordhausen, where we dined after a sweet drive down the valley called the Goldene Aue, we visited the Church to see two paintings by Lucas Cranach who is called "the Painter of the Reformation" and was a great friend of Luther and Melancthon. One of the pictures represents the Burial of the young Man and Cranach was introduced among the Mourners portrait of Luther and Melancthon!

We travelled on till our Aunt was so tired that we had to stop at Heiligenstadt. She had suffered much from toothache and was so stiff that she was nearly helpless. It was quite a trial for us. Most of the day she was on a bed that we have arranged for her in the carriage and Uncle and Anna outside. She was very low about herself which cast a gloom over the whole party. However she had a good night and seemed refreshed.

We were obliged to take a Sabbath days journey to this

place yesterday as it was not only quite important to her poor state to land her at a good hotel but also it would have made the journey to Elberfeld too much for her in the two days without it. Here we are in the lap of luxury. A splendid hotel, a beautiful town and knowing nobody. Three most agreeable qualities.

We find the town far exceeds our expectations. The quantities of soldiers alone being what we do not like, reminding us of the Hessian troops that suffered so much in the wars with the Pretender in Scotland. We like the Hessian people very much. The town bears more the stamp of Sunday than any we have yet been in and the people look so orderly. We are all very well except Aunt and I hope she will soon be. I am rather glad the *Elector* is out, much as I should like to have seen him as I fear Aunt would have made an effort to have seen him. He lives in a very fine palace and evidently is a very great man.

But breakfast is ready and I must go. Much love.

Thee cannot think dearest Mother the delight of feeling ourselves galloping towards Upton as fast as 6 horses can take us over these lovely mountains—the country is so beautiful, far beyond what we expected. I have had a most sweet note from Fishbach full of love and affection.

Farewell, dearest Mother, I hope to have a line from thee at Dusseldorf where we intend to be on 4th day and if necessary must stay behind there with Aunt for a few days and follow when she is better.

Most lovingly, E. S. G.

Hirschberg (?), September, 1841.

The Countess Reden was there, talking English perfectly, an excellent Christian lady belonging to one of

the first families in Silesia. We dined at four. . . . Our aunt sat by Countess Reden, who served as interpreter to the Princess and made herself most agreeable. . . . I wish you could see Princess Wilhelm, Countess Reden, and our aunt together—such a trio, and with something alike in the manner of all three of them.

Hirschberg, September 19.

Countess Reden is truly a wonderful person, so beaming with goodness. Many of the magnificent mountains belong to “die Gräfin,” as she is called here—a complete mother in Israel, which is especially manifested by her being the counsellor and protector of four hundred poor Tyrolese, who fled from their country in 1838 on account of religious persecution, and settled in a lovely valley close to Erdmannsdorf, under the protection of the late King, in little Swiss cottages which he built for them, having sent his chaplain Strauss to the Tyrol to inquire into their religion before he would allow them to come. Countess Reden, who was a near friend of the late King, and is a friend of all the present royal family, did all she could for them, established a school for them, and is considered the very life of the party. She lives in the lovely château of Buchwald, the land for six miles round belonging to her—a beautiful combination of lake, mountain and woodland scenery. Her husband died many years ago, but her sister lives with her.

At eleven we started for the King's palace at Erdmannsdorf—a truly picturesque spot, and the view from the balcony in front of the house unspeakably lovely. Here, with a lady-in-waiting, and with the Countess Reden and her sister, we sat waiting for the Queen, who, as soon as she appeared, took our aunt, our circle,

and Countess Reden into the next room. . . . Our aunt's part of the visit went off most satisfactorily; the Queen looked so pleased and gracious, and spoke with so much heart of her wish to join Countess Reden's reunion in the evening. For the Countess was bent upon my aunt and uncle having a meeting with her "Tyrolese," and sent sixty miles for an interpreter to be at her residence, Buchwald, at the time appointed for the meeting. . . . Countess Reden met us at the top of the flight of steps that leads to the house, and gave us a hearty kiss of welcome, and we were introduced to her guests, the Princess of Holstein-Richthofen and her daughter, Count Stolberg and his niece Countess Helene Stolberg. At three we dined on trout, roebuck, etc. Afterwards, when our aunt had had her rest, we strolled about the grounds with Countess Reden, who interested us extremely by her wonderful anecdotes, and by her tales of her husband who founded the Bible Society in Silesia, which is now such a large concern, 54,000 copies of the Bible having been distributed. We returned from the end of the garden by water, the boatman rowing us across, and we entered into the pleasure she had in showing off every view new of "my dear Buchwald," as she called it. In the evening, when many of the Countess's friends had come, my aunt told the story of her early life, which the Countess interpreted, and which was received with the deepest interest.

The next day was the Sabbath. At eleven we again started from our inn for Buchwald. It was a fresh autumnal morning, and the country looked lovelier than ever. On reaching Buchwald we found the Princess Czartoryska, terribly altered by her illness, but she made an effort to go with us to Fischbach. Countess Reden

had brought two interpreters, Moravian Brethren, with her. . . . We returned to our inn at Schmiedeberg, enjoyed our dinner, had a little reading . . . and at six started again for Buchwald. The Fischbach party arrived soon after us. As the party began to assemble for my aunt's meeting, gentlemen from the Court gave notice that the King and Queen were both coming. My uncle was not well, and my aunt felt deeply the weight of the meeting, which was in Countess Reden's large dining room, and which gradually filled by Tyrolese peasants, till it was crowded. Our uncle and aunt were placed in the middle of the room before a table. "Now, dear Mrs Fry," said Countess Reden, "we will begin with psalm-singing; then you shall speak, then your brother, and then we will have another psalm." The psalm was very sweetly chanted, the King and royal family joining in. Then from her seat, our aunt spoke, addressing herself to the Tyrolese who stood opposite. "I have been thinking," she said, with great sweetness, "of the text, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me: ' and I applied it in my heart to your case, and the story of the late beloved King's dealings with you"; and as she went on, she united the peasants and the royal family in a way equally touching to both; as she expressed her words and prayers for those in the most exalted station in the country, the King was moved to tears. Then our uncle spoke of the duty of the King on the throne and the peasant in the cottage equally and readily to acknowledge Christ as their Master and Guide.¹ Another psalm, "Lobet den Herrn."

¹ This address is also described pp. 175, 176.

Sep. 27. Finished at Dresden.

MY DEAREST EDMUND,

I had intended my next should be to thee & so I shall address it to thee. "Accidents will happen in the best of regulated families" & "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Both these are just to the point at this moment. We have had to *put up* in this lovely village for a few hours. Our Pole broken by running against a Cart most carelessly and this gives me time to write to thee. We are more in a Hovel than a Gasthoff but it is the best the *dorf* can afford so we must be satisfied. The Kitchen is the best parlour. Dirty old & swarming with beetles but travellers must be content. In this peasants' cottage I must relate to thee the tale of Kings and Queens Princes & Princesses. Our carriage broke half a mile from here but seating Aunt in a cart of the country we brought her jolting along to the Inn and have left Francois & the carriage down in the Valley close *happily* to where the Village Schmiede is situated. I sketched as I wandered up the Hill the picture of the Village & the Fishbach Mountains in the distance. With the morning glow upon them. Is it not lovely. We have travelled some miles but it is only now past 8. To please the Queen we are going about 30 miles out of the way to visit a Prison. This is quite a cross to us. but Mama will say if we will have to do with Kings & Queens we must abide the consequence. How we are to reach Dresden tomorrow night remains to be proved? But I must hasten to my tale if the Feder¹ that the woman has provided me with will do its duty. I wish I could show thee the party round me. The bare legged Mädchen with petticoats up to her

¹ Feder (*German*) = Pen.

knees and her scarlet cap pinned close over her funny face. She comes laughing up every now and then with some remark Delighted to hear even the few words that I am master of in German. The little I know is invaluable to me—and it makes people think I know so much and they go chattering on thinking I understand all they say. It gives the greatest delight to rich & poor when we blunder out a few words of German. But I am in apologising mind today.

And here comes the carriage so adieu.

Dresden. Sep. 28. 1841. Settled in my own room in this most delightful hotel de Saxe. I will strive to finish my letter in spite of a sleepy fit that has overtaken me but this is no wonder as we started at 6 this morning and have been busy here since we came in sightseeing. I regret that so long a time should intervene before my letters reach you. But it can't be helped so I shall go on with my Silesian tale. I wrote to Sarah from Hirschberg telling her of 7th and 1st day and ending with the extraordinary account of that meeting. In reading over my letter to her I find how very bad it is and I mourn that you cannot the least realize the strange combination of royalty and interest that rewarded that solemn meeting. After all the Berlin Court is such a Court and holds such a place in the Continent of Europe! and to see 10 or 11 of the family in full interest at the Scene around them rivetted with the closest attention while the truths of the Gospel were so plainly delivered to them all I think I never saw so strange a scene & afterwards the real satisfaction that was expressed. "I thank you dear Gurney" says the King "for all your prayers" for altho' no actual prayer was offered still both our dear Ministers¹ expressed

¹ Mrs. Fry and her brother Joseph John Gurney were both "ministers" of the Friends.

the fulness of their feelings for the assembled company & *their* earnest desire that every blessing might rest upon them and each member of the family. When our Meeting was ended there was so much pleasant conversation and general communion of soul. The King standing in the middle of the room chatting with Aunt. I talked to them each in their turns. No one there I liked better than the Princess Frederic of the Netherlands. "*Do not Do not* forget me" she said as she took leave of us. She had a fine princess-like air about her & by most considered high & unbending. Certainly we did not find her so latterly tho' she never for a moment forgot her princess ship. But this is the case with all. Even the Princess Marie. loving & friendly as we were you might always observe the princess in her manners. She has been most charming all the time especially during this Sabbath asking me to spend the day with her at Fishbach and quite marking me out amongst her friends. She wears little jewellery but what the King & Queen have given her except a mourning ring sent to her from Russia in remembrance of the emperor Alexander. I am glad Anna thinks her so much like Harriet.¹ Her expression and manners certainly are a good deal similar. I shall now tell thee about 2nd day our last day amongst the Mountains of Silesia & one of true sorrow to more than we 4. It had been a hard task to accomplish Uncle & Aunts letter to the King & Queen. However it was finished and a plainer or better document seldom passed under any Majestys' Hands. The great drawback of the day that Aunt continued so poorly. The Countess Reden came in her pretty phaeton & 2 strong cream coloured horses with flowing manes & tails in quite

¹ Daughter of Daniel Gurney. Married the Hon. William Cowper in 1843, but died the same year.

Countess style to hear the letter as our friend and adviser, mother & counsellor & having given her most thorough approval she left us for Buchwald & we drove off to Erdmannsdorf to the King in the hope of dining together at Fishbach. Our plan was to go from the King to Prince William's and then go on our journey towards Dresden some way that night to Jauer where we were to see a prison in the morning, and where the Countess had sent on our interpreters to prepare all things for us on our arrival. I wish thee could have taken this drive with us to Erdmannsdorf. Passing thro' the delicious little Valley where the Tyrolese reside. Their pretty Swiss cottages looking quite in their right place perched on the side of the Fir Hills or built lower down in the valley, surrounded with cattle, goats etc. As we drove thro' many of our friends of the preceding evening recognized us and much bowing and smiling ensued from all sides. As we were going at the very fastest courier speed in our old coach there was no time to stop for any further communication. On reaching Erdmannsdorf the elders went upstairs. Anna and I sauntered out in to the gardens which are quite public with our sketchbooks. We had not intended to have seen the King as we had seen them both the evening before and we had been at Erdmannsdorf when we visited the Queen. Two hours passed quickly away in those exquisite gardens and we were beginning to wonder what was become of them when a message came for us to go to their Majesties. I was rather sorry as it is always an awkward thing to go in to these rooms when the elders have been in before us. However my extreme wish for a parting kiss from the Queen and a few last words of the King made it very easy. At three the party were going to drive out so a great crowd was

collected at the Palace door who rather envied us as we were ushered in headed by the fine servants with little black Prussian Eagles worked all round their collars [who] preceded us up the stairs. The King had left the room but the Queen went to fetch him. He returned with Count Stolberg, his head aide-de-Camp, a very fine man. Their Majesties asked if we had not been drawing. The Queen said she had seen my drawings at the Princess Wilhelmes and had been much pleased by them, and after a little farther talk when, again, dearest Father, compliments were sent to thee and enquiries made, we retreated. The Queen kissed Aunt again & again and most affectionately kissed us also. The King called her his dearest and most Christian friend and following us down to the Hall door, sent his own 4 splendid turn outs and outriders away that our carriage might have room. His subjects that were standing round in troops wondered who in the name of fortune he was talking to in this familiar way for at least 3 or 4 minutes and I think we drove off for Fishbach having excited as much wonder as the King and Queen and all their splendid suite. The account they gave us of their visit was most interesting. The King and Queen both listened with the deepest attention whilst the letter was read and commented on. There followed general conversation which ended in Aunt reading them each a few verses out of the Bible and a most solemn prayer for them. The King and Queen following Uncle's example and standing. They both helped Aunt up and appeared deeply touched. The Queen, who is a quite unexcitable person, kissing her over and over again.

I have not time to enter into further particulars but I wish I could. On reaching Fishbach 2 ladies came to

conduct us to the Princesses and after our usual greetings we walked down to dinner. They had waited some time for us but as the King had kept us no apology was necessary. Nobody was present but the Fishbach party. The Countess Reder, 3 aide-de-Camps and 2 ladies. The Princess Marie and I sat close together. The dinner was elegant, the table adorned with large bunches of cornflowers and the regular routine of a long German dinner went forward. I was not sorry for its length as I was enjoying the most pleasant little talk with Princess Marie and now and then Princess Wilhelmine stretching across the Countess to have a few words also.

“You must drink some Champagne with me,” says Pr. Marie, and after expressing her true love for me, she added, before tasting her wine with her glass in her hand. “And give my love to your Mama and your Sisters and best compliments to your Brothers and large kisses to your nephews.” We then touched glasses in foreign style Princess Wilhelmine joining to express her part in the message and I enjoyed my glass of wine with a particular relish, this sweet message being attached to it. I gave her dear Rachel, thy needlebook to her great pleasure. Taking it to her Mother to show it, “give her 2 kisses for it. I will always keep it with My Lady’s Companion which I use every day.” More than once afterwards she mentioned it again. It was now time for us to start but the Prince had ordered the Phaeton to take us a drive as far as his favourite hut to show us the view so that we could not possibly avoid it and we were all so happy together that we could not bear parting so soon. So leaving Aunt the Princess and Countess together, the Dames of Honour being sent away that they might be quite alone, we went upstairs

with Princess Marie to put on her Bonnet and to take leave of Mlle. Obstfelder. On the table in the Princess' room she had put out some views of Fishbach for us and a beautiful Album for me and an elegant glass for Anna. "A little remember of Fishbach and of me." We then mounted in a beautiful phaeton. Uncle, Prince Waldemar and the 3 girls and drove off for the mountains. Driving round the Fishbach hills from whence we could nearly see the whole of the Fishbach property. We walked about the woods. Uncle sketching to the Princess Marie's delight and Prince Waldemar's also. They pointing out what he was to draw and criticizing the picture. We all felt sad as we returned to the Schloss. We found the 3 dear ladies in deep talk. The Princess busy in writing down Aunt's children, writing "a friend" against those amongst them that could claim this distinction. Princess Wilhelmine then joined our party and a few moments of silence being requested, Uncle addressed them most beautifully in French. It was most touching. Marie and I were close together and she squeezed my hand many times as he turned especially to his dear young Princess. Aunt then added a few words in Prayer, the Countess interpreting sentence by sentence. That the richest blessings might be bestowed upon them and with the prospect of never meeting again here they might all be prepared to meet in Heaven. It was truly sad and the deepest feeling pervaded every one. After that but very little was said. We all felt too much to say a word hardly. The Princess was overwhelmingly affectionate. The Prince kissed Uncle most lovingly on both sides his face. The dear Countess turned quite pale from real emotion and looked most loving. "How happy I am our last moments

were spent in prayer together," was Marie's remark to me as the whole party walked across the Court yard and over the Bridge to see us off. In spite of servants and Postboys, kissing was here renewed and as we drove sadly away they stood looking at us till we were gone some way down the avenue of trees. Thus ended our pleasant and deeply interesting life with them. It has wonderfully cemented old friendships and has planted strongly that which was before but sown in our hearts. I cannot say we were *sociable* with them, that does not the least express it. *They* were the Royal Family, *we* the poor English travellers all the time. But we *loved* each other none the less for that tho' it was love mingled with great respect. I felt truly sad at heart and we all looked out at the Schloss with the flag of the Prussian eagle flying from the top till we could see them no longer. It was now too late to attempt any drives over the mountains that night, so we enjoyed a quiet evening resting and writing and talking over our last few days. The Mädchens feeding us on Beefsteaks, &c.

Our journey to this great town has been rather dragging and Aunt has been so very poorly that we doubted how we should get on at all and we have been delayed by it. We started from Hirschberg very early and were going on prosperously till running most stupidly against a cart the accident took place which I mentioned at the beginning of this, detaining us nearly 2 hours and keeping the gentlemen waiting for us at Jauer. When we arrived there after a most rich lovely drive we ordered our driver and proceeded then to the Prison. Our interpreter and Mr. Von Hinesheldey, who had the care of the Prison under him, had both come all the way from Hirschberg, more than 20 miles to meet us. Eight



PRISON AT JAUER, SILESIA. KREUSE AND SCHULZ, THE GASPARNIS
OF THE WOODS ABOUT ERDMANNSDORF

"The chains never removed since 18th of January. Schulz not confessed. Declared he was as innocent as a child in its cradle. Schulz had escaped five times. They murdered their fellow robber. Confined in separate cells."

other gentlemen, amongst them the Governor of the Town in his regimentals had met to go over with us. Aunt was so poorly that we did not know how she would get thro' but all the royal family had been so earnest about our going that it seemed essential for her to persevere. Every thing was in beautiful order for us and most exquisite order it was. A perfect prison almost till we were taken to some sad scenes that made our hearts ache. We had heard of a very famous prisoner, Kreusse, the Gasparoni of the woods about Erdmannsdorf. He had several times made his escape as well as Schulz who was one of his Gang. We found them in separate cells, chained in the most awful and sad manner. Their hands tied to an Iron Bar about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard long communicating with a heavy iron round the neck by an immense chain. Their legs also heavily chained and chained to the floor like wild Beasts. Schulz had 2 great spikes as well, like our Slave Collar only longer and he complained that it had severely injured his chest. These chains they have worn since January, never taken off day or night. It was dreadful. They certainly looked in their expression more like Beasts than men, but then they were almost driven to despair by the cruelty of this torture. Of course Aunt will represent this and have it altered. The Prisoners were all assembled in the Chapel and the Minister being dressed in preaching habiliments addressed the prisoners after they had sung a Psalm. Then Uncle and Aunt both added impressive touching sermons so that even the jailer with his hands full of great keys had his eyes filled with tears. We were received in great form which Aunt does not like so much as seeing a prison in the simplicity, but this prison is so good that there was no harm. A few

gentlemen joined us at our dinner afterwards. In the meantime Francois had had a new pole made with his usual spirit. Aunt had had a good rest and tho' the 2 hours delay in the morning had been a serious delay we were determined to push on as far as we could. It is often curious to me to see how soon love does spring up for our party when we make no effort whatsoever for it. For instance here tho' we had only dined there, the maids were all in tears at our departure. Loading us with blessings and glückliche Reises and following us down the streets with bunches of flowers. We found the poor little village of Hainau afforded Beds, Eggs and Coffee. The only three essentials in travelling. We put up there and making an early start at a little after 6 the next morning.

4th. day Sep. 29/ a dragging days journey with Aunt so ill that we were obliged to make her a bed in the carriage; bringing us only as far as Buckman when we had set our minds on reaching Dresden. We changed the Blue and Red coats of our pleasant Prussian Postboys into the ugly yellow of Saxony and with the change of coat both Horse & Master appeared to be grown stupid for altho' we took 6 horses it seemed as tho' we could not get on.

However, here we are at Dresden at last having reached here about 11. Aunt has been better and able to go on with writing. Uncle, Anna & I have had a regular play afternoon. Visiting the painting gallery and renewing my acquaintance with the Madonna San Sisto &c and after calling on a few gentlemen enjoying a visit to the great vaults the splendor of which in the jewellery line Papa will tell you about the blaze of Diamonds Masses of Pearls & vast collection of Pearls

astonishing us all. The value of them is said to be past all calculation. Aunt had a letter to the Queen¹ from the Queen of Prussia but unfortunately she is out so our visit to the Saxon Court must be left till next time. Our perfect Hotel this time dear Papa is Hotel de Saxe. Close to the Stadt Rome which stands just where it did last time. I have enjoyed much being here again and showing them about not forgetting dearest Papa to take them to the Ice Shop on the Terrace de Brühl to admire the view & eat Ices. Tomorrow we meet the 6 o'clock rail road for Leipzig where the fair is going on. Aunt and the servants to follow by a later train & meeting us at Leipzig all go on by an afternoon train to Halle. I fear I have told my history but poorly but I am very tired. These early travellings make me feel so sleepy. Will thee see this letter goes to Woodthorpe, &c. Aunt hears from Ramsgate that they have not a line about Copenhagen and would be obliged by your forwarding one of mine to tell Kate a little about our visit there.

I hope thee see after my animals. Are the monkeys warm enough they did have wool not hay for their beds. My dearest love to every one. Aunt Fry is better this evening. May she be better tomorrow. We are taking all the care we can of her.

Thy tenderly attached sister, E. S. GURNEY.

We are trying to talk a little English that we may be able to talk to you when we get home. What a happy time that will be!

Our plans remain as they were. To spend 1st day at Cassel from there to Elberfeld & Düsseldorf. But I believe Uncle will make us cross on 1st day as he must

¹ Of Saxony.

be at Earlham by a certain day. If Aunt cannot travel as fast we must be left behind. In the chance of this I comfort myself with the prospect of the chance of Sam & Ellen meeting us at Elberfeld then I should not mind. Here is Mons. de Koemeritz & his 2 daughters. He is one of the great chief Ministers here and says I *must* go and be polite. What a trouble sleepy as I am. Once more adieu !

The homeward journey from Düsseldorf to England is not recorded ; but was intended to be via Aachen, Liège and Antwerp. They were to reach England on Oct. 2, 1841 ; after an absence of just over two months.

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